

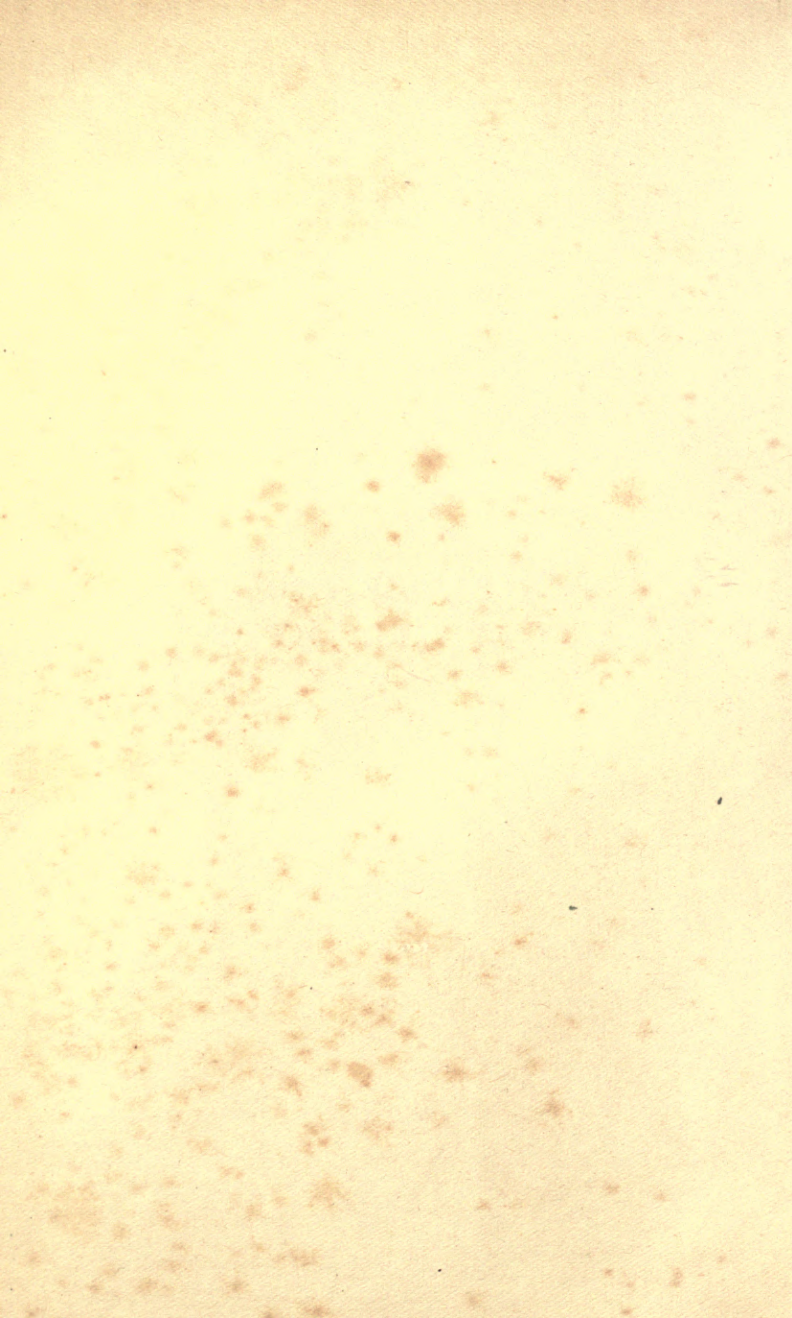
SKETCHES OF THE LIFE
OF
EDWARD JACKSON
OF LEEDS

STOCK

J. DAWSON.
10. HEDDLE WALK,
HEADINGLEY,
LEEDS.



SKETCHES OF THE
LIFE OF EDWARD JACKSON





Yours affectionately
Edw. Jackson.

From a Photograph by Dinnie, Leeds.

[Frontispiece.]

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF EDWARD JACKSON

INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES', LEEDS, AND
HONORARY CANON OF RIPON

TO WHICH ARE ADDED A SELECTION FROM
HIS LETTERS AND APPRECIATIONS
FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

EDITED BY
L. AND K. SYKES

WITH A PREFACE BY
THE RIGHT REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER
CANON OF WESTMINSTER : SOME TIME BISHOP OF RIPON

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE TRACT COMMITTEE.

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*"I can set my seal to the truth of His promises and
the reality of His grace."—E. J.*

TO
THOSE FRIENDS OF
CANON EDWARD JACKSON

WHOSE WORDS HEREIN WILL HELP TO

KEEP HIS MEMORY DEAR,

THIS VOLUME

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

2065251

PREFACE

“**I**N the eyes of the world they seem to die ; but their name liveth.” The truth of this venerable utterance has been felt by thousands. Those who have known a good man, who have felt what a strength there is even in the consciousness of his existence, and what an influence the memory of him exercises over those who survive and love to think of him, will understand the desire which leads Miss Sykes to perpetuate the memory of Canon Jackson. For indeed he was one of those choice spirits, the charm of whose influence survives in the hearts of many. His greeting captivated you : his speech—so simple and so sincere, and so full charged with a childlike trustfulness in God—brought you into the realm of peace. He seems to me to have been like to one of those good men of history who were given the quaint title of the dear Friends of God.

“Let none despair of spreading good in God’s world” would have been Canon Jackson’s counsel. His example enforces it. Those who read these pages and

learn something of what Canon Jackson was will feel constrained to believe that good is infectious, and that those who catch the spirit of it will most surely spread the love of it as Canon Jackson, in following his Master, did in his day and generation.

W. BOYD CARPENTER.

RIVERSEA,
KINGSWEAR, DEVON.

EDITORS' NOTE

THE original intention of the editors was to compile a short Memoir of Canon Edward Jackson consisting largely of selections from his letters, supplemented by a few personal reminiscences gathered from his friends.

The book has grown to its present dimensions chiefly owing to the unexpected receipt of materials from Canon J. H. Moore of Kenwyn and of letters from Miss Arnold-Forster and Miss Cropper—the latter of whom entrusted them with quite a little volume of Canon Jackson's correspondence with her parents. These letters are valuable in so far as they reveal something of the conflicts and joys of his inner life, and contain many interesting references to public events of the period over which the correspondence extended (1857-1869).

In view of this wealth of material the editors felt they could scarcely appeal to a wider circle of friends for contributions, a circumstance which they regret for more reasons than one. Moreover, some reminiscences which would have been of the utmost value and interest were no longer obtainable, owing to the fact that during the last twenty years many of the Canon's

contemporaries have gone to join him in the Church Expectant—notably the late Dean of Ripon.

The editors offer their grateful thanks to all who have contributed in one way or another to this brief Memoir. In so far as their own share of the work is concerned they beg the reader's indulgence for defects of which they are only too conscious. They would gladly have left the congenial task to more capable hands, and only decided to undertake it when it became apparent that the Centenary of Canon Jackson's birth would otherwise be allowed to pass unmarked by any permanent record of his life and work. The two letters given below have been of additional encouragement.

141, MARINA,
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.
June 21st, 1912.

“ Les Andeleys, Eure,
“ France.

“ DEAR MISS SYKES,

“ I assure you that I not only heartily approve of the pious task you are undertaking, but that I am naturally deeply interested, and, if you will allow me, should like to thank you in the family name for your zeal and devotion.

“ But I fear that I can be of but little use personally, for the following reasons. Though I am the late Canon's oldest surviving relative, I never knew anything of his life as a Churchman : our branch of the family is the Roman Catholic one, and our appreciation of him in that capacity went no further than the recognition of one more proof that all creeds produce saints.

“ Again, the Canon always lived in Leeds, and I did all my schooling and passed all my holidays in the South of England, so that I saw but little of him as a boy, and not very much more as a youth, owing to my subsequent absence abroad. On my coming of age I became his co-trustee in the management of

the family affairs, but mine was, until his death, merely a sleeping partnership. The Canon nursed our money-interests for more than twenty years with devoted zeal, untiring vigilance and wonderful perspicacity. Despite our difference of creed there was never a shadow over our intercourse, though I am aware he was an uncompromising opponent of Roman Catholicism.

"But as I said I have nothing to tell of his public life, that could not be better told by many others. His friendship with Forster and his insistence on the maintenance of the Conscience Clause in the Education Act—his friendship with Gladstone until Home Rule policy severed his liens with the Liberal Party—of these things and others he has talked to me, but abler people than myself will be found to relate them. . . .

"I will conclude by saying that when in his presence one always felt one was walking on holy ground.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ARTHUR AUSTIN-JACKSON."

"88, Gloucester Terrace,

"Hyde Park, W.

"MY DEAR MISS SYKES,

"I am very interested to hear that you are preparing a memoir of the late Canon Jackson. . . . It was not possible to be in Leeds and not know something of the permanent fruit which his life and ministry yielded there. It was my privilege to count among my friends more than one of those who had found in his saintly character the inspiration of their lives. Among the many who knew him intimately, and were most closely associated with him in his active labours among the poor in Leeds, there can be none who are able more faithfully and sympathetically to tell the story of his saintly life and devoted ministry than yourself. With all best wishes and kindest remembrances.

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"JOHN KENSINGTON."

I shall Endeavour to make
Special mention of you all, when
Kneeling at His Table, & pray
for every blessing to rest upon
you during the year so soon
to open upon us -

With my love to all,
Believe me, my dear, —

Ever Affectionately Yours,

Edw. Jackson

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

EDWARD JACKSON

CHAPTER I

“He being dead yet speaketh.”—HEB. XI. 4.

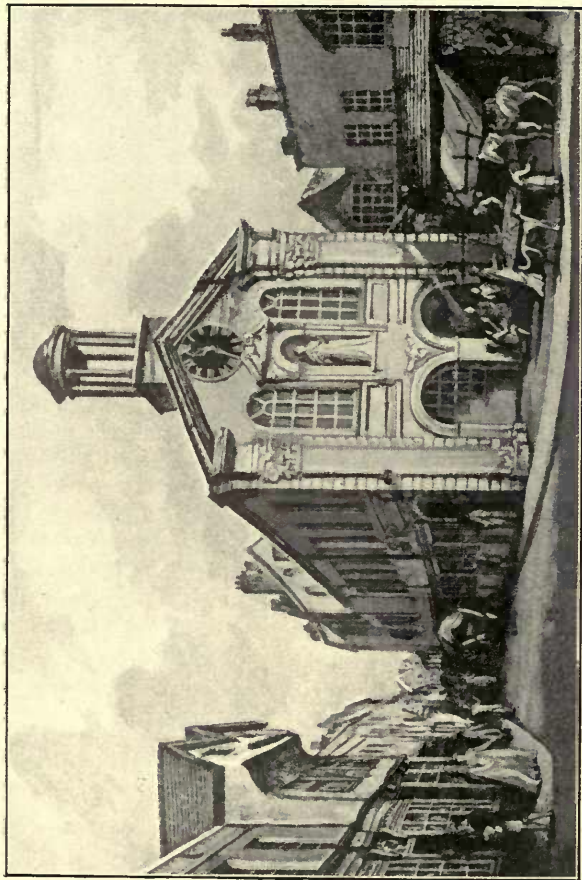
EDWARD JACKSON, the subject of these memoirs, was born a hundred years ago, and he lived to see the last decade of the nineteenth century. It was a long life and a full life, a life spent to the last in the service of God and his fellow men. He was born in Leeds, and for the people of Leeds his life's work was done, and there, where his good deeds live after him, he is laid to rest. The objects of his activity, and to some extent the mould of his thoughts—although not the inner impulse of them—were shaped by the circumstances of time and place, and to appreciate his characteristics something must be said, however briefly, of the world which lay around him as he grew up.

A hundred years ago, the capital of the West Riding, like many North Country towns, was undergoing a violent transformation under the almost avalanche-like pressure of the new era of machinery, and the substitution of an international commerce for a national husbandry. A glance at the landmarks of Leeds in the latter part of the reign of George III

would be a revelation to some who still think of Canon Jackson as a contemporary and a co-worker. Then as now, the broad thoroughfare, rising with an easy gradient from the river Aire, and still called Briggate, was the principal street. Here and there fragments of old buildings remain to give us an idea of the picturesqueness of the place. At that time, gabled houses alternated with large mansions, hosteleries and shops, some of them possessing gardens and looking out on open spaces.

So greatly did the trade of Leeds grow, even during the eighteenth century, that in 1758 the great Coloured Cloth Hall was built, and in 1775 the Hall for White Cloth, improvements which must have made the generation which saw them carried out marvel how their forefathers could have been content to display their wares on the parapets of the bridge, until the inclemency of the seasons, and the disturbance of the traffic, drove them to set up their stands, still under the open sky, in the greater shelter and wider space of Lower Briggate, where they traded for twenty-seven years, until, in 1711, the first Cloth Hall was built in Kirkgate.* But if the commercial centre of gravity had shifted away from Lower Briggate, the Moot Hall, with the Middle Row sheltered behind it still blocked the thoroughfare at the upper end in the name of Justice and Authority. Of the old bifurcated Upper Briggate, one relic survives in the statue of Queen Anne, which was erected over the entrance to the Moot Hall in 1713, where she figured till 1825. The august lady after several peregrinations, has now finally settled in

* See "Leeds and its neighbourhood," by A. C. Price, M.A.



THE MOOT HALL, WITH STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE.

[To face p. 2.]

the Art Gallery. The region beyond on the West and East of Briggate, now the very heart of commercial Leeds, was at this time only beginning to sketch the lines of its future development. The name of Park Row still recalls something of the significance which belonged to it when it abutted on the demesne of the Manor House ; while Park Square with St. Paul's Church, was, at the time we speak of, a new settlement. On the south side of the Square stood the great Coloured Cloth Hall, covering with the ground belonging to it an area of two acres. Adjoining it was the Infirmary, an institution in later years dear to the heart of Canon Jackson. Opposite the Cloth Hall and probably on the ancient site of the Castle of Leeds, stood Mill Hill Chapel, founded by the Presbyterians, but captured for the Unitarians by the striking influence of Dr. Priestley. Edward Jackson was an infant in arms when, in 1812, the Court House rose adjacent to the Chapel—the first public building to break the line of houses in Park Row—and he was a boy in his teens, before the Corn Exchange and the Commercial Buildings began to give the place an air of dignity. Boar Lane, although a residential quarter, was then a narrow tortuous artery between the Square and Briggate. Of the Square itself as it then existed, every vestige is now gone ; while the one surviving relic of the Lane is the city church of Holy Trinity, a monument to Thoresby's zeal and spirit. But even Holy Trinity does not now exist, as young Edward Jackson first knew it, for in 1839 a severe gale damaged the spire, so that it had to be taken down and replaced by the existing steeple. Albion Street

was just beginning to take shape ; Commercial Street was only a project. Open spaces spread round the Red House in Guildford Street, where Charles I was lodged on his last fatal journey from Scotland. It was hither that John Harrison, burgher and benefactor, ever to be remembered in Leeds, is said to have conveyed to the captive Monarch a sum of gold concealed in a tankard of ale. There is a further story that a maid-servant of the house endeavoured to persuade him to escape by changing clothes with her.

John Harrison was the pious founder of St. John's Church ; it was he who built New Kirkgate, assigning the rents to the endowment of St. John's. He added twenty almshouses for old people, and increased the endowments of the Grammar School. Round these centres of light and warmth, with the Parish Church not far away, new habitations had clustered, but beyond them stretched the open country.

Such was the topography of Leeds a hundred years ago. Those who only know the city as it existed in Canon Jackson's later years can realise from this description the tremendous transformation, of which he was a spectator, during his long and incessantly active life. For him, as he watched the spreading lights and shadows, it was a change, both salutary and tragic. In all that made for true civilisation and progress he rejoiced ; over the sins and sorrows which followed in the train of such rapid material expansion he grieved. But above all, he played a manful part in helping the good and fighting the evil. He was no time-server or creature of destiny. He believed himself to be the medium of a

power which can affect the lives of individuals and communities at the inner springs of their being. He was a servant of God's Church in an age which sorely needed its ministrations, and he went about his Father's business, neither elated by the prosperity and excitement around him, nor unduly depressed by frequent contact with its evils.

A few particulars of the population and its pursuits will suffice to complete this sketch of Leeds as it was when Mr. Jackson began to take a lively interest in its affairs. In 1775 the inhabitants numbered 17,000; in 1801 the figure had risen to 53,000, and by 1811 had again advanced to 62,000. This rapid increase shows the powerfully magnetic influence which the new conditions of industry conferred upon the town. Not only was Leeds itself the scene of a considerable manufacturing activity, it was also the centre for a great number of manufacturers who pursued their calling in a complex tangle of villages spreading far back among the hills of Airedale and Calderdale.

The erection of the immense Cloth Halls in the middle of the eighteenth century proclaimed an expanding trade, which was already leaving all records behind. But the mention of the Cloth Halls serves to remind us that the whole conditions of the trade were utterly different from those which now prevail. These huge Halls were built to accommodate a great multiplicity of small producers. They belonged to a period when apprenticeship and craftsmanship were demanded of every man who set up in trade, and membership was confined to those who could show their credentials. Outsiders who could not prove themselves master cloth-workers, had to find

6 LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWARD JACKSON

quarters for their dealings elsewhere, and they pitched upon premises in Albion Street. Of the 1800 stands in the Coloured Cloth Hall, all but about twenty were tenanted by different individuals. The vast majority of them were what would be called small men, who combined a certain amount of cloth-weaving with the care of a farm. They were the lineal successors to the yeoman, and their lot was one of simple comfort, but by no means of such comparative affluence as is to-day generally associated with the term manufacturer.

In the woollen trade, at all events, this system lasted well into the nineteenth century. But the era of the machine had begun, and already on the banks of the streams with which the West Riding abounds, factories were being laid down for spinning linen and cotton yarn, and even for carding, and spinning wool; whilst in Leeds several factories, driven by steam, had been installed for weaving cotton goods. To produce the necessary engines and machinery, foundries were established. The existence of coal in the neighbourhood led to the moulding of coarse earthenware from the native clay and the introduction from the West and South of England of materials suitable for the finer ceramics, for which Leeds obtained no little fame. All these trades and others were facilitated by the canalisation of the river Aire. Under these fostering influences Leeds grew apace, albeit in ways which meant disaster for not a few; the master cloth-workers or their children threw up their farms and flocked into the towns, sinking in many cases to the position of day-workers in the power factories. There was in addition, an incursion of peasant folk, attracted

by the promise of higher wages, and other strange reinforcements came as a result of the Irish famine.

Let us pause a moment and endeavour to realise that it was this vast social revolution—one of the most far-reaching that the world has ever known—that made the drama in which Canon Jackson played his part; that he saw it pass before his eyes, and in his own corner of England he swayed, and was swayed by the forces at work. In what ways it will be the aim of future chapters to tell.

To this busy town of Leeds, at the time of this forward movement in its affairs, came William Jackson, Edward's father, who was the son of Richard Jackson, and the eldest of six children. He belonged to a good old yeoman family, which had its roots in the soil of Steeton to the west, and Tadcaster to the east—having been tenants of Lord Fairfax from the seventeenth century or even earlier. Like many another, William Jackson had either found the place too strait for him, or the call of the new commerce too strong to be resisted, and he exchanged the life of a yeoman for that of a manufacturer.

There is still in the possession of his great-grandson, Major E. S. Jackson, of Templecombe, Somerset, a pencil sketch of him, which bears a striking resemblance to his son Edward.

He married Mary—*née* Armitage—and they had four sons and two daughters, of whom Edward was the fifth child, born June 21st, 1812. William Jackson was a keen business man, and—to anticipate—he felt it a hard deprivation when in later life his son Edward, who had been helping and sharing in his tobacco factory for some years, announced his

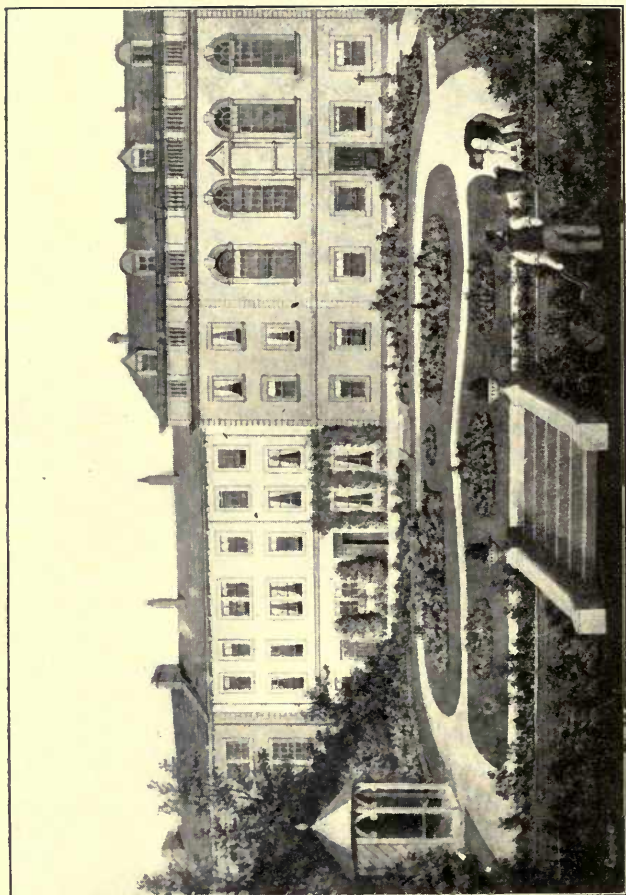
intention of taking Holy Orders. His regret may well have been stimulated by a perception of his son's capabilities.

Had he chosen to use his talents in commercial pursuits, Edward might have amassed something of the fortune which fell to the lot of others. But from the first his mind was set on higher things, and, although he inherited means sufficient to admit of an independent life, he spent his money so generously for the good of others that he died a comparatively poor man.

If to his father he owed his firmness of will and methodical habits, it is to his mother and his school days we must look for the early bent which gave a religious inclination even to the thoughts of his boyhood.

Piety was his mother's leading characteristic, and she found satisfaction for her deeply devotional nature in the society of the Moravians. It was for this reason that Edward was sent to the Moravian school at Fulneck at the age of eight. His mother died while he was quite young, but he ever held in remembrance her last counsel to him. In a sermon preached by him at St. James' on the occasion of his eightieth birthday he said—

“I was but eleven years old when she died, but all through the sixty-nine years her dying request—her command—has never been expunged from my memory, it has never been out of my mind, it has been with me all the way through, it is with me now; though an old man I still feel the touch of her gentle hand on my forehead and hear my mother's voice saying, ‘Love Jesus, my dear boy, love Jesus.’”



FULNECK SCHOOL.

[To face p. 9.]

The injunction fell on a receptive heart ; it became the key-note of the boy's thoughts, the master-theme on which the man beat out a noble music. Frequent references in later life testify also to the abiding influence of the training he received at Fulneck, and to the benefit he derived from it in critical periods of his career. At that time, Fulneck was perhaps unique as a school where an effective system of education was combined with a carefully fostered religious atmosphere. The thoroughness of the scholastic discipline which the Moravians brought with them from Germany attracted the notice of parents who might not necessarily be enamoured of the religious side of the community, and a number of men of mark spent some years of their boyhood at Fulneck. Among them was a Leeds boy, Richard Oastler, who afterwards became famous for his labours on behalf of the factory children, a crusade which, we may be sure, enlisted Edward Jackson's sympathies. But Oastler had left Fulneck twenty years before Edward went there. Even now the long row of seminaries and hostels on the terraced hill-side at Fulneck gives the place a semi-monastic air, despite the encroachments of industrialism on every hand ; a hundred years ago it was veritably "a garden walled around." To Edward Jackson it became a hallowed spot. We may infer that he was a good scholar, for he brought studious habits away with him ; but beyond these he imbibed at Fulneck tender and solemn thoughts of a religious nature. Fifty-four years later he writes to his dear friends, the late Mr. and Mrs. James Cropper, of Ellergreen, Kendal—

" Ah, how well I remember this night some forty

years ago, when a boy at Fulneck School. We were called to a special meeting of Bible-reading and prayer in the chapel to prepare for Advent. I can yet see the form of the minister, a man of no common power and piety, to whom I owe my first religious impressions, and still hear his solemn intercessions through the Great Incarnate One, and do so well remember how interested but awed I felt.

“How strange is life’s web woven, and how do the words and looks of other men intertwine and give a figure in the pattern of all our thoughts and acts; how are we reproduced in others more or less. What manner of persons then ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness!”

From Fulneck he returned home at the age of sixteen to assist in his father’s business. To this work he devoted himself with much assiduity, and on reaching manhood, we meet with him travelling for the firm as far afield as Beverley. It was before the days of the railway, when a journey of any length involved resort to the stage coach. But although Edward Jackson always did with his might what his hand found to do, commerce possessed for him little of the fascination which it exercised over so many minds at that time of great monetary prizes. The youth’s day-dreams took their colour, not from the hope of getting on in the world, but rather from a dying mother’s testament. Willing to help his fellow men he no doubt always was, and the call and the opportunity came to him as he said providentially.

The incident is narrated in his own words in a retrospect of his life given by him in the form of a sermon on his eightieth birthday, when he also

described his introduction to the Church which became his spiritual home—

“One summer evening my brother and I were walking through the streets of Leeds, intent on a pleasant stroll in the country, when we met a young medical student, a mutual friend, and invited him to accompany us. ‘No,’ he said; ‘I am going to church,’ to which we replied, ‘There is no church open in Leeds for service on Sunday evening.’ ‘Oh, yes,’ said the student, ‘there is St. James’ in York Street—Mr. King’s; you had better come and hear him.’ We went, and from that night I attended there regularly, and began to take part in various church activities. In time, I became a Sunday School teacher, and in 1833, when a vacancy occurred, was elected superintendent.”

This rapid summary leaves some gaps to be filled in. It was in the summer of 1827, soon after his return from Fulneck, that he became attached to St. James’. He had come back with the knowledge that he was destined for a commercial career but fired with thoughts of a different calling. Being possessed of a keen aptitude for learning, he devoted all the time he could spare to the continuation of his studies, which included Latin and Greek as well as the theological and scientific works of the day. When he joined St. James’ he found scope for his gifts as teacher as well as learner. To enlist the best thoughts of the young people about him, and help on their higher education, he formed evening classes and accumulated a scholar’s library. To the training thus received many young men who afterwards became clergymen, schoolmasters, or professional

men owed in great measure their positions and subsequent success in life. They had the great good fortune to meet with one who had learned to impart knowledge through the ardent pursuit of it. This spirit of methodical study, strenuous research, and the determination to master every subject he approached prefigured the man whom the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster in after years was to prove a born educationalist. But it was Edward Jackson's destiny to be called to the inculcation of the heavenly wisdom ; indeed, his early life may be regarded as a succession of calls to a more complete consecration to God's service. Soon after attaining his majority, in 1833, he was present at St. James' one Sunday morning when the Incumbent, the Rev. John King, made an earnest appeal for Sunday School workers. Young Jackson not only came forward himself, but brought a class with him—a group of children whom he had found loitering outside the church. His strong personality soon became an influence not only over his class, but throughout the school. His singular charm of manner, characteristic to the end, attracted all. To the teachers he became an inspiration—the children loved him— young men attached themselves to him, acknowledging his irresistible claims as leader, and under his guidance threw themselves into the social and charitable work of the town and into the more definite service of St. James'.

The late Miss Sarah Smith, a teacher in the Sunday school at the same time as Edward Jackson, said of him—

“He was a graceful youth as well as full of grace,

and his prayers were so fervid, that when the superintendent was absent, the teachers would ask for that good young Mr. Jackson to open and close the school."

It was not long before he was appointed to this regular duty.

Among those who especially felt the kinship of his gracious and devoted nature was Edward Nevins, at that time connected with St. James', but looking forward to becoming superintendent of the newly created St. George's Sunday School. In a human sense this friendship was the determining element which caused Edward Jackson to enter the ministry. Once again he heard God's summons, and we narrate the incident and its sequel as told in his own words in the retrospective sermon already referred to.

"One Sunday afternoon in 1838 as I was leaving school accompanied by my friend Edward Nevins, a note was handed to me stating that a choir-boy was dying of typhus fever and urging me to call and see him at once. I explained the note to Mr. Nevins and was leaving him, but he persisted in going with me. Together we wended our way through the maze of alleys and courts, which at that time abounded in York Road district; and reaching the house, the door of which was wide open, we entered. The lower room was empty, but hearing the sound of voices in the upper one we groped our way up the dark, rickety staircase to the bedroom where Thomas Hobson lay dying. Around the bed were gathered the parents and two or three neighbours. A glance at the sick boy, with blackened lips, in a high state of fever, indicated too plainly that death had marked its victim, that Hobson was not long for this world. A few

words of sympathy with the parents, and I knelt down and prayed. As the prayer proceeded, my voice seemed for a few moments to recall the boy to a state of semi-consciousness.

"He listened, and his bright eyes glistened still more brightly as, opening his parched lips, he said—speaking, he thought, to the boy who usually sat beside him in the choir—'George, it's time, it's time,' and then in a clear, sweet voice he began to sing the *Nunc Dimittis*; this he sang through, the company listening wonderingly, and in the meantime I ceased my prayer that all might hear him. Immediately the boy had finished singing, he recited the Creed, and then, quite exhausted with his efforts, fell back upon the bed prostrate. All the friends were now in tears.

"A few hours later on that autumn Sunday evening the soul of Thomas Hobson passed peacefully to rest.

"Quietly Mr. Nevins and I left the house and started homewards.

"For a while neither of us spoke a word, but at last when about to separate, my friend, who was labouring under deep emotion, turned to me and said, 'If this is the way St. James' teaches its scholars to die, I cannot go elsewhere. Here I must live, and here I must die.' He stayed, and for four years laboured at St. James' with indefatigable zeal, blameless, and walking in God's commandments. Edward Nevins died of typhus fever at the early age of twenty-five, in September, 1842. 'If I die in England,' so ran the clause in his will, 'bury me beside Thomas Hobson, the boy who taught me to love Jesus more than I ever did before.' Here, under the centre aisle of this church, the two, the gentleman superintendent and the factory lad, await the trumpet call of the resurrection morn."

Such, at the close of his life, was the Canon's

account of an episode which evidently touched him to the core of his being. The abiding nature of the impression produced on him may be gathered from the fact that on the anniversary of Edward Nevins' death he always had his blinds drawn, and as late as October 1, 1888, he wrote from Filey to H. S.—

“ . . . To-day is a solemn anniversary to me, my most dear friend, the friend of my heart—Edward Nevins, only twenty-five, was laid in the vaults of St. James' after an illness of only four weeks, and my heart died, I felt it die. Graceful, noble, and consecrated to Christ. Forty-six years have passed, and yet this morning early in bed, I lived, or rather suffered it all over again. Yet all was well ; his dear Lord took him home, away from the peril and soil of earth, to live the new life of perfect holiness and perfect love in Paradise.”

After Mr. Nevins' death a paper was found in his desk which stated that he and Mr. Jackson had together made a vow to devote their lives to God through the sacred ministry of the Church. As we have seen, one of them had now been called to the fuller ministry, but Edward Jackson, though he still continued in business, yearned with his whole soul to fulfil the solemn pledge. How to take this important step was not clear to him ; his sermon, however, tells of its accomplishment.

“ I was one day waiting for the coach at Beverley and wandered into the Minster yard. Observing the ancient sun-dial, I made my way towards it, and read its quaint inscription, ‘ Now or When ? ’ Again and again I read its voiceless question, each time with deepening emphasis. And, as I thus stood under the shadow of the venerable

building, meditating upon the strange inscription, memories of my best beloved friend, and the still unfulfilled pledge, overcame me, and I knew at that moment that God was calling me again through the sun-dial's question. In response to that call, I then and there resolved that, immediately on my return home, I would take the necessary steps to qualify for the ministry.

"Accordingly I began a course of private study in theological subjects, and in 1845, when thirty-three years of age, I was admitted to Holy Orders, and ordained to a curacy at the Leeds Parish Church, under Dr. Hook. Four years, to the very day, after Edward Nevins had been interred underneath these vaults (the Canon here pointing down), I preached my first sermon as Incumbent of St. James'."

The Rev. Francis Newton, a tried and life-long friend, who passed away March 16th, 1912 (aged ninety-two), and whose name headed the register of Mr. Jackson's first Sunday School class, has left us the following details of this momentous step in his career—

"Well do I remember the day the Canon broke the news of his decision to take Holy Orders to his father, who was strongly opposed to his son forfeiting such a prosperous commercial career."

And he goes on to say—

"The Canon's self-sacrificing life previous to his ordination, and boundless sympathy with his fellow men, were, when he became an ordained minister, absolute. He consecrated himself, his money, his all to the service of his Divine Master. He ever loved the habitation of His House, and he infused into the services that profound reverence and deep spirituality which were his very being. The people committed to his care became imbued with that same spirit of

devotion, and he very soon found himself surrounded with a band of devoted and zealous workers. Like his old Vicar, Mr. King, he *prayed* the prayers.

"Oh! how precious the Communion was! I remember when he reached the 'Gloria in Excelsis' he would be lost in ecstatic joy."

HALT, my soul, upon life's journey,
Stop awhile and take survey,
See what gracious hand hath led thee,
Goodness marking all the way.

Oh, that I had voice of seraph
Thee to praise, my God and King;
Of Thy wondrous love and mercy
I would ever, ever sing!

What sweet voice in early childhood,
Still, small voice of truth and love,
Mingling with a mother's accents,
Sought to draw thy heart above?
Oh, that I had, &c.

Then in youth's more self-willed courses,
Headstrong, foolish, prone to ill:
Who, through conscience and its warnings,
Sought to bring thee heavenward still?
Oh, that I had, &c.

Who at last, by grace prevailing,
Sin's strong barriers breaking down,
In the day of thine espousals,
Took thee, sealed thee for His own?
Oh, that I had, &c.

Dost thou not, my soul, remember,
When thou didst thy Saviour see,
That ten thousand fairer, fairer,
White and ruddy, loving thee?
Oh, that I had, &c.

Halting now upon life's journey,
Plight, my soul, thy vows again;
Jesus, I am Thine for ever;
Holy Spirit, breathe Amen.
Oh, that I had, &c.

In the above lines Canon Jackson described his own spiritual experience.

CHAPTER II

THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT

AT the time when Edward Jackson decided that his whole vocation lay within the Church, men were debating as to what it was that constituted the Church and wherein her full mission lay. We refer, of course, to the Tractarian movement, a chapter of ecclesiastical history too well known to need any detailed account here. It should be remembered, however, that at this time not only was this movement in full swing, but that Leeds was affected by quite special, and in some sense independent currents of it. Dr. Hook, "The Apostle of the Church to the great middle classes" as he has been called, had been elected vicar of Leeds, amidst circumstances of some excitement, on March 20th, 1837. He left Oxford before the Tractarians commenced their campaign, and although, as is well known, he was at one with them in the chief objects of their crusade, it was not because he had sat at their feet, but because by previous reading and thinking he had arrived at similar conclusions. What is more, he had begun to put into practice many of the things they were still merely pleading for. He went about his mission tactfully, and, at the time we speak of, he had not only won over most of the Church people in Leeds

to his views, but had gained the respect of aggressively Evangelical Dissenters, who at his first coming, had regarded him with suspicion and hostility. The following incident is referred to because it was one with which Mr. Jackson had some special relations. Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman took great interest in Dr. Hook's cure; they saw in it a working example of their principles, and it was on this soil already prepared that Dr. Pusey built the beautiful church of St. Saviour's, which was consecrated a fortnight after Newman seceded to the Roman Church. Dean Stephens says in his life of Dean Hook—

“Mr. Jackson had joined the Community for celibate clergy, which Dr. Hook had formed in connexion with the newly consecrated Church of St. Saviour's. It consisted of four clergy and three laymen. For the greater part of the year there was nothing to disturb the amicable intercourse between the two churches. But in the troubles which subsequently arose, Mr. Jackson, who was the intimate friend alike of the Vicar and of Mr. Ward of St. Saviour's, was the mediator between both, and when Mr. Ward resigned at the request of the Bishop, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Cazenove were in charge of the church during the interregnum.”

In the bitterness of his disappointment in regard to St. Saviour's, Dr. Hook declared that his hopes of making Leeds a model parish on the Church of England system were frustrated, and that his possibilities of usefulness were at an end. Fortunately this was but a passing despondency, and he remained in Leeds long enough to see the whole work of the Church prospering and St. Saviour's taking her part in it.

Such was the somewhat disturbing incident which confronted Edward Jackson at the outset of his clerical career, and he dealt with the situation in an eminently tactful way ; yet, in spite of his sympathy with these earnest but extreme men, he was, though he saw visions, no visionary, as he proved by a practical stroke of generalship.

Among the lay brotherhood at St. Saviour's who were for a time drawn towards Rome was Mr. F. N., at that time a schoolmaster and subsequently Mr. Jackson's curate at St. James'. He was received into the Roman Communion at St. Anne's, Leeds, and joined Father Hague at Birmingham, but he soon regretted the step, and fled to St. James', seeking a haven. He could not have come to a safer retreat, for Mr. Jackson locked him up in one of the old Parsonage rooms, saying, "Remain here until you have recovered your balance," and, pocketing the key, allowed no one to go near him but himself. There was much in the temperament of Mr. Jackson which predisposed him to sympathise with the Tractarians and to take part in the movement. To his impressions at that time reference is made by Bishop Ingham in his *Reminiscences* on p. 267. To the end his warm heart embraced all that was spiritual and reverent in their aims and teaching. He corresponded with them, and once on the invitation of Newman visited his Community at Littlemore with, as Mr. Newton tells us, the intention of joining them. He soon found, however, that he did not share fully the views of him whom he called "that great Divine," though he brought away with him a high estimation of the quasi-monastic system which obtained there,

and at a later period he threw in his lot with a brotherhood of a similar nature.

What the life was like in the Community of the Parish Church Canon Jackson has told us in his "Pastor's Recollections"—

"Several of us who were curates lived together in a very simple way near the church, with which we were connected. We lived together for the sake of both economy and Christian fellowship and support; for we wanted any money which was not needed for our absolute sustenance to meet the various calls from the sick and poor around us, and we were often greatly tried and perplexed with the cases with which we had to deal, so as to make the counsel of the more experienced a valuable common benefit.

"We rose at six and within a few minutes were assembled for a short service, wherein we blessed God for our preservation through the night, and dedicated ourselves afresh to His service for that day. At half-past seven, two of us were at church, beginning the morning service, which was regularly attended by a number of earnest souls, both young and old, rich and poor, some of whom came from a considerable distance. Before breakfast we had our family worship. At nine the day-school had to be opened with prayer and afterwards religious instruction given to the elder scholars. From school the transition was naturally to the district, where anxiously-expected visits were made until half-past ten, at which hour those of us who had not already been to Morning Prayer had to hasten to church to take the ordinary forenoon service, preceded by marriages and followed by baptisms and churchings, while the others continued to visit in their districts. In the afternoon, at three, came baptisms again, with churchings, and burials and full choral Service, the latter to be

repeated at half-past seven, but now only read for the convenience of working people and others who could not attend earlier. At the last service in church, only one curate was usually present, the rest being otherwise fully occupied : some with classes for candidates for Confirmation, or of Communicants ; others at evening schools, but all in one way or another. It was usually ten o'clock before we had wearily reached home, to eat our simple supper, have our night devotions, and go gladly to rest. Such was the life of a curate in the Parish of St. Peter's, Leeds, as I knew it nearly thirty years ago (1847), and such doubtless is it in many parishes now. Every day had its full share of work, and Sunday, however sacred, being the day least of all the seven a day of rest."

If the walls of St. James' Parsonage could divulge all they have been silent witnesses of—especially in those early days when even its small rooms were partitioned and transformed into veritable monks' cells, each with its cross and prie-Dieu—we should listen with ever-deepening interest and feel that this was indeed a place "Where the saints have trod." For is it not hallowed by its association with men of holy purpose and holy deed—some of whom lived there in strict simplicity, having all things in common, while others—including Keble, Pusey, Newman, Manning and Hook—sojourned for a while in this lowly building. The Rev. F. Newton tells us that these distinguished persons were one and all devoted to Mr. Jackson.

Reverting to Mr. Jackson's position in the early days of St. Saviour's, there is no doubt that whilst acting as the confidant of both sides and as intermediary between Dr. Hook and the Rev. R. Ward,

he was substantially at one with the former in the matter, for, like him, he pursued the *via media*. Nor can there be any doubt that he was deeply impressed by, and in full sympathy with, "the beauty of holiness," as it was maintained at the Parish Church under Dr. Hook's régime. This is borne out by the account Mr. Jackson gives of the observance of Holy Week and Easter during the time of his curacy—

"Then Holy Week came, that most affecting of all seasons of the Christian year, when the Church leads her children day by day to Gethsemane and Calvary, to gaze in amazement, contrition, and love, on the suffering and death of the Divine Redeemer.

"The days came as usual full of their solemn engagements. Again and again was recited the sacred story of the Passion; voices faltered as they read, and hearts were affected as they heard; and the deep, pathetic words of the preacher, day by day seeking to enforce the lessons of the Cross, fell with increasing weight on the minds and consciences of the hearers. Maundy Thursday, with the Upper Room gathering, and Gethsemane, with its unknown agony; Good Friday, and the darkness and awful abandonment of Golgotha; the great Sabbath, and the sepulchral chamber with the angels' guard, all came, as usual, in their deep solemnity. And then Easter! A great Divine (Newman) has given us these words, which are so true and so weighty they almost might be inspired: 'Strictness is the condition of rejoicing!' How fully is this proved in the celebration of the Easter triumphs after a due and prayerful and heart-abiding watch by the Cross! Is there any joy like it on earth? I doubt it.

"The vast congregation; and the ecstatic cry—

Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia !
 Our triumphant holy day ; Alleluia !
 Who did once, upon the Cross, Alleluia !
 Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia !

And then the few words of heart-stirring gratulation to the exulting crowd of worshippers ; and then the great Communion Feast, with the uplifting of the angelic song, 'Glory to God in the highest' ; closing with the Benediction as from the Risen Lord Himself standing triumphant on the great stone rolled away from the empty tomb. O blessed, blessed Day ; Day of Days ; Sunday of all Sundays in the year ; antepast of Heaven itself ! ”

During the eleven years of his curacy, and indeed as long as they were in Leeds together, the Canon remained on terms of firm friendship with Dr. Hook, as we learn from the following reminiscence by the Rev. S. W. Darwin Fox—

“No West Riding clergyman was personally more genial or gifted with a shrewder judgment than Archdeacon Palmer, he and Edward Jackson had been fellow-curates of the Parish Church under Dr. Hook. The Archdeacon told us that at that time Hook would do nothing without Jackson's advice, and on critical occasions took care to have him at his elbow, and frequently put him forward as spokesman, not only because of his quick apprehension and readiness of expression, but because a Leeds audience would always listen with respect to what fell from the lips of their fellow-townsmen. This quite substantiates a jocular remark of Canon Jackson—'At that time Hook was Vicar of England, and I was Vicar of Leeds !' ”

Mr. Jackson on his part fully reciprocated

Dr. Hook's esteem and affection and was heard to remark it was impossible for any biographer to do justice to the Dean's great and noble life. He often spoke of the happy gatherings on a Sunday night at the Vicarage, at which the curates were always welcome. Of Mrs. Hook he would say, "She was a true mother in Israel to us; on one occasion she said to me, 'I have my house to manage, my children, the poor, and my husband, but you, "Jacon," are the most difficult of all!'"

His great-niece, Mrs. John Warre Malet, writes: "Dear Uncle Eddie used to be fond of telling how Mrs. Hook said of him, 'when Jacon (her name for him) was well, his face was in tucks, but when he was ill it was in flounces.'" These quizzical remarks measure the kindliness of his relations with the household. The Bishop of Kingston says, "I know that all through my childhood Mr. Jackson was one whom we looked up to with affection."

What then was Canon Jackson's inmost and ultimate thought in regard to the issues in the ecclesiastical controversies of that time? Perhaps the best answer will be to quote a few passages from his own letters and the testimony of some of his friends and colleagues. Probably the impression left on the mind of the reader will be that whilst he would not at all have shrunk from the charge of being a Sacramentalist, he was as far as possible from being a Ceremonialist.

Once, on it being remarked to him that he bowed frequently during Holy Communion, he turned quickly and said: "If so, it was not ceremonially, but the bowing of my heart before the presence of

my Blessed Lord." He always bowed at the "Gloria Patri" and the Sacred Name.

Writing to Mrs. J. Cropper in 1857, he says—

"The hymn 'Father of Eternal Grace' which you mention is one well known to me. We often sing it at the conclusion of Holy Communion, considering it as a proper expression of the soul, after its nearest approach to Him and closest gaze upon Divine Love. Then, of all times, would we wish to stay with Him, and to be changed into His likeness, and therefore to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

"Saying which, reminds me of Keble's hymn in 'The Christian Year' for St. James' Day, which is a very good and required commentary on the subject of high and ecstatic feelings.

"Still, such feelings have their use, as they have doubtless a real place in Christian experience. We may not always have them, but there are times, especially at the beginning of our course, when they are absolutely needed, and their memory is most sweet and reviving in seasons of depression, long after they have passed away. The same may be said of times of special trial—

"I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart pang or throbbing brow,
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now." *

St. James' had no parish of its own, and as many of its members lived at inconvenient distances from the church—the greater part of them belonged to the working class—it was next to impossible for all the confirmed to have the opportunity of communicating

* Newman, *Lyra Apostolica*.

there. The Canon tried to meet this difficulty, by having Holy Communion administered every Sunday morning—apart from Holy Days—and on the last Sunday in the month after evening service. We may here add that the evening Celebration was started with the approval of Dr. Hook. Every Sunday there were large numbers present, and on the last Sunday in the month, in many cases, whole families would communicate together. These Celebrations were safeguarded by the Saturday Night Communicants' Preparation Class, and were hedged in by all possible reverence. It was the custom to accept literally the invitation to "draw near with faith," and the long rail, and the lowest step would at once fill with those about to communicate; while during the administration people knelt devoutly in the aisles singing softly at intervals verses of Communion hymns. A more solemn and blessed sight it would be difficult to imagine. Although there might be four to five hundred communicating, there was never the least confusion.

It will be interesting to give here a passage from the reminiscences of Canon Moore of St. Austell, Truro, in which he refers to these evening Celebrations, followed by an extract from an address by Canon Jackson on Holy Communion. Canon Moore was curate of St. Mary's, Quarry Hill, Leeds, in 1848—

"Canon Jackson's name will always be associated by those who have long known Leeds as a promoter of Evening Celebrations. I should like to add on this subject that many of those who have been at such services, though objecting to them on sufficient

grounds as I do, have spoken highly of the deep and devout reverence which was ever manifested at these services at St. James' by the large number who attended them. This reverence keeps me from too free criticism."

In his address on the Holy Communion, Canon Jackson says—

"This part of the service was ever deemed the most important, acceptable, and beneficial of all Public Worship in the Church of Christ, the Holy Communion, or Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. From this, no true Christian, no one truly converted to God, should ever turn away, but on the contrary should esteem it as the greatest privilege which a member of the Church of Christ enjoys on earth. For is it not the Divinely appointed mode of commemorating or keeping in mind the great Sacrifice of the Lamb of God, that wondrous mystery which angels desire to look into? And is it not also the Divinely ordained means for conveying and sealing to the believing soul the benefits of the death of the Lord Jesus—the Blood which cleanseth from all sin; the Bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die?"

"Now this being the most solemn service of the Church, it should be approached in the most humble spirit, and in the lowliest attitude of body. As in all other parts of Public Worship the Christian is, alike for the sake of the common good and for his own, to follow the order of the Church, kneeling or standing as the Prayer Book directs, so especially in the Communion Service. But then, this outward worship should be the true expression of the inward feeling. Beholding and receiving the Symbols of the redemption of the world, and perceiving by the eye of faith Jesus Christ evidently set forth crucified among them,

the true worshippers worship the Father in Spirit and in truth ; then, indeed, are they one with the Church above, as with the whole Church below, crying, ' Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory ; Glory be to Thee, O Lord, most High ! ' From the celebration of these Holy Mysteries it is not well to turn quickly away. If your home duties do not require your speedy return, stay—and in the Sacred Place, on your knees, continue for a while in prayer, which can never be more acceptable ; in meditation which can never be more profitable, and in thanksgiving, which should never be more deep and fervent. And here let me offer a caution which applies to all other occasions when we attend Church as well as to the Communion Service. Refrain from conversation on your way home ; or if you do converse, let it be on the things of God. But silent prayer is best. . . . This strength, this all-sufficient strength, must be sought in the appointed way, and by Divinely ordained means. We must be worshipping Christians if we are to be working Christians ; we must go for strength to the source of strength ; for power to work as Christians to Christ, the Great, the Glorious Master Builder."

We have already quoted the Canon's impressive account of Holy Week and Easter at the Parish Church whilst he was a curate there. Each recurrence of this season of mingled sadness and rejoicing touched him deeply. One Good Friday, after he had been kneeling during the three hours, as was his wont, at the Holy Table, L—— had occasion to go into the vestry to which he had just returned, and saw him standing quite alone with the tears streaming down his sad, emaciated face. The intruder, at the pathetic sight, was moved to say, " I can't feel it like

that." "Oh," he replied with intense feeling, "I live it all over again."

This intense realisation of what the Passion meant had been an early experience with Edward Jackson. Writing to Mrs. J. Cropper in March, 1860, he says—

"When at school at Fulneck, I first learnt something of the wondrous love and suffering of our dear Saviour, and can remember shedding tears at the solemn evening gathering in the Chapel, during the sacred week. In after years, when I came to have the direction of the public worship of the congregation, under the influence of the old associations, I sought to bring the same manifestations of the bitter Cross of Jesus before others—I trust not without effect."

To those who tread with duteous pace
The Church's sacred year,
How full the seasons are of grace,
How rich they all appear !

Keeping the Saviour close in view,
And walking in His light ;
Each festival is ever new,
And fasting days are bright.

First, Advent in the holy round
Comes with its startling cry,
"Awake, arise," the thrilling sound,
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh !"

And then the Saviour's Birth we keep,
With carols loud and long,
How shepherds, watching o'er their sheep,
Heard the angelic song.

But Christmas and its joys are spent,
And other lessons speak :
There comes the solemn fast of Lent,
And holy Passion Week.

Yet hark ! what sudden sounds are heard,
Loud voices fill the sky,
On every tongue the gladsome word,
“ He lives, who once did die ! ”

For forty days He lingers yet,
And we His steps attend,
And then on sacred Olivet,
Behold the Lord ascend.

Down from that holy mountain's side,
Turn, Christian, now thy way ;
Go to thy chamber, there abide,
In prayer and watching stay.

He comes—He fills that upper room,
The breath of God is there !
The Comforter Himself is come.
And all His influence share !

And then with holy prayer and praise,
In one unceasing strain,
The Church would hallow all her days,
Till Christ shall come again.—E. J.

In a letter to H. in 1858, he says—

“ These seasons of the Christian year have each a special interest, and to the believer each a special power. Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, Ascension-tide, and this one of our most Blessed Saviour's Passion. But, I think of all those this has the most touching effect, and the lessons it teaches are the deepest and most lasting.

“ In the Cross of Jesus the whole of God's will and man's duty is taught—there also we may see the true nature of sin, and its only, and yet all-sufficient remedy. There—the justice of God in its most strict and fearful manifestation, and at the same time, the love and mercy of God written in the dying features of the Lamb of God, so that all may read the life-giving truth. Dear H., how one wishes at a time like

this, that with all we love and for whose salvation we are most especially interested, we might withdraw from the ordinary occupations of the world, even from those which are right in themselves, and at other times to be attended to as a religious duty, and give ourselves wholly to meditation on the sufferings of Jesus. Calvary is indeed a very sacred place, and it may be said of it with equal propriety, as of the gorgeous House of Solomon, 'The Lord is in His Holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.' He who wants to visit Calvary should indeed take off his shoes from his feet for the place is holy ground.

Go forth in spirit, go
To Calvary's holy mount,
See there thy Lord between two thieves
Suffering on thy account.—E. J.

I would recommend you to get alone as much as possible. Read the narrative in each of the four Evangelists, or as a Harmony stopping at every point in the account to meditate, and turn it, *i.e.*, the subject of your meditation into prayer.

"Plead before God each suffering of Jesus as borne for you; claim an interest in each wound, in every drop of blood. Kneel down at the foot of the Cross, and looking up to His marred countenance, tell Him you wish to be crucified with Him—and that the life you henceforth live in the flesh, you may live by faith in the Son of God, Who loved you, and gave Himself up for you. Blessed are they who learn to weep for Jesus, and with Jesus, and to weep for those sins which caused His woes and Death, and to weep for those who will not weep either for Him or for themselves, who crucify the Lord afresh, and put Him to an open shame.

"Blessed are they who look down in Jesus' tomb, and then in hope and love see their own dear ones

laid beside His sacred Form. Then will come a day of waking. 'Thy dead men shall live—together with My dead body shall they arise: Awake and sing ye that dwell in the earth.'

"Blessed be Jesus for ever."

Among the Canon's letters relating to Christmas, that addressed to Mr. and Mrs. J. Cropper, in 1861, has a special interest, because of its reference to the national mourning over the recent death of the Prince Consort.

"St. James',

"*Xmas Eve*, 1861.

"Just a line to say all that is most kind and affectionate to you all on another Christmas morning. The Lord, Who was as now born, bless you all with the riches of His love and goodness, and make you daily more and more like Himself!

"What a singular conjunction we have at this Festival. The black in our churches, and the evergreens on the black. Death, and Life over death. If we are to have black at all, we could not do better than let the symbols of unending life appear also.

"A good Prince dead: we mourn. A better one—the Best—the Prince of Peace: born: we rejoice.

"Yes, the two go well together, though it seems at first incongruous. And we ought to celebrate the Festival all the more earnestly and worthily for the solemn association with which it comes this year.

"Have you read the account of the burial? How much I was struck with the Hymns sung on the occasion. How sweet, how full of Christ, how full of hope and love! A faith like the evergreens smiling and shining at death, and viewing the grave and dark vault only as the gate and way to Jesus and Life!

It is very singular that in the last edition of Mercer's Hymn Book, there are two hymn tunes contributed by the Prince, and inserted at his request, attached to hymns on the Future State and Christmas!

"I will send you a copy—they are marked Coburg and Gotha respectively. Make him to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting!"

Three more extracts from letters will, at this point, suffice to illustrate the Canon's susceptibility to the seasons of the Christian Year.

To the same.

"Ascension Day, 1860.

"... It is Ascension Day—the Festival of all Festivals which should be most joyous, the Festival of Rest, Glory, Heaven, Unity! Glory be to God in Christ Jesu by the Spirit for ever and ever, Amen!"

To L. and K. S.

"Eve of the Ascension, 1891.

"... The blessed Festival of the Ascension is with us once more, and the heavenly gates are flung open to let the King of Glory in. Alleluia! The Triumpher over death re-enters the heavenly city and is by Angels adored! Oh, stupendous thought; though Son of God, He took up his sacred Manhood, raising us with Him into the 'Heavenly Places.' And blessed, oh, how blessed is the assurance, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you. . . .' He, our great Intercessor, pleads His all-prevailing sacrifice before the Throne, showing those precious wounds, which shine out with a glory all their own, and beneath are written your names, mine, and the names of all for whom He died, rose again, and ascended into Heaven.

' Jesus there His offering pleadeth :
Bears our names upon His breast,
For His people intercedeth
Now prepares our endless rest :
Jesus Christ.'—E. J.

" 'Through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.'

"God grant, in the words of our beautiful Collect, 'We may also in heart and mind thither ascend,' and so in His good time be fitted for the niche He now prepares for us. Unto the Blessed, Holy Trinity, be praise and glory evermore, Amen !"

To Mrs. J. Cropper.

" November 1st, 1861.

" . . . This is All Saints' Day, the last festival of the ecclesiastical year, and excepting those which relate especially to our blessed Lord, the most dear and affecting of them all.

"To-day we remember our dear departed ones, and the rest of the mighty host which has crossed the flood, as well as the living ones who are passing after them in the faith and fear of Christ. What an overwhelming thought, and how full of all that is arousing, and yet solemnising ; lifting up and yet keeping down ; calling to the highest enterprise with the boldest spirit, and yet (to use the word in the old sense, so full of meaning) *meeking* us and making us fit for the heavenly kingdom."

To the same.

" New Year's Eve, 1858.

"I have been writing all the morning, and have left this letter till the last, for I would say my last words on paper to you, in this ending up of the year

of grace, 1858. Glory be to God in the Highest. All praise and glory be to Him. Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever! Amen.

"I have not been well for the last few days, having been taken with much fever, and am still feeble and out of sorts. With His care, however, and His blessing, I hope to be able to go to the midnight service (from 11 P.M. to 1 A.M.). You will be all specially remembered by me to-night, kneeling on the threshold of the opening year at His feet before the Altar. I will with His grace seek to put all into His Hands. My life, my soul, and body and spirit, my friends, my people. All my hopes, and all my fears. The past to be nailed to His cross; the present to be spent at His side; the future to be unfolded by His wisdom and His love. All—all His and His for ever! Yes, even my sins His; for blessed be God, He hath made Him to be sin for us Who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him! What a word for a final word!

"Again let me ascribe, as is most due, all glory, all love, all praise, all power, all grace, all worship and adoration to the most Holy blessed and undivided Trinity for ever and ever. Amen."

To these personal revelations of Canon Jackson's feelings concerning the holy seasons of the Church we append some testimony as to his relations with the clergy of pronounced opinions, who were active around him as a young man and later. Among these was the Rev. Robert Aitken, his own vicar at St. James', and it is a little curious that according to the impressions of Mr. Aitken's son (the present

Canon W. H. M. H. Aitken), his father did not quite understand Edward Jackson. He writes—

“In the old days, when my father was incumbent of St. James’, Edward Jackson used to work as a lay-helper. There were no lay-readers in those days, but that is the designation that he would, no doubt, have borne in our time. In spite of the great affection that my father had for him and his admiration for his earnestness and devotion, my recollection is that he was not fully satisfied with his young friend’s grasp of evangelical truth, in its bearing on his own personal experience. Perhaps my father was not easily satisfied in this matter; perhaps he may have had his doubts of the spirituality of the tone of things at the —— church; and was inclined to question Jackson’s spirituality. But, however it may have been, I have a distinct recollection that he did not feel altogether happy about the appointment of his successor, and that his doubts were shared by some of the most spiritual members of his flock. My father was even consulted by some of these as to whether in his opinion they would do wisely in seeking to find a spiritual home elsewhere. His reply was unhesitating. He solemnly laid it upon them to stand loyally by their new pastor, and to go on praying for him that he might be led into the clear and full light, but on no account and under no circumstances to forsake their church.

“It must have been five or six years later that my father was invited to Leeds by the then Vicar of St. Saviour’s, the Rev. John Knott, whom he had met at Oxford some little time before and to whom his ministry had been made a blessing. This led of course to his being invited by Jackson to revisit his old congregation at St. James’! He preached in the morning at St. Saviour’s, but was greatly astonished, and somewhat disappointed at seeing none of his old

flock there; he expressed this feeling to some of them when he met them in the evening, but their answer was, "Don't you remember the direction you gave us always to stand by our own minister and never to wander from the Church?"

"This visit of my father's brought about under God a time of very remarkable blessing at St. James' in which both pastor and people shared. What the specific character of the blessing to Jackson was it is not necessary for us to attempt to define. He himself pointed out to me in a visit that I paid with him to the Moravian school at Fulneck, the very spot where kneeling as a boy, he gave his heart to God. That was, I remember, the expression that he used. So I suppose he was what would be called converted from his early days."

In spite of this slight incompatibility, between the two men, it is interesting to note that in later years Canon Jackson expressed the most generous appreciation of his predecessor. The Rev. S. W. Darwin Fox contributes an account of his intercourse with the Canon in which he says—

"Some time after Mr. R. Aitken's death I ventured to urge him to write his old friend's biography. The answer I received was characteristic in its epigrammatic neatness. 'My dear friend, it is impossible. You must acknowledge that if I were to write I should write the truth, and were I to write the truth every one would say it was a lie.' He went on to explain somewhat fully the changes through which this great Evangelist and Churchman had passed, showing that they were the result not of logical reasoning, but convictions borne in upon him after long seasons of prayerful meditation, and that he

himself may have had some difficulty in accounting for them. Whether Canon Jackson was right in declining a task which should have been undertaken by some one of spiritual instinct and psychological insight is open to question. Unfortunately, at this date, materials for a biography of Robert Aitken are no longer available, and he must remain among those whose saintly character and remarkable work have never been recorded.

"With all his tender love Canon Jackson could say severe things. Speaking probably with something of a young man's conceit of certain methods of evangelisation, I was quenched by the remark, 'My dear brother, I believe in the Holy Ghost.'

"During his later years, indeed ever since Bishop Robert Bickersteth made him a Canon of Ripon, he became in the diocese a sort of leader of the Evangelicals,* though he retained the privilege of a free lance, and sometimes said very severe things of them, but he never lost his true Catholic sympathy. I have heard him speak with the tenderest brotherly love of one of his sisters who was the head of a religious house in the Roman Church, ('She found there her spiritual home and I should be sorry to disturb her.')

Mr. Darwin Fox also alludes to a very successful mission which the Rev. Robert Aitken conducted at St. Saviour's, and points out that Mr. Jackson was fully in sympathy with it. The truly catholic estimate of Mr. Aitken expressed to Mr. Darwin Fox, is repeated by Canon Jackson in the following letter to C——, written in November, 1865, a letter which may be taken as typical of his general attitude

* Canon Jackson was Proctor in Convocation for the Archdeaconry of Craven for a number of years, and was President of the Leeds Clerical Society.

as a Churchman. He appreciated the good in men no matter what school of thought they belonged to.

"I think it is scarcely fair to you to expect you to altogether understand a man like Mr. (Robert) Aitken. He is very *sui generis* and requires his character well considering in connexion with all his antecedents before one is able to form even an approximately correct opinion of him. If a man's worth and principles are to be tried by the results then few men will stand higher. I imagine Luther was a somewhat perplexing character for people who did not personally know him, in his own day—as he is now to many in ours. So are most men who leave their impress on an age, and as Southey says, so must men be who do an advance work. To their contemporaries they are enthusiasts, and often very inconsistent people. It requires a retrospective light upon them to understand them and their doings rightly. And therefore I think it well in all such cases as Mr. Aitken, Dr. Pusey, and others, to suspend judgment. Let us admire their zeal and earnestness, whether to our minds they are quite correct and wise or not. The world would be in a bad way without them."

Finally, we may cite the following from Canon Moore as helping to define the Canon's theological position.

"It was one of the fruits of Dr. Hook's ministry that he largely attracted young men some of whom eventually took Holy Orders, or as laymen with deep convictions on Church doctrine and principles served the Church in Leeds and elsewhere.

"Edward Jackson had much of the same attractive power. Not a great theologian like Dr. Hook, but holding sound principles on questions then so much

debated—such as Baptismal Regeneration, the Real Presence in the Eucharist, and the Apostolic Succession—which had been gradually recovered from the laxity and imperfect teaching of preceding generations. Yet here he showed himself, as indeed he was, a true Pastor, gifted to win souls for Christ. From the first the younger Clergy got to know him and benefited by his spiritual and sympathetic influence. I myself greatly needed and profited by such influence and learned much from him, as in the early winter of the same year, 1848, he kindly visited and greatly helped me during illness by his teaching. If Sacramental Confession and Absolution were not then so fully understood by some who like myself would have been much helped by them, I learnt from him of the necessity of Repentance and seeking the forgiveness of sins, and of the need of progressive Sanctification which he was well qualified to teach me.”

In a letter to Mr. J. Cropper (1863) the Canon writes, “I have Mr. W. and dear James Henry Moore, of Gateshead, sitting by me.”

CHAPTER III

HISTORY OF ST. JAMES' CHURCH

IN 1836 there were but five churches in Leeds proper, all told. Passing allusion has been made to each of them. There was the venerable Parish Church, which dates from the Norman, or perhaps even from the Saxon era, having been, in all probability, originally erected during the days of Paulinus, the Northumbrian Apostle. It was rebuilt several times in the course of its long history, and in its present shape, with its impressive interior, and fine musical services, is a monument of the liberal things devised by Dr. Hook, and of the public spirit and religious devotion with which he was able to inspire his fellow-townsmen. There was also the seventeenth-century foundation of St. John's, which owes its existence to the munificence of John Harrison; the eighteenth-century Church of Holy Trinity, established by Ralph Thoresby; and the newly-built Church of St. Paul. Finally, there was St. James'; this last-named, the principal centre of Canon Jackson's life-long labours, had a history as remarkable in its way as that of any of the others. By a curious chain of circumstances it illustrated the development from Evangelical thought to Catholic doctrine which was typical of the Canon's own experience. To begin

with, St. James' Church was a Dissenters' chapel, owing its origin to the Countess of Huntingdon's persuasion. In 1794 her followers erected in Kirk-gate an octagonal building which they called Zion Chapel. But the death of their patroness, a few years later, made a considerable difference in their position, and in 1799 the trustees sold the building, which eventually became the property of the Church of England. It was consecrated in the month of September, 1801, by Archbishop Markham of York. Except that smoke of generations may have deposited a shade of deeper sable on the walls of the church, their form has remained unaltered. They still present the rather squat, rotund shape of the old octagonal chapel—a shape the reverse of elegant, though endowed with some semblance of dignity by half-columns rising from the ground at each angle, and terminating in a small capital at the roof level, whence a dome formerly sprang. The interior is, however, a striking contrast to the outside, especially the beautiful east end, built in the form of a Christian Basilica. The church has accommodation for over a thousand persons. Such little architectural merit as it undoubtedly possesses, suffers from the factory-like annexes on either side of the east end. But, gaunt and ugly as these extensions may seem to the stranger, those who know realise that they were the homes of saints, and a haven of refuge for the sad and destitute. Here Mr. Jackson and his associates lived for a number of years; here they prayed and laboured for the spiritual and educational welfare of the people about them; from hence help went out to the sick and the starving at more than one terrible

period in the history of Leeds. The Parsonage and the Bank Room, as these twin tenements came to be known, represent, hardly less than the church itself, the central scene of the Canon's labours. The Parsonage became in later years the resort of notable personages. Here, Mr. Jackson received his friends—men of all shades of opinion—philanthropists and educationalists, who consulted with him on the various matters in which they were mutually interested. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Chancellor Hatherley, Lord Grimthorpe, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, Mr. Garth-Marshall—all now passed away—were among his most frequent visitors.

To this church Edward Jackson and his brother were brought by their friend on that memorable Sunday night in 1828. It was characteristic of St. James' that evening service was held there in the days when other churches thought it wiser not to open their doors at an hour when many rough and criminal characters were abroad. In the time of its first incumbent, the Rev. John King, who died in 1840, St. James' had become known as the scene of specially zealous Sunday School work. For a long while the followers of Robert Raikes found it necessary to combine the rudiments of secular knowledge with those of religion; their scholars had to be taught their letters before they could read the Bible or understand the Prayer-book. The devoted teachers of St. James', however, soon improved upon this method. Relegating "the three R's" to night-classes on week-days, they concentrated on the Catechism on Sundays.

In this way, years before Edward Jackson became

connected with them, the Church and School of St. James' had become the resort of people who valued faithful instruction in the things of religion. The Rev. George Aycliffe Poole, who succeeded Mr. King in 1839, was a man of wide culture and an ally of Dr. Hook's in the vindication of Catholic doctrine. He accepted the living of Welford in 1843, but retained the proprietary rights in St. James', which he had bought from Mr. King. Dr. Hook then nominated the Rev. Robert Aitken as curate-in-charge, whose remarkable career illustrates the wide arena offered by the Anglican Communion to earnest men of divers schools.

When Mr. Jackson made up his mind to enter the ministry, he went through a definite course of training, and, in 1848, the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the representation of Dr. Longley, Bishop of Ripon, conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. It was during Mr. Aitken's charge of the parish that he completed his transition from layman to priest (being ordained deacon in 1845, and priest in 1846), and became curate to Dr. Hook at the Parish Church.

A year later, when Mr. Aitken relinquished St. James', Mr. Jackson approached Mr. Poole in respect of the proprietary rights, and purchased them for £2000. Thus it came about that on October 1st, 1846, four years to the day after Edward Nevins' body had been laid in the vault below, Edward Jackson preached his first sermon as incumbent of St. James', and thus redeemed the pledge he had given to the friend who had already passed into the mystic land beyond. In the trust deeds of St. James' it was stipulated that

services should be read there on Sundays and on the chief festivals, and the Sacraments be administered, but no further duties were laid upon the incumbent save that he was to assist in Communion at the Parish Church when required. Standing as it does, a little more than a stone's throw from St. Peter's (the Parish Church), it was evidently in the mind of Mr. King and his associates that St. James' would remain a chapel-of-ease to the Mother Church, without scope or need for a special parochial organisation. But, as we have seen, during the first quarter of the nineteenth century Leeds grew out of all knowledge, and nowhere was the pressure of population so great as in this central area, so that, long before its separation from St. Peter's, it was regularly served by the clergy and laity attached to St. James'. This was the state of things when Mr. Jackson entered upon the incumbency. He complied with both the letter and the spirit of the clause linking the two churches together, for whilst taking on the duties of St. James', he remained, until 1856, a curate at the Parish Church. Illness at that time obliging him to husband his energies, he gave up the curacy, and devoted himself entirely to his own church. That his post at the Parish Church was no sinecure the previous chapters have sufficiently shown. But St. James', from first to last, was the object of his special solicitude; it was as Vicar of St. James' that Canon Jackson laid his impress on the thousands of men and women who still think of him as a saint of God.

CHAPTER IV

THE IRISH FAMINE AND CHOLERA

ALLUSION has been made in the earlier chapters of this book to some of the forces that went to the making of England during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and to the tremendous material development which accompanied the expansion of trade caused by the introduction of machinery, as well as to the awakening of religious thought and energy in various directions. It cannot be said that these twin movements in Church and State were at any time unconnected.

The increasingly democratic and utilitarian temper of Parliament, which inclined it to interfere with some of the things they held most sacred, was, no doubt, one of the reasons which led the Tractarians to raise their standard and reassert the Divine origin of the Church. The prospect of the urban populations around them sinking into heathenism through the pressure of unhomelike surroundings, and the flaunting of vice in their midst, called forth amongst earnest men in all the Churches the very passion of preaching. But, in spite of all these tokens, it may be doubted whether any of them realised in its earlier stages how far their mission would have to be one of works as well as of doctrine, if they were to be true to the

Christian calling in their day and generation. And to this rule Canon Jackson was no exception. His natural disposition was spiritual and educational, literary and contemplative. In easier times he would perhaps have become a famous preacher, and might have been called to high preferment. But beneath and beyond his natural gifts was a sense of self-dedication to his Master, and love for those for whom He died. He knew his God to be not a God of the hills only, but that He descended into the plain, and following Him the disciple had compassion on the multitude, and when he saw them perishing of sickness and hunger, he forgot all else in an unselfish effort to relieve them. The call came quickly.

When he assumed the incumbency of St. James' in the autumn of 1846, he must have realised that all around, owing to the unregulated growth of the town, spread a mass of suffering which it would be his duty to alleviate as far as possible, in addition to or in conjunction with his more distinctively ministerial work. But he can hardly have anticipated that the Angel of Death was already hovering on the confines of his district and that it was soon about to become a very charnel-house. This happened the following year, consequent on the influx of refugees from the Irish famine.

It was in 1846-7 that this terrible disaster befell. In four years the population of Ireland decreased by more than a million and a half. Many of these perished miserably in their own land; many more emigrated to the United States; and a third section—those with whom we are here concerned—invaded the more accessible towns of England and Scotland.

It would be almost impossible to over-estimate the social consequences of this invasion. They remain with us to-day in nearly every manufacturing town in Yorkshire and Lancashire, and they will continue to be felt for many years to come.

But, the sudden influx of population due to the failure of the Irish potato crop was not the only difficulty with which Mr. Jackson and his associates had to grapple. Drainage, sanitation, and water supply were all in the most primitive condition. Regulations as to the number of occupants in lodging-houses or any other houses were non-existent. Public-house licenses were granted with the utmost freedom by justices who had not yet begun to question the ultimate effect of such facilities. Meanwhile, the population was pressing in upon the town in all directions. In these circumstances it happened, as has nearly always and everywhere been the case, under like conditions, that the weakest and poorest began to congregate at the centre. When Mr. Jackson became incumbent, the parish of St. James' was already a congested district, and on this impoverished and unwholesome community there descended a horde of famine-stricken refugees. Some sort of shelter they must have, and after filling to repletion the overcrowded lodging-houses and tenements, they erected, with such fragments of material as they could lay hands on, shanties which were miserable copies of the turf cabins they had left behind them, with the fatal difference, that these improvised dwellings were thrust in among the courts and alleys of a densely urban quarter, instead of being situated in the open country. Nature was

not slow to avenge herself for this defiance of her elementary laws, and a terrible outbreak of typhus fever followed. The annals of war contain no record of greater heroism than was shown during the struggle with this pestilence, in which many noble lives were laid down in faithful ministration to a plague-stricken people. One of the last to succumb was Mr. Jackson's own colleague, a member of that devoted brotherhood which has already been described. Mr. Jackson was himself laid low, as happened several times in his life-long combat with the ills of humanity. Of this first tragic episode in his ministry he has left a graphic account in his "Pastor's Recollections," which we cannot do better than quote *in extenso*. After telling of the apparition of the Irish refugees, he goes on to speak of—

"Tall men, with long coats and hats without crowns, and women, wild and haggard, with numbers of unearthly looking children—strange beings that ran alongside of the men and women, and looked at you out of the corner of their eyes, with a sort of half-frightened, half-savage expression.

"The usual low lodging-houses for this class of people were soon more than full, and they extemporized for themselves dwellings such as none but they would have occupied. Why the Poor Law Authorities did not bestir themselves in time, and open proper places for the reception of these wretched exiles, seems now a strange blunder. Being Irish, I suppose they were not legally chargeable to the township. But it was a great mistake and a woeful economy; for the emigrants brought with them not only hunger, but death. In a very short time the frightful Irish fever was epidemic in all the lower parts of the town. It was a dreadful time. We then

buried all the pauper dead from the Parish Church, and I well remember that, on one afternoon, twenty-three bodies were lying side by side as I entered the church to read that part of the burial service which is there said. The low howls of the women were terrible. They sat at the grave sides, crouching in their peculiar way, and rocking themselves to and fro, as they looked down into the dark cavities where the dead were lowered, five and six deep, one upon another.

“As might be supposed, the time was an especially heavy one for the curates who laboured in that part of the town where the fever was raging, and nowhere was this so much the case as in that district which was under our new curate and the senior clergyman with whom he was associated, a most earnest and devoted man who has since gone to his eternal rest. We did what we could, though it was but little in comparison with the magnitude of the calamity. Money was sent us and we ourselves added all we could. We opened places for the distribution of soup and bread, and sought to stir up the authorities to organize more suitable measures for the relief of the poor famished creatures who were everywhere sickening around us.

“‘Do go with me, and see a part of my district,’ Mr. M——, the new curate, said to me one day; ‘I don’t think the workhouse authorities can know how bad things are.’ I went with him. It was frightful indeed. Here, in this district, which was one of an especially Irish character, it was simply horrible. Every place above ground, and underground, was crammed with miserable, famished wretches, scarcely looking like human beings. In one cellar we counted thirty-one men, women, and children, all lying on the damp filthy floor, with only a few handfuls of straw under them; while the frightened neighbours, who would not venture inside the pestilential depth, were

lowering water in buckets to allay the intolerable thirst of the miserable people. Our young curate was excited to the last degree. . . . He himself would go down to them in their cellars, or climb up into their close, choking chamber, raise their heads, put fresh straw under them, give them the gruel with his own hands, and though they wanted not his religious ministrations, having their own priests, who, to their honour never shrank from their duty, and of whom several laid down their lives in the performance of it, yet his heart was continually going out in labours and benedictions for the wretched sufferers. And when, at last, temporary hospitals were opened, it was he who brought out the first that were removed, carried them in his own arms, and laid them gently down in the carts which were brought to remove them. It was indeed an anxious and alarming time, both on account of that which was every day taking place, and from the anticipation of what might yet be to come. One of the medical officers, who had shown great zeal in the discharge of his duties, was stricken down, and the lives of all who were called to take an active part in ministering to the fever patients, were evidently in jeopardy. It was July and the weather was very hot. One morning our young curate was not at the early prayers, and this being contrary to his habitual practice, his colleague, in the district, and I went straight from church to enquire the reason. 'Mr. M.,' said the landlady, 'is not very well this morning; he got up, I believe, but has laid down again.' We went to him. He complained of his head and considerable aching in the bones, and of nausea. Contrary to his wish we sent for a surgeon, who lived hard by, and next day, as he was no better, but rather worse, a physician was called in. His fellow curate and I waited below until the two medical men came downstairs. Of course we knew it was the terrible fever. 'Gentlemen,' said Dr. H——, 'this is a

very serious case ; if the patient has friends within reach, they had better be apprised of his danger, and you, unless you feel bound to come here, had better avoid the house. And I strongly recommend that the sick man be removed from this place at once, and taken into a more wholesome locality.'

"Our young curate had no friends, meaning, by that, relatives, on our side of the Irish Channel ; we, who had thus been warned to keep away were bound to take care of him ; and as to finding any who would receive a fever-case into their house, the idea seemed unlikely to the last degree. No one would for a moment listen to the application ; all were panic-struck by the frightful epidemic, and, before we could well state our object, there was evidently a strong desire to get us out of their houses, as though our very presence might communicate to them the dreaded contagion.

"There was but one way to effect the object. We took an empty house and that very night we took the sick man there. The house was in the country and elevated. It was very quiet, the fresh air came through the constantly opened window. The fever poison had entered into his blood with all its virulence, and day after day he lay in a sort of half stupor—hot, thirsty, and with the blackened tongue and rolling eye which accompanies typhus fever. He always, however, appeared conscious when the prayers were said by his bedside, as they were several times daily, generally repeated the responses, and, invariably at the conclusion, asked, 'Are the poor people all taken to the hospital yet ?'

"Then at times he would be highly excited, wandering and talking about the sick people, and calling for help to get them out of the cellars, and exclaiming against the cruel manner in which they were neglected. At other times he was in church

beginning the service, or wanting 'to read the lesson, only that someone had taken the Book away.'

"But it ended. . . . One evening his strength appeared much more prostrated than before, while his mind seemed to have recovered a good deal of clearness and vigour, and he asked the usual question after prayers with still greater earnestness. Having received an explicit assurance that the poor sufferers were now duly attended to, he murmured, 'Thank God ; I am very weary, I should like to die. . . .' And this brave, high-minded, self-sacrificed young curate passed away in the 25th year of his age. A letter some days afterwards brought word how the funeral had taken place at his home in Ireland, and that in the ancestral vault this young scion of a noble house had been 'gathered to his fathers.'

"A stained glass window was afterwards placed in the church to his memory, bearing the following inscription—

WILLIAM STANLEY MONCK, B.A.,
ASSISTANT CURATE AT THE PARISH CHURCH.
BORN MARCH 27TH, 1822.
DIED JULY 11TH, 1847."

Hardly had the famine-fever passed when Asiatic cholera broke out. Thanks to our improved sanitary conditions we have almost ceased to know this dread scourge in England save by name, but at the period of which we are writing sanitation was in an elementary stage. Several times the district of St. James' became the scene of choleraic outbreaks of the worst description. To tell how these were met by the clergy and their helpers would be merely to repeat in substance what has been so graphically narrated above of the Irish famine year. Again the little brotherhood went in and out among the plague-

stricken, conveying to them the consolations of the Church and human aid where it was of avail. Mr. Jackson was himself again brought low by the disease. His constitution was anything but robust, and several times he contracted dangerous illness through venturing into the contagion.

Besides these recurrent epidemics, there were in a poor district like St. James' almost constant calls for the exercise of a wise charity. In a later chapter we shall see how the Canon concerned himself with the work of the Poor Law authorities, but from the beginning he felt that the Church owed a special care to the indigent people of the parish, and the annexes of St. James' took on the form of a hospice, affording accommodation for a soup kitchen and a bread dépôt. Arrangements were also made for the distribution of necessaries through the local shopkeepers on the ticket system. Discretion was, of course, no less necessary in such a situation than charity, and it was equally forthcoming. Several of the incidents recorded in the Canon's "Recollections" throw a shrewd and amusing light on the perils of social salvage. Take, for instance, his story of George Snowdon, the none-too-common pattern of the honest grocer in face of adverse circumstances, with its prelude. In his opening chapter the Canon tells of his experiences with an immigrant family which had been represented to him by its head as being foodless, fireless, and on the verge of starvation. So many were the demands of this nature that he found it impossible to call at the house on the evening appointed, but on opening the door next morning, he discovered the family breakfasting from a well-supplied table by the side

of a roasting fire. As he made his appearance a little girl hid a plate of butter in her lap, but the fire was not so easily spirited away, and the man's explanation of it was worthy of the glib ingenuity which is sometimes thought to be a special gift of his race. "Fire—did your honour speak of the fire?—to be sure, and it is an elegant fire—for didn't I say to Judy, 'Sure, we must have a fire. We must have a fire because your honour was coming, and your honour would be cold.'"

This incident illustrates at once the Canon's sense of humour and the judicious and painstaking care with which the bounties of St. James' were administered. The darker side of these ministrations is shown in the story of the poor unfortunate, who was left lying on the bare boards in her flimsy cotton dress, till death released her from her sufferings, whilst the occupants of the house not only did nothing for her but actually stole the loaf of bread she had received from the relieving officer, professing that it was due to them for lodgings! * It is seen again in the ghastly report which was brought to Mr. Jackson, as he was recovering from the cholera in 1849, of a case in which a man came reeling into his wife's death-chamber drunk with the brandy which he had been sent to get from the workhouse to keep her alive.

Mr. Jackson, finding himself in the midst of a community strewn with social wreckage, took off his coat, so to speak, and went manfully to the rescue. But it would be a mistake to think of him as absorbed in aiding the work of the relieving officer and the

* See "A Pastor's Recollections."

public health authority. His was not the sentimental temperament which satisfies itself by alleviating present bodily suffering and leaves the root of the evil untouched.

He was ever at the bidding of strangers who came to him with tales of woe and sickness, and on reaching the home and finding that the sufferer lacked medical attendance he would frequently pencil a note to some medical friend on whom he knew he could rely; for strong common-sense, as well as innate compassion, told him that the life must first be saved before its current could be altered. But eagerness to save the soul, or to prepare it for its summons, supplied the mainspring of his readiness for social service, and he was always fully conscious that this supremely important work could be done to infinitely more advantage in the church and Sunday School than in the feverish atmosphere of a sick-room which had seldom or never been a chamber of prayer. His sad but sympathetic knowledge of human nature made it impossible for him to entertain the delusion that sin and suffering could be banished merely by an increased income. He knew them to be too often the results of wrong views of life, or thoughtless frivolity, evil tendencies only to be corrected by awakening the soul to a consciousness of sin against God. It was for this he had been ordained, and it was his zealous pursuit of this high calling that made him a power in the life of Leeds. After all, if we would see him in his best light, we must not look on him as one who ministered only to those who had made shipwreck of their lives, but watch him among his own people building up strong Christian characters,

influencing for good through his counsel and example the men and women and young people who came to him for religious help and inspiration.

The influence of every notable teacher has been a combination of the man and his message, and the magnetism of Canon Jackson's personality was very strong. We have seen how its charm exerted itself over the Sunday School as soon as he joined it. And it was the same all through life, his inspiring personality at once fascinated those with whom he came in contact.

He was very human and accessible, free from formality—avoiding class-distinctions whenever possible. His saintly character and earnestness of purpose caused his people to mingle some degree of reverence with their affection for him ; but beloved he certainly was, both for his own sake and for the comfort and strength, the hope and gladness his blessed teaching brought them.

His views on the subject of class-distinctions are expressed in the following letter and in an extract from his writings.

1878.

"I am glad your private friends, and the teachers, and the members of the Mothers' Meeting are all to have the refreshment together—it is better. Distinctions are generally disagreeable, and are felt by none more painfully and injuriously than by the working people, and though such sensibilities are not to be always deemed reasonable, they should seldom be disregarded ; *i.e.* if we mean to be of any real service to them."

"The Church of God knows not (or should not know) the distinctions which mark the order of

society in the outward world. Those distinctions are many of them right and proper, and even to a large extent recognised by God ; but they are still only for the outward ordering of human affairs, for the world as it is passing away. But in the Church of Christ the only nobility is that of grace ; the aristocracy solely one of virtue ; the rich are those who are rich in faith ; the bond that of the common love of Jesus ; and only those are respectable, who are willing to take up their cross daily and suffer shame for Christ—who count all things but dross, that they may win Christ ; and whose motto is, ‘God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom the world is crucified to me and I unto the world.’ . . . How often I have found in the working-man under a quiet and most unassuming exterior a mind of more than ordinary intelligence, and great thoughtfulness, and of a remarkable delicacy and refinement, in one word that which constitutes the true gentleman, whatever be the station of life in which the individual is providentially placed. For never let us allow the error to be held, without our protesting against it, that riches or station necessarily constitute the gentleman ; he is the true gentleman, and he alone, who possesses and displays the gentler graces, the more refined qualities of our nature . . . and above all, and what is of far greater importance to the social well-being, those solid virtues of uprightness, absolute truthfulness, and unflinching integrity, which characteristics constitute the true bond of human society.”

It is recalled how he was heard to say in a broken voice as he came away from the grave side (1892) of a dear but humble member of his congregation, “He was my friend, my very dear friend.”

CHAPTER V

AN IDEAL CLERGYMAN

IN 1853 Canon Jackson preached an Ordination sermon in Ripon Cathedral, in which he set before the candidates his own ideal of what should be the relationship between the clergyman and his people. An ideal which, high though it was, he earnestly strove to realise in his own ministry. We quote the paragraph referred to—

“He not only invites the people to the House of God, but he carries the Church to their homes. He knows them one by one, and is ever ready to reprove, restrain, and advise as the case requires. He instructs the ignorant, supports the weak, helps to bring back the penitent wanderer, and is patient and gentle to all. For the children he has a true love, but he is no less the friend of the aged ; the sympathetic visitor of the sick, and the assiduous watcher by the dying bed.”

The Canon took an affectionate interest in the family life of his people, and cared for their temporal as well as for their spiritual welfare. The intelligent, thoughtful son would be encouraged and pecuniarily helped to make his way in life. Nor was his practical sympathy reserved for the very poor only ; the unfortunate yet upright tradesman would often be

helped to make a fresh start. His congregation catching his spirit of "love to the brethren" were united as one large family, of which he was the beloved head.

Naturally this surrender of himself for the welfare of his people touched a chord in their hearts, and they never seemed quite happy without him.

When he entered the schoolroom at a weekly gathering of some two to three hundred mothers they would clap enthusiastically, and their faces would beam with delight. He was completely theirs for the time being. He would nurse a baby here, take up a piece of knitting there, and pass a pleasant word or jest in all directions. It was a saying amongst them, "When the Canon can't mak' a joke, he'll dee!"

Then, he would sit apart, and one after another would "sidle" up to him, sure of his loving sympathy. Sometimes the case had passed beyond discussion, and tears would start as they met each other's gaze. Not a word would be spoken, but—they understood, and the interviewer would go away comforted.

The Canon's presence was no less valued at scenes of innocent gaiety. Was there to be a marriage of his dear young people? of course he must take the service, and be present at the breakfast, however humble. Shortly before he passed away, he was seen hurrying from the church door to his cab, benignly smiling, and shrugging his shoulders; his long silver locks bearing traces of a shower of confetti. At the house he would wait patiently until the first fuss was over and, at the right moment, rise in his courtly fashion and make a speech such as a princess might be glad to hear on her own wedding day.

These little nameless acts of love carried the Canon's influence beyond the bounds of his normal congregation. For instance, there was always a sprinkling of Jews worshipping at St. James' with their fellow-Christians. He had a tender spot in his heart for them, as appears from an incident narrated by one who is sufficiently named Rebecca. "I was first drawn to the Faith," she said, "through the Canon's influence. When he was visiting one of his sick members at a house where I was, he put his hand on my shoulder and said in that winsome-like way, 'Well, daughter of Abraham!'" This persuasive greeting led to her being received, in spite of much persecution, into the fold of Christ's Church. She had the joy of seeing her husband and her children brought to Holy Baptism, and one of her sons became a clergyman. She helped the Jewish mission up to within the last few months of her death, which took place last year, remaining a bright and fearless witness to the end.

At the workers' meetings he was the adviser, sympathiser, and inspiration. A pathetic incident is recalled at one of these same meetings towards the close of his life. A new register for the entry of sick cases was needed, and when a larger one than was ordinarily used, was presented, he gazed at it tenderly for a moment, then, turning to the donor, said sweetly, "Thou hast great faith, my child." His presentiment was a true one; for he was "to the margin come"—a few weeks later he had passed to the Eternal Shore.

The men of St. James' were devoted to their pastor and secured his presence at their meetings

whenever it was possible. As the Canon became more feeble with the weight of years, they would be on the alert for the arrival of his cab, eager to give him an arm, or carry his plaid; the gentle pressure of his arm, or his words of benediction, "Thank you, my son, God bless you," remained with them a cherished memory. By the time the meeting was over, a group of young women would have gathered just for the sake of one of those "nice looks," or the stroke of his hand, and as the young coachman started off with his precious burden, one rough-looking lass was heard to call out, "Don't shak' 'im, Joe, lad!"

Mrs. John Warre Malet tells this little anecdote of him: "Uncle Eddie was gazing at the announcements of some excursions with a view to treating his poor people. A woman saw him. 'Eh, Canon, I wonder at your thinking of such things at your time of life—you as reads the Bible so beautiful too!'"

But the value of a Christian ministry is not to be measured so much by the simple human kindness it evokes, as by its effect on the character. For the most part he had an uncultured, and often uncouth class of people to deal with, yet under his gracious influence and teaching they acquired a bearing and conversation which surprised those who imagine that mechanical occupations and rude behaviour are inseparable. The Rev. S. W. Darwin Fox says, "Canon Jackson was frequently asked where he got his young men from, for they were in manners and feeling such gentlemen. His reply was, 'Some from the mills.'"

A friend of the Canon's invited the members of one of his Bible classes to tea, and afterwards showed

them round the grounds. When they were gone he remarked, "I expected a party of rough lads, and instead I find they are all gentlemen." "Of course they are, of course they are," curtly retorted Canon Jackson.

The following tribute from Mr. A. Taylor, of Leeds, one of the Canon's "young men," shows very clearly the kind of influence he brought to bear upon them—

"I am quite unequal to express myself as I would in a little testimony to the grand work the saintly Canon Jackson did at St. James', especially among the young men. In each stage of my life he was my *guiding star*—as a little lad in the Sunday School, as choir-boy, as Sunday School teacher, etc., and for a time his personal attendant. What he was to me he was to scores of others, who also trace back their first religious awakening to him. The good seed he implanted he fostered all the way through. Even as lads he set us to work; and in a great measure many of us owe our improved social positions to-day to that early training—to do our bit of Church work with all our will and our might. How particular he was about the elder lads and young men having the right kind of Sunday School teacher! Our last one was dear old Miss Gill, whose memory we ever bless. The Canon had a great idea of the softening and refining influence of a real Christian lady on the members of the senior classes. I remember he had the way of treating us as if we were so much better in every way than we were, and as if our help were indispensable to him. He was our real friend; we felt he loved us. And we loved and venerated him too. The fall of his footstep, the sound of his voice, caused a thrill of joy to pass through us. So attractive and inspiring was the Christ-life in him that one who had been

much with him—who has now become a noted musician—said, ‘Music alone is beautiful and soul-stirring, but the service of Christ is far more beautiful and uplifting.’ And hundreds of us who have also been under Canon Jackson, substituting for *music* our respective, favourite pursuit, can agree with him, that ‘the service of Christ is far more beautiful and uplifting.’”

It would take too much space to tell of the numerous societies with which the Canon was connected, for all reclamation work had his active sympathy; but a word must be said about the “Tramp Mission.” A band of workers visited the haunts of these destitutes on Sunday nights, and invited them to the “upper room” across the way, where the Canon would meet them and hold a special service after his own in the church.

Those who have seen him—truly Christ’s representative—in that room full of wretched outcasts and wanderers, who have heard him plead with them, and intercede for them, and have listened to the singing of Cowper’s hymn—

“Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
’Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou Me?” . . .

could not wonder at there stealing over many of them a longing to rise up out of their slum life, nor at the way in which with both body and soul they would respond—

“Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore,
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!”

Cottage meetings were held in different parts of the district, and the model lodging-houses were also visited, the workers often taking with them their own musical instruments to accompany the singing at the short services they held.

Services and meetings in connexion with the church were also held in St. James' Hall, close by, erected by the Canon's dear friends, the late Mr. and Mrs. W. James Armitage, where Mr. Benjamin Hinchcliffe (now Vicar of Morborne) carried on such an enthusiastic and effective work.

Of the many interesting temperance results obtained by Canon Jackson one must be recorded. A certain J. B. was the terror of the York Street neighbourhood owing to his drunken habits and pugilistic bouts. For fifteen long years he signed and re-signed the pledge, but ended in becoming a much-respected townsman, and a rare gem for the Master's crown.

It would be a mistake to think of St. James' as a one-man parish. The Canon employed the spell of his influence in setting others to work, and his church became the centre of multiform activities. On Sunday afternoons as many as twelve classes and meetings would be held in addition to schools. Nor were these in any way superficial or spasmodic efforts. Method and thoroughness were an essential feature of the Canon's temperament, and he spared no effort to implant these desirable qualities in others. Canon Moore makes allusion to his truly remarkable classes for Communicants—

“A register was carefully kept and a roll-call made. I think Dr. Hook held similar classes. When

I was attending them in the year 1851, they were of the nature of a Bible instruction, conducted always by Mr. Jackson himself, full of deep spiritual insight, instruction, and practical lessons. The stillness pervading the largely-attended classes was itself remarkable."

The impressiveness of the Confirmation classes and the preparation for Holy Communion sometimes moved individuals deeply, as in the cases mentioned by Mr. Jackson in the following letter written to Mr. and Mrs. Cropper in June, 1859—

"Owing to my illness and subsequent long absence from my congregation last year, I feared the Confirmation candidates were not so hopeful as in other years, when I had been able to give more attention to them. When seeing them individually, speaking closely and praying with each one, I was favoured to see much more of His gracious work than I had supposed was there. There were two persons from the Guardian Asylum. There was also a blessed appendix to the work of the recently confirmed, in the restoration of one who had fallen away to Mormonism seven years ago, and who sought re-admission with many tears—a married man with two children, who for a long time seemed to be wholly lost. Then came another, a young woman of twenty, who had broken off from her Communion a year since. She said, in a way that made me weep with her, that she could not be happy without her Lord, and John, her younger brother, was to have his first Communion; might she come with him? Then at the service there came a young married lady, brought up to the altar for the first time by her young brother of sixteen, confirmed last year. Oh, blessed, blessed Lord, how lovingly dost Thou

work! When we are faithless and desponding, indulging in unexpressed hard thoughts of Thee, Thou art all the while going after Thy lost ones. Thou art ever working, Thy compassions fail not."

At that date very few clergy could have produced a Church roll to rival Canon Jackson's. From 1875 down to the time of his death in 1892, nearly two thousand candidates were presented for Confirmation, and of these nearly half were males.

Although the Canon relied on steady, faithful service, yet he did not disdain the aid of specially moving seasons and extraordinary effort. We have seen something of his own susceptibility to the festivals of the year, and we shall now mention some examples of the way in which he was able to bring the influence of solemn occasions to bear on the thoughts and consciences of others. The midnight service on New Year's Eve was an affecting event which attracted both the faithful and the lapsed from far and near. The order of service included special prayers and an address, after which one of the Canon's hymns was sung, ending with the verse—

"Met at this most solemn hour,
Watching out the dying year,
Waiting for the midnight chime,
Jesus, mercy ; Saviour, hear !"

At the conclusion of the hymn, which was sung kneeling, all remained in silent prayer until the last stroke of the Parish Church clock was heard close by. Then the Holy Communion was celebrated, the whole of the vast congregation, almost without exception, communicating.

We carried away an ineffaceable impression from one of those solemn services, when the congregation was joined by a travelling pedlar, who, suddenly realising his need of pardon, had tramped twenty miles from York to be present. As the penitent, with bowed head, made his way to the altar rail, the Canon, with his quick sympathy, his intuitive feeling for other people's needs, raised his hand over the man's head as if to reassure him of God's full forgiveness. After the service, the penitent joined the throng, who had passed through the vestry to wish the Canon "A Happy New Year." There he received a two-fold *viaticum* in the shape of a printed hymn, composed for the occasion (which will be found below), and a "bun" for the journey homeward. Then it was that in the joy of the man's heart his story came out. "This morning," said he, "I suddenly remembered to-night's service here, and how I had gone astray. . . . I packed my case of trinkets, and here I am, thank God!"

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1889

"FAINT AND YET PURSUING"

"On this day of gladness,
With each joyful strain,
Mingle notes of sadness
Memory wakes again ;
Thoughts of the departed,
Voices heard no more,
Of the dear warm-hearted,
On the far-off shore.

"Faint and yet pursuing,
They their journey trod,
Ever something doing
For the cause of God ;

Meekly persevering
 Souls for Christ to win,
 Loving, no man fearing,
 Hating only sin.

“ Oh, the bitter sorrow,
 When they went away,
 Making each to-morrow
 All so cold and grey ;
 Yet they left behind them
 Footprints of dear love,
 Showing how to find them
 In the home above ! ”—E. J.

In a letter written in the year 1859 to Mr. and Mrs. J. Cropper, whose guest he had been during an illness, he gives the following account of his method of house-to-house visiting.

“ It may interest you to have a page out of my present life such as each day has presented since my return. . . . My first call was at the house of one of my Churchwardens, worthy people who have risen by their own industry. Waiting in the parlour till Mrs. — came down with her head tied up—far from well ; but all must be gone through connected with my absence, and before I left the servant called in, and prayer, and I then left both mistress and Janet in tears. My next call was upon an old female, nearly eighty, her joy mingled with sorrow ; her old companion of forty years had suddenly died and left her alone, the gladness at my return only seemed to call forth fresh bursts of sorrow because ‘ Sarah, poor thing, was gone,’ and I heard every particular of the sickness and death-bed ; how Sarah said the night before she died, ‘ I am going to leave you this time, mistress, I feel I am going.’ ‘ Nay, thou wilt not leave me, Sarah, alone ; I cannot do without thee. . .

Here again prayer . . . then away, passing up the narrow street, and going by a butcher's shop, I heard someone shout 'hollo!' But never dreaming it was for me, I went on, but the shout became such that I turned round and there was a stout, heavy man thrusting himself through the joints of meat, and evidently wanting me. He had attended my church for some time, but had in my judgment always been particularly hard and immovable ; as I turned to enter the shop door, there was literally such a coming together of joints of meat and myself through the earnestness of the man to get hold of me, that what with that contiguity and the grasping of his *red* hands, I might have passed for a butcher myself. . . . 'Oh, I am so thankful, so thankful (and he sobbed like a child, the woman whom he had been serving looking on amazed) ; oh, I would rather see you once more than have the last guinea I ever saw ; oh, it does me good.' I was myself broken down, and after finally extricating myself, left, he looking after me wiping his face upon his apron. I walked along blessing God for this token of His grace—praying for entire resting on His covenanted blessing ; and so shortly came to another house, a poor yet clean cottage with plants in the windows. When I opened the door the woman of the house was busy at the fire, she turned, and gave utterance to an explosion of surprise, and bursting into tears exclaimed, 'I have lost my child, we buried it on Thursday !' And so, sitting down by her, I heard all the story, how she had watched it, and hoped and feared, and told John she would give anything to have Mr. Jackson at home—and then it died, and she told John she did not know how to bear it—it was worse than when her brother died—worse than all her troubles—if only Mr. J. would come, and John reminded her that Mary and Martha had said much the same, and how it was better for them that their friend was away. Well, I talked, and she began to

look calm through her swollen eyes, and we knelt together and blest God for all His doings. As I left she said in a low, quiet tone, 'There is one thing, I shall be able to be always at church now, and perhaps the Lord saw it would be a hindrance to me.' The next was a very happy case—an aged sufferer lay, in whom was a truly blessed triumph of the grace of God. Such a pale sunken face, features so deathly, voice so feeble, and yet the perfect resting on and in Jesus. The simple way in which it was said—that she never could have believed that ever she could have known and felt what she had done for the last few months, 'Tis He does all things well; He leaves nothing undone. I want nothing but to have His will done; I am happy. I am waiting for Him. I have thought of you, and prayed for you—but thought when you were so ill I should only see you again in heaven.' I opened the door into the kitchen—her two daughters-in-law were washing. 'Come, I want you; I have not for a long time hindered the washing.' 'Oh, sir, but we are proud to see you; the washing's *nowt* now that you are come back.' And so we all knelt and I prayed for all—for the consummation of His work in the mother, for the entire conversion of the other women and their husbands. 'Don't go away,' said one of the younger women, 'Mr. Jackson, any more, don't if you can help it any way; we are a changed house and we shall be more so, God helping us, but don't go away again!' I will only add another—my paper is nearly done, and your patience I am afraid wholly so. It was in a row of nice, comfortable alms-houses, in a better part of the town. I stopped at the door of No. 5, an old woman, quite blind, was getting a cup of tea for her dinner (no uncommon thing with our poor people, they, the women, prefer it often to meat). I went and stood beside her, and put my hand on her shoulder; she felt it, and with a violence that almost upset the table rose

and threw her arms around me, and cried in a way that made me laugh, 'Oh, it is he—the Israelite indeed—it does me good to *feel* you, it does me good, etc.'

"Well, I feel it is almost wrong to write so much of what is about myself, but it might serve to show you the grateful and touching tenderness of poor people, and the strength of the ties which bind a clergyman, even an indifferent one, to his flock."

Elsewhere we find a touching description of a bedside Communion.

"The room was full of holy influence reminding me of the chancel of a church. By the bedside was the little table relieved of its books and flowers, and now covered with a damask cloth, with lights upon it, and the sacred vessels ; and there was Ann (a factory girl) with her spotless kerchief around her head, and her pure and chastened countenance beaming in the intervals of her swoons, with rapt and joyful expression.

"It reminded me strongly of Keble's lines—

"I came again : the place was bright
'With something of celestial light'—
A simple altar by the bed
For high Communion meetly spread,
Chalice and plate and snowy vest.
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She listens, till her pale eye glow
With joy wild health can never know,
And each calm feature, ere we read,
Speaks, silently, Thy glorious Creed."

The teaching and influence of St. James' did something more than make mill-hands into gentlemen,

it produced teachers, clergymen, and missionaries as well.

No one had a warmer or sincerer sympathy with the work of foreign missions than Canon Jackson. He trained his people to love them too, and frequently urged upon his congregation the necessity of uniting in intercessory prayer, and of giving systematically towards their support, and when possible of dedicating themselves to the mission field. But he suffered a good deal when he sent his "sons" on the service, as the following letter to Mr. J. Cropper testifies.

"This has been another of my eventful weeks. Herbert Hopwood, one of my dear young men, sailed from Southampton yesterday for the Cape of Good Hope. He is a most worthy, dear fellow about twenty-two years of age, and has sacrificed very good prospects to go out. The leaving of Mortimer has done great service already. Prayer has been unceasingly offered, and a tide of warm loving sympathy raised up, such as I could never have supposed. When you are praying for the extension of His Kingdom abroad, and the safety and success of His ministering servants, include those who have gone from my congregation. I shall be grateful indeed. . . . If it were to do again, I fear I could hardly give up those two dear fellows. So much for my power of sacrifice. I am no Abraham!"

Another time he writes—

"I am more and more convinced that people can and will do really great things for missionary work—for the cause of religion, if they are only led to see its importance and its claims."

Some twenty years before his death he declared that—

"We have found the foreign missionary work of the Church a most useful and elevating subject for the minds and active co-operation of the young, appealing as it does to their tender sympathies. And this, I need scarcely say, tells all the more if any young people have gone from among themselves to serve Christ in distant lands. We have already sent out twelve such, of whom two have fallen in their Master's service, and we have others preparing to go out; and these altogether make a close bond between the Church abroad and our young people at home, laying strong hold on their affections, stirring up their active efforts for the further extension of the Kingdom of God."

In another letter we find a reference to Dr. Colenso's revolutionary criticism of the Pentateuch.

"Bishop of Capetown comes and stays with my friend Dr. Chadwick until Tuesday, and this with other things will make me occupied. Of course the Bishop's visit just now is rendered peculiarly interesting, and almost painfully so, by the Bishop of Natal's position, and the possibility of the Bishop of Capetown as Metropolitan having to prosecute him. Oh, how is the City of Peace become a city of confusion; Salem—Babel."

In a further letter on the same subject he writes—

"December 13th, 1862.

"Bishop and Mrs. Grey left us on Tuesday after a stay of about three days. I hope a useful time. They were the guests of my friend Dr. Chadwick, he kindly being my *alter Ego* and giving up his house for the reception of the Bishop, who, if I had accommodation, ought to have come to me. The meeting was very successful and the collection large. The

Bishop had much private conversation with me respecting South Africa generally, Bishop Colenso, Madagascar, and the Home Church. He is far ahead of most Churchmen and very far ahead of most clergymen. He is right in heart, wishing to serve his Master with all he is and has. No man that I know has done so much, for Bishop — found — christianised already, but Bishop Grey had all to do, with a large English population sinking into sin and irreligion. He has already organised Sees, besides his own, of Grahamstown, Natal, St. Helena, Central Africa and Orange River Territory, and he is now projecting another in Madagascar and wishes for another in independent Kaffraria. How fresh his energies are, with all he has done, and Bishop Colenso's doleful case before him! . . ."

Mention has been made of the missions conducted in Leeds by the Rev. Robert Aitken when he was at St. James', a propaganda which obtained a large measure of sympathy from Mr. Jackson. Canon Aitken, who refers to these early events, has also supplied us with some notes of later missions, in which he was himself such an inspiring leader and in which Mr. Jackson again took great interest. Some of these occasions were marked by pathetic incidents. Canon Aitken writes—

"Great was the dear Canon's joy and thankfulness at the wonderful season of revival that was granted to Leeds in the great Church Mission of '75. I believe it owed its origin very largely to his suggestion, and certainly he bore himself the burden of its heaviest expenses, but he felt he was more than amply repaid. One incident in particular remains in my memory which is worth relating. Amongst the anxious, one night, was a woman, who expressed a

very earnest wish to see the Canon, and, as it seemed that no one else would do, he was at last sent for, and knelt beside her. She raised her tearful face and, looking at him, exclaimed, 'Canon Jackson, do you know me?' He was puzzled for a moment, for there was something in her face that seemed familiar, and yet he failed to recall her identity. She went on to remind him that she had been his cook for a good many years, and then of course it came back to him who she was.

" 'Do you remember,' she went on to say, 'the mysterious loss of a considerable sum of money while I was with you—£8, and how every one in the house was more or less suspected except myself, for I had borne such a high character for long years that no one ever thought that I could be the thief. Oh! sir, I took it, and that sin has been like a mill-stone round my neck ever since, dragging me down whenever I wanted to rise, and keeping me back from all hope of pardon and peace. Can you ever forgive me?' 'Forgive thee?' cried the dear old man, with tears running down his cheeks, 'yes, forgive thee, as God forgives thee, and He does too.' And so the poor despairing penitent was led to accept the Divine pardon by the fulness and freeness of her old master's forgiveness.

"We were privileged to have another time of great blessing together in '83—my second Mission at St. James'. It was not what 1875 had been, but still the work was very encouraging. . . ."

* * * * *

Like produces like, and if Canon Jackson gave inspiration to very many, it was not merely owing to his winning personality, but because he used himself up in their service. The tax which the arduous work of the district laid on a constitution, enfeebled by

serious illnesses, was very great. Often his friends watched him anxiously and schemed to get him away for a breathing space. Half the Canon's heart went with them in their delightful plans for his recuperation, but the larger half stayed in the fold and kept him at work even when the holiday fever was very strong. Several of his letters illustrate this conflict between duty and inclination. We find him writing in the following strain to Mr. and Mrs. J. Cropper in June, 1860—

" . . . Do not be angry with me, nor say you will never ask me again, if I should not come to-morrow. I have been making all preparation for spending from Tuesday until Saturday with you, and had buried, as I supposed, my last pressing case this afternoon, when within the last hour, I have been summoned to a young man who is near death, and according to his own acknowledgment wholly unprepared. He specially wishes to have me. What must I do? *A soul is so precious*. Christ died for it. You are looking for me. I should so much enjoy a few days with you. But, should I not be about my Father's business? And I deserve no pleasure, no joys. Good for one like me if I may but do something, however little, to make up for so much wasted time and lost opportunities.

"Again I say it would be the greatest possible enjoyment of the kind I could have; and for your sakes, if not for my own, for yours who so kindly and affectionately care for me, I would come, if the way were opened by God for me."

And again, in June, 1861, he feels compelled to offer a similar excuse.

"There are two sick persons that I cannot leave ;

young, and both in the last stage of consumption, both much reduced, three days ago I had no expectation they would be alive now, and both are so expectant of a daily visit from me that I feel it impossible to leave them. I have seen them to-day as usual, and whilst very near the end they might live a week or two longer.

"You will, I am sure, allow the reason as you did so kindly last year. Few self-denials could have been greater than my not coming to you, but I ought to want nothing so much as to do my Master's work.

"I have yet decided nothing respecting my holiday, and, indeed, until Dr. Atlay returns, scarcely can. I wish to leave all in the hands of the Master, for I fear to have the words sounding in my ears, 'With whom hast thou left thy few sheep in the wilderness?'"

Two years later, in January, 1863, it is much the same story.

"I have been seriously tempted this week to go abroad. Some dear friends leave next week for Nice. I have also other friends staying there for the winter, and at Biarritz. I felt on many grounds how pleasant it would be to go, but 'the little flock—the few sheep in the wilderness'—I could not see my way."

In September of the same year, however, he seems to have felt that change and rest had become a necessity.

"I am planning for a holiday in October, which I ought to have if I am to stand the winter's work, but I have no settled idea where to go. Quiet, oxygen, and the oxygen not too cold, pleasant scenes for a jaded eye to look upon, and if it could be had, also an earnest ministry and frequent Communions. (Oh, how rare!) These are my desirable features."

Quiet and pleasant scenes! It was a reward he seldom allowed himself, but he enjoyed in a rare degree the luxury of doing good, and he received many rich assurances of the esteem and affection which his self-denying labours gained for him. This outflowing of gratitude and admiration would take delicate and poetic shape on his birthdays. In 1863, he was away on the day of this all-important festival, seeing one of his "sons" off to the mission field from Liverpool, but he had not been forgotten, and on his return he was met with tokens of welcome concerning which he penned this note to his Ellergreen friends.

"St. James',

"*June 23rd*, 1863.

"Sunday was a day to be remembered. I had returned from Liverpool late the evening before, and came down to St. James' before breakfast. There was a bouquet of flowers, and presents of various kinds for the 21st, and a large Bible on the lectern 'From Spiritual Children,' and greetings all day, and special prayers in the meetings and all sadly undeserved."

CHAPTER VI

SUMMARY OF THE WORK OF ST. JAMES'

WE have endeavoured to sketch the likeness of Edward Jackson as the faithful pastor, the shepherd who lived and laboured for his flock. This book makes no pretence to be a full or formal biography ; it is no more than a compilation of illustrative incidents and characteristics. But in closing our review of his work in connexion with his own congregation, it will not be amiss to include two careful estimates of what had been accomplished there, one of these being by the Canon himself, the other by the well-informed correspondent who wrote his obituary notice for *The Yorkshire Post*.

In compliance with a request from his people, the Canon drew up the following summary of the work at St. James' during the forty years he had been there.

"How wonderfully have our schools been upheld and prospered during the past years. We were large numbers in the early days of my ministry, and our work was felt widely in Leeds ; but what are we now ?

"In numbers we are more than doubled ; the infant and juvenile schools are crowded to excess, and the Bible Classes contain hundreds of young men

and women, and of middle-aged men and women. We are admitting the grandchildren of those who formerly sat on our benches ; grey-headed men and women in every part of the town have been St. James' scholars ; many hundreds have been confirmed and admitted to Holy Communion, and what is better than all else, there are numbers of our scholars who by God's grace are adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things, not only here in England but also abroad. And, lastly, how many in the forty years have passed into the unseen world ; how many of our dear scholars, how many of our beloved and honoured teachers ? How many solemn burial services in the church and in the cemetery have there been ? And what has been the result of our teachings ? . . .

"In this church we have had drunkards, adulterers, liars, and the basest men, who for years and years, when the spirit of Grace has reached their hearts, have walked in all the beauty of holiness, of self-denial, and given themselves to holy service.

"In our schools forty or fifty ordained ministers have learnt lessons of truth and grace, of piety and holiness, and have gone forth into the mission field. Some have died, but many are still working at home and abroad.

"When I first received Communion in this Church there were twelve communicants, and when I became the Minister, there were about fifty, but we have had recently six hundred communicants at one time, and we think it is very small if there are less than four hundred present at our evening Celebrations.

"It is the Lord's doing, and appears marvellous in our eyes. To Him be all the glory !"

The Yorkshire Post paid the following tribute to Canon Jackson's memory on August 19th, 1892, in an article from which we quote.

"He was a man of great force of character, as his subsequent life and influence abundantly showed. His commanding intellectual abilities, his self-abnegation and zeal, his affection for the young, his tenderness towards the old, the infirm, the poor, and the deep spirituality that suffused his whole life marked him out in an eminent degree for the ministry of the Church.

"The good done at St. James' by Canon Jackson affords one of the finest examples that can be found within even the pale of the Church of England, of what a whole-souled man of power and ability, and with his heart in his work can accomplish.

"As years went on, agency after agency was added to the machinery of the Church, and the potency of St. James' strengthened and became more and more wide-reaching as a religious, moral, educational and social factor in the life of the borough. And, what is equally if not more remarkable, this power has been maintained. It was not a temporary growth following upon spasmodic effort and collapsing when the novelty has worn off. It has been a permanent influence, and did not wane even with the waning physical energies of the grand old man, as he advanced in years, for he had built up a remarkable organisation, had gathered round him a band of devoted workers, and he was still with them, an inspiring force, though no longer able to do what he had done in the hey-day of his powers. And to-day the services at St. James' and the agencies existing there, form one of the most striking and encouraging features of the religious life of the town.

"There were no empty benches when Canon Jackson preached, and no luke-warmness in the services. What struck the stranger on entering the church, was that every individual in the large gathering was there for the specific purpose of bearing his full share in what was going on, and of losing nothing

of the words of solemn earnestness from the revered man who occupied the pulpit.

"As a preacher, Canon Jackson had a remarkable power of rivetting the attention of his congregation. His oratory was vivid, impressive, occasionally striking, and always practical, earnest, and powerful. But its highest quality was the intense sympathy running through it, which at once placed the preacher *en rapport* with every struggling man and woman within the sound of his voice. And those rills of sympathy were not lost in the quicksands of any doubt in the mind of the listener as to the value of such sympathy.

"Canon Jackson's beautiful and consistent life was open to the view of all, and the eloquent words and elevating teaching were exemplified by noble and munificent deeds, and long, long years of self-sacrificing zeal. Indeed, as it always is, one of the chief factors in his influence over others was that—

"He lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart."

CHAPTER VII

THE WORKHOUSE—PUBLIC EXECUTIONS—OTHER INSTITUTIONS—SKETCH BY DR. BICKERSTETH

THE boundary of a city parish is like the equator, an imaginary line. Across it men and women are moving every day, every hour, carrying to and fro innumerable influences for good or for evil. It is impossible to divide our great modern communities into watertight compartments; the life of the parts will always affect the well-being of the whole, and the general tone will, to some extent, determine the health of individual members. Canon Jackson believed that a man's first duty was that which lay nearest to his hand, and acted on his belief. Never was pastor more devoted to the flock specially committed to his care. He was no spiritual myopic, however. The Christ-like outlook which enlisted his warm sympathy on behalf of foreign missions did not prevent him seeing clearly the needs of his native land, and he realised that some of the worst evils he had to contend against in his own sphere could only be dealt with radically by larger means than parochial effort could supply. He therefore interested himself in all movements for the good of the sick and the poverty-stricken, and especially in the spread of education, a subject which was always very near his heart, and

which he looked upon as essential to any general uplifting of the people around him. His active participation in Poor Law work began with his ministerial career, and lasted in one form or another to the end. When, as curate under Dr. Hook, he became chaplain of the Leeds workhouse, he did not confine his interests to the spiritual needs of the inmates. His visits soon apprised him of a shocking state of things in the place, and he and Dr. Hook gave the authorities no peace until reforms had been instituted. The old Leeds Workhouse, at the top of Lady Lane, when Mr. Jackson first became connected with it, was almost a model of what such a place ought not to be. Classification of inmates, the key-note of modern Poor Law work, was so far from having been attempted that some fifty or sixty children were huddled together with wastrels and criminals ; and as though the natural evils of this contact with bad habits and profane and indecent language were not sufficiently degrading, the man employed to teach the children was himself a drunkard. The chaplain lost no time in having the post filled by a worthier occupant, but reform in classification was not so easy. However, it was at length arranged that the children should be sent to the Industrial School building in Beckett Street. There are several letters of Canon Jackson's in which he makes allusion to this project. Writing to Mr. and Mrs. J. Cropper in 1859, he says—

“ From the time I acted as chaplain, the workhouse has been regularly visited by ladies who have left tracts in all rooms, read to the sick, and, if the case called for it, prayed with the more dangerously ill ; and until our new workhouse, which is building, is ready, I am not

sure that anything beyond this could with any benefit be attempted. Our opening for further service of this kind is in the Industrial Schools, where I know nothing has yet been attempted. For this Mr. J——'s sisters have specially offered."

From 1886 to 1892 Canon Jackson again fulfilled the duties of Honorary Chaplain at the workhouse, assisted by the Rev. F. Newton and a band of workers. A service was held weekly in the chapel, he himself celebrating on the first Sunday in the month at Holy Communion. Day and night he was at the call of sick or dying inmates as if they had been his own parishioners. Miss —— took charge of the excellent library which he supplied, and the Misses —— had care of the Sunday School.

The letter given below from workhouse inmates, referring to a Christmas Eve Service taken by the Canon himself, at which the guardians and their friends were present, conveys some idea of how they appreciated it. Taking for his text, "And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger" (St. Luke ii. 12), he showed how the poor and lonely shepherds, whilst watching and protecting their flocks by night, had been the chosen people to discover the Saviour of mankind—the Babe Jesus Christ in His lowly cradle. How strange it seemed that salvation should come into the world in this way! Our Lord went through life as the poorest of men. He had been spurned by all, but it was He that set the world free, and delivered men from the captivity of their sins. The Canon pleaded with the people to turn unto the Lord that night for forgiveness of their sins—to

become as little children, that the Babe of Bethlehem might come to each one individually upon His birthday with His blessed gifts of light, grace, and spiritual health.

“Leeds Union, Beckett St.,
“December 28th, 1889.

“TO THE REV. CANON JACKSON,

“The old women of the workhouse take the liberty of writing to thank you for coming to the church on Xmas Eve, and for your beautiful sermon. All seem delighted with it, and talked about it after, so that they must have been very much impressed with it.

“Thanks are due also to Mr. Newton and the kind ladies who never neglects us and are always so kind.

“Yours respectfully,
“FROM THE OLD WOMEN IN THE UNION.”

CAN THERE BE JOY?

“Behold, I bring you *good tidings of great joy*, which shall be to all people.”—St. Luke ii. 10.

1. Can there be joy within a workhouse walls,
Where widows weep, and helpless orphans sigh ;
Where keen remorse too oft the heart appals,
And sickly *homeless want creeps in to die?*
2. Can there be joy? Oh, angel, answer thou—
Thou who didst bring the message, chaunt again
The gladsome tidings, let us hear them now :
“Glory to God, *peace and good will to men!*”
3. There may be joy a workhouse walls within,
No brighter joy in palace halls may be,
The joy of peace with God, and pardoned sin,
Of Jesu's *precious love, so full and free.*

4. There may be joy, here where our lot is laid,
Food, clothing, lodging, duly all supplied,
Kind care in sickness, loving Christian aid,
The Holy word *and prayer at each bedside.*
5. There may be joy,—for here is daily need
Our Christian calling truly to fulfil,
Gentle, forbearing, kind in word and deed,
Ever resigned *unto God's holy will.*
6. There may be joy ; it is Thy birthday, Lord,
And Thou wast born to bless and save the poor ;
Let there be joy, Thine own true joy afford,
Joy here, and *joy with Thee for evermore.*
7. There will be joy, "Great Joy," we all may share.
Joy with the holy ones in heaven above,
Joy in our Father's glorious Rest-house there,
Eternal joy—*Eternal life and love.*—E. J.

Christmas, 1890.

[These lines were written by the Canon at the request of a friend.]

Children ever appealed to a tender fibre in Canon Jackson's nature. We recall a characteristic and touching incident in connexion with the despatch of some children from the Industrial School to Canada. Hearing that they were about to sail, he would have them brought up to his house. In the meantime he deputed some of us to order ten huge slices of plum cake—almond-iced. Each piece was to be carefully wrapped in white paper, the boys' portions to be tied with blue ribbon, and the girls' with pink. With the packets, which he told them not to open until they were on the boat, he gave a Bible, in which he inscribed the name of each. After prayer and fatherly

advice he took an affectionate leave of them. On coming to the last, a tiny mite, he lifted her up in his arms, saying, "And must you go too, poor little motherless darling?" As the child clung to him weeping, he was quite overcome, his tears mingling with hers.

A year or two later, on hearing of the Canon's death, one of these lads wrote from his new home in Canada—a boy's letter from a boy's heart—

"DEAR ———,

"I received your kind letter, and was very glad to hear from you. I am so awfully sorry our blessed Canon is dead. I remember his dear face and words the last time I saw him, when he gave us that cake and Bible; and it is awful hard to bear it, and to think that I shall never see him again on earth. I was in hopes to see him when I returned to England; but it is only for a time, we shall soon go to him. Now, send me his photograph soon, because I can't bear to wait long for it. I hope you will always be a Sunday School teacher to them poor orphans at the Industrial School. . . .

"W. H."

There are darker shadows over the human lot than those cast by poverty, and Canon Jackson's steps did not stop short at the abode of crime, or at the prison door. There also, he was ready to plead and admonish, and quick to observe defects of system. A letter, written in 1858, shows him to have been a frequent visitor at the Penitentiary—

"Previous to the meeting, I went through the Penitentiary rooms to-day. Who that saw the gladness on the faces of the fifty poor, yet precious ones

there at seeing me again, would ever for one moment doubt the duty or the hopefulness of the work. I plead guilty to a great love for prisons and penitentiaries and their inmates. I know I am of myself no better than these degraded and outcast ones, and the Lord has given me to feel the privilege of going amongst them."

"Kneel at thy fallen brother's side,
Make all his guilt and peril thine,
Pleading and wrestling there abide,
And gain for him the grace divine.

"Then with a light from Jesus caught,
Cry with a joy before unknown,
Another soul to Jesus brought,
Another gem for Jesus' crown."

With the boys' reformatory at Adel he was in even closer touch. At one time, owing to insubordination among the lads, the Canon took charge of the institution himself, and in a few days was able to relate how well the boys behaved with him.

The two letters given below deal with the reformatory, and the second of them expresses a view which philanthropists are tardily beginning to appreciate.

"Adel,

"October 2nd, 1863.

"I am writing this while Mr. Sidney Turner is inspecting the school. Alas, this reformatory, what an anxiety it has been! We have not got a master, but hope to have one to-morrow, and on Monday (D.V.) I shall run away, and try and forget all about it, except to pray for a better time for all concerned."

At a later period—

"I have just come from the reformatory where I have been spending the afternoon. It has been a sort of annual gathering of subscribers and friends, when we give them coffee and perambulate the grounds, and to-day has been peculiarly beautiful weather. The party has been a larger one than usual, and has appeared a very happy one. Few benevolent experiments that I have had to do with have proved more successful. None has taught the lesson more conclusively of the folly of going on punishing crime at an enormous cost, and never doing anything to stop the cause, as was long the case."

In a letter written some eight years later we have a striking proof of his foresight—evidently old age pensions were in his mind as far back as 1871.

"How very much better is aid imparted on the principle of a free pension, than by building almshouses!

"Looking at the question as one of economy, it may be safely said that the same amount of money will go at least twice as far by the pension system as by the almshouses plan.

"But, as almshouses are often built, the amount expended in the erection of these elaborate and ornate structures, together with the sum sunk for endowment, would provide comfortable pensions for at least four times as many aged people.

"Standing on the terrace in front of a heavy gothic pile, with the small windows and deep roof of the fourteenth century, I said to an old man, one of the residents, 'Well, this is a fine place; you seem to have everything here; and the chapel so close to you.'

"Why, it's all well in its way; but most of us

would a deal rather it wasn't so fine. Why we can hardly see in t' houses ; and in t' chapel, what with little windows, and them being all painted, ye see, we can't see at all. I'm sure most of us would a deal rather have stayed at home, if they'd given us half of t' brass. Eh, it's a dull place ; one has never a pig nor a nowt to look after, and it's *fairly dowsly living!*"

At this point in our narrative it will not be out of place to refer to a revolting event which cast a deep gloom over the better mind of Leeds. In 1864 the first public execution took place at Armley gaol near Leeds, and was the occasion of much heart-searching amongst all who took an interest in the public morals. It will be seen from the following letter, in which the Canon relates the part which the clergy took in the matter, that whilst he strongly deprecated the publicity of the execution, he was not one of those—and he had considerable experience of fallen human nature, allied, as we have seen, to a very tender sympathy—who would abolish capital punishment.

"St. James',

"*September 19th, 1864.*

"... On Saturday week there was the awful execution, our first in Leeds, which, whilst it caused a deep sensation over all the town, affected me and my people the more, in that the good chaplain has for long been a sort of voluntary curate at St. James', one whom we deeply respect ; so that his trouble and anxieties were ours.

"Alas! what a sad, and I may say horrible, picture of humanity was then exhibited. I allude not to the wretched culprits so much, as to the fact of the vast crowd gathered together to gaze on their dying agonies, and the utterly revolting conduct and

deportment showed by the larger portion of those comprising it.

"Public executions certainly in my judgment are evil ; but the punishment of death for murder, I am in no wise prepared to surrender.

"The chaplain, the Rev. Henry Tuckwell, who has suffered so much in preparing these men for their doom, is himself fully convinced, both as regards the condemned criminals and the whole body of prisoners in the gaol, that the sentence of imprisonment for life would have been viewed with comparative indifference, whilst the execution brought a thrill throughout the whole place, and in the case of the sufferers was preceded by the marks of what we believe to have been the truest penitence.

"It was a solemn day in Leeds. There was service in several of the churches, including mine, at the hour of the execution, and the earnest prayers and sighs of the assembly, bewailing the sins of the nation as much as the end of the malefactors, I shall not soon forget. We circulated from St. James' alone a large quantity of papers (I enclose specimens), our good people going among the crowd for that purpose, having previously distributed the form of prayer during the evening previous ; altogether, with large placards on the walls, there were nearly 13,000 appeals thus sent forth. I did my part, I may say, from no morbid feeling about the poor men, but to take advantage of a text on which men would hear something whilst our ordinary teaching and appeals are almost universally disregarded."

The following quotation is from Canon Hammond's *Reminiscences*.

"Was there a public execution, some of the communicants were on the spot at the break of day distributing tracts among the surging and sometimes

blaspheming crowd. The same at the races, even, I believe, at Doncaster."

We reproduce here a Litany which was widely circulated in Leeds at the time of the execution.

PRAY for the Condemned Convicts, J—— M——, and J—— S——, who are to be executed at ARMLEY GAOL, on Saturday Morning, at Nine o'clock.

O GOD, most just and most merciful, hear the prayer of sinners for sinners, and look down in pity on these two men, who for their crimes are about to die. Grant them, we beseech Thee, repentance unto life, and the full pardon of all their sins; give them faith in the atoning Death of thy Son JESUS CHRIST; cleanse their souls by the power of the HOLY GHOST; support them by Thy Grace in their dying hour, and admit them to Thy Heavenly Kingdom, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST, our only Saviour and Redeemer. Amen.

Jesus, Who didst die for sinners,
 Jesus, Who wast crucified for us,
 Jesus, Who didst bear the wrath of God,
 Jesus, Who wast made a curse for us,
 Jesus, Who didst pray for Thy murderers,
 Jesus, Who didst give to the repentant thief paradise,
 Jesus, Who didst hang dead upon the Cross,
 Jesus, the good Shepherd,
 Jesus, Lover of Souls,
 Jesus, Refuge of Sinners,
 Jesus, Saviour of the Lost,
 Jesus, Hope of the Dying,
 Jesus, Who art to be our Judge,
 Jesus, our Advocate with God,

Have mercy upon them!

Son of God, we beseech Thee to hear us !

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world,

Have mercy upon them !

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world,

Grant them Thy peace !

Lord, have mercy upon them.

Christ, have mercy upon them.

Lord, have mercy upon them.

Our Father, &c.

Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty GOD, that the awful death of these men may through Thy grace become a solemn lesson to others, so that taking warning by their examples we may all flee those sins, which have brought them to their untimely end. Restrain, we pray Thee, the increasing flood of wickedness and iniquity around us ; and help us to promote truth, justice, uprightness, and charity among all men, with the true worshipping of Thee, the only GOD ; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen.

Sketch by Dr. Bickersteth, Vicar of Leeds.

It is with a sense of relief that we turn to Dr. Bickersteth's singularly interesting Reminiscences of Canon Jackson, with his vivid word-portrait of him, as he was wont to appear when taking a Communicants' class.

"My acquaintance with this fascinating and yet, in some ways, formidable man, began in the autumn of 1884, when I came to the Diocese of Ripon, as domestic Chaplain to my Vicar, Canon Boyd Carpenter, on his appointment as third Bishop of the



Photo by

Mr. Turner.

CANON JACKSON AS DESCRIBED BY DR. BICKERSTETH.

[To face p. 97.]

revived See of Ripon. I call Edward Jackson fascinating, for who could resist being attracted by the charm of his appearance, by the swiftness of his sympathy, by his love of children, and above all by his genuine spirituality? At the same time he was formidable because he was masterful by temperament, and had acquired a position in which to many people his word was law, so that he was inclined to beat down opposition and to make no terms with those from whom he seriously differed.

"I recollect that he asked me to spend a week-end with him, and took me on Saturday evening to a service of preparation for Holy Communion, which he conducted in an upper room of St. James' Schools. Can I ever forget the impression made by that hour! The Canon, vested in silk cassock and gown, led the people in prayer, and then gave out the hymn, 'Knocking, knocking,' which was sung kneeling, and prepared the way for his address on "Behold I stand at the door and knock." His intense belief in the reality of our Lord's presence pledged to the faithful in Holy Communion was apparent in every word he spoke.

"Afterwards I remember saying to him that I was impressed by the many-sidedness of his teaching in that address. He then urged upon me never to forget the importance of teaching people, however uneducated, by the use of long words, provided they were carefully explained. If I recollect rightly he then and there called up a young fellow who had been present at the class, and said, 'For what purposes do you come to Holy Communion?' His immediate answer was, 'For (1) Commemoration, (2) Participation, (3) Impartation, (4) Manifestation, (5) Federation,' all of which words had at various times been explained by the Canon in his instructions on that holy Sacrament.

"It is also well known that he was scrupulously

mindful about the care with which all vessels and the elements of the Sacrament of Holy Communion were prepared and handled. Woe betide anyone who carelessly gave him a fair linen cloth or purificator not spotlessly clean, or who failed with minute care to see to the cleansing of the vessels in the vestry immediately after the Service. This love of order and sense of reverent regard due to all that was concerned with the approach of the soul to God in His house of prayer, was characteristic of his intense sense of the presence of God everywhere, and especially when the Church is gathered together for His worship in His house or at His Holy Table. The Fast Days of the Church, and the seasons of Advent and Lent, were carefully marked by him. During Holy Week he may be said to have almost injured his health by his rigorousness in self-denial, and when Good Friday came he spent the three hours, from twelve to three, wrapped in silent meditation. Such of the people as pleased were invited to remain with him in the church, the blinds were drawn down, and no hymns even broke the solemn stillness of that strenuous vigil. No wonder sympathy so intense with the sufferings of his Lord loosed his tongue and fired his heart, when that night he preached Christ Crucified, or proclaimed on the following Easter Day the joy of the Resurrection.

“As chairman of the Craven Evangelical Union, he was their fearless leader, and an uncompromising Protestant, notwithstanding that he always used the eastward position in his celebration of the Holy Mysteries. The truth is, there entered into his character influences sometimes considered alien though not really antagonistic. His early friendship with men like E. B. Pusey and Newman, who used to come and stay with him at Leeds, or with Cardinal Manning, had left its mark upon him, and his fellowship and work with Dr. Hook had deepened in him

the great respect and belief in the principles underlying the Common Prayer-book of the Church of England. At the same time his suspicion of Romanism, and of anything that savoured of it deepened as the years went on.

"Dr. Hook, to whom Edward Jackson owed so much for spiritual guidance in more than one crisis of his life, and from whose solid learning he gained much, was a man of very different temperament to Edward Jackson, and it was all but inevitable that in time, as the pupil developed on his own lines, he should become the critic rather than the hero-worshipper. Hook's disarming candour could not always understand the diplomacy of his friend and neighbour, and at times there must have been difficult moments in their friendship. At the same time I have a letter before me, headed West Bromwich, which is so delightful in its explosive good humour and compelling confidence, that I venture to give it, with only a few personal references to others obliterated.

"West Bromwich,
"June 4th, 1852.

"The Hookian Wedding Day.'

"REVEREND AND DEAR JACKSON,

"Now, mark me, thou bigoted son of prejudice, who canst only look on one side of a man or thing: mark me well and ponder what I say. There arises in my mind a vision of W—— for St. Paul's. Now, thou Register, . . . don't turn up thy nose, or think that I am going to act hastily. In Theology, as in Cookery, it is necessary first to catch your fish, and one man may be good to catch fish, while another is only fit to cook them. . . . Depend upon it, my Lord and Master, this is worth thinking of.

"Farewell most prejudiced of Lecturers, only

perpend what I said, after thy contempt and pride and other bad passions have subsided.

“Thy most obedient servant,

“W. F. HOOK.

“P.S.—I am glad that the old woman will have left Leeds before this reaches you, for she is prejudiced as you are, and thinks as contemptuously of my judgment as you do.’

“A few years later their careers were separated, but there remained a fast friendship between these two men of high aims, but with very opposite characteristics.

“My allusion to the visits paid to Canon Jackson by Pusey and Newman, refer to the fact that some six or seven cubicles were fitted up in a little house then, and still attached to St. James’ Church, and these distinguished men at times resided there and helped Dr. Hook and Edward Jackson in pastoral visitation. This may be said to be the first tentative effort ever made in the Church of England to establish a Clergy House in a large city.

“I have a letter before me written by Dr. Pusey from Christ Church, Oxford, on November 21st, 1856, in which he recalls those days. Beginning ‘My dear Jackson,’ the letter refers to proposals made with regard to St. Saviour’s, Leeds, which are no longer of interest, and at the end he says—

“‘I was the more glad to see you, as so many troubles have passed over St. Saviour’s since we were together in the little house in York Street.

“‘God be with you.

“‘Yours affectionately,

“‘E. B. PUSEY.’

“The Church of St. James’, originally a Nonconformist chapel, afterwards becoming a Chapel of Ease to the Leeds Parish Church, has no ecclesiastical district attached to it. As the church stands hard by the Parish Church, it has never been found possible to give it a district, but Canon Jackson was for years regarded as the titular Vicar of St. James’, and visited the large congregation which worshipped at the church, drawn from many parts of Leeds. Such an arrangement could not well avoid involving at times delicate questions of ecclesiastical ministration, to one of which, I take it, the following letter alludes. I quote it as being equally honourable both to Dr. Gott and to Canon Jackson—

“‘The Vicarage, Leeds,
“‘*Easter Eve*, 1878.

“‘MY DEAR CANON JACKSON,

“‘I thank you heartily for your letter, partly because it reassures me of your very kindly feeling, which I much value, and which I had begun to doubt; partly because it gives me an opportunity of assuring you of my high esteem for yourself, and my reverence for the gifts and graces which our Master has entrusted to you.

“‘Probably there are busybodies between us who do the Devil’s work by putting us each in the worst light to the other; at least, I know many things told me against you give me the opportunity of telling men who know not Joseph, the good service he has rendered and still gives to the Church in Leeds.

“‘As you say, I gravely question some points of your Church discipline, especially at the present moment in ——— parish, which pain and hinder a really good brother clergyman.

“‘But when I reach your age I shall thank God if younger men can say as little against me, and as

much for me, as I often now say for one of whom, as a Leeds man, I am proud.

“‘I was out of my house yesterday from 7.30 A.M. till nearly midnight, so that I did not see your letter till this morning, and I was unable to join you in our Communion Prayer. But I mean, God willing, to do so to-morrow, Easter Day, asking our One Lord to join us more closely to each other and Himself in the great work He has given us to fulfil side by side (a frequent prayer of mine).

“‘I would say “God bless you,” only I should rather ask for your blessing than give you such a one as mine.

“‘I am, my dear Canon Jackson,
 “‘Yours affectionately in our Lord’s service and Family,
 “‘JOHN GOTT.”

“I have made no mention of the considerable influence which Edward Jackson undoubtedly acquired with many of the leading laity of Leeds, and of the strength of his advocacy of any good cause which he championed in the city.

“I left the diocese of Ripon in 1887, and, except for occasional letters, which always showed his affection for me and mine, I had no further personal relations with Canon Jackson. Since my return, as Vicar of Leeds, in 1895, by which time Edward Jackson had been long dead, I have constantly come across proofs of his abiding influence in this city. It has twice been my duty to nominate a successor to him in the so-called vicarage of St. James’, and in discharging it I have conscientiously tried on each occasion to find a man who would build on the foundations of deep piety and personal loyalty to Prayer-book teaching, with which he commended to others the Evangelical fervour of his own faith. His photograph, moreover, has always stood in my study, both in London and in Leeds, and I have never

looked at it without feeling the inspiration which came to me in early life, when it was my privilege to win his friendship. My thoughts of him take the form of thankfulness that in God's light he has seen the light, and the prayer that as he without us shall not be made perfect, so we with him may be made partakers of Christ's heavenly kingdom.

"SAMUEL BICKERSTETH."

CHAPTER VIII

TEMPERANCE WORK—PHILANTHROPIC AGENCIES—
COTTON FAMINE—CHURCH EXTENSION

CANON JACKSON was a zealous worker in the cause of temperance. In this connexion Mr. Cropper first became acquainted with him, when, in 1857, he joined in an effort to get rid of the beer-house system, an evil which is happily now extinct. The evil here alluded to was the permission accorded by the Duke of Wellington's Act of 1830 to open beerhouses without a justice's license, the idea being that the people might thereby be weaned from the consumption of spirits and rendered more sober. The actual result of the ensuing multiplication of facilities for drinking was disastrous, and the Act was repealed in 1869.

A considerable correspondence passed between the Canon and Mr. J. Cropper concerning this matter.

Here is one of the Canon's letters, dated 1857—

"The business of the day is over, and I am hastily writing letters to catch the night's post. We have had a very fair deputation *re* the doing away with beerhouses, and a very satisfactory interview with the Secretary. Four members of Parliament and

eleven others, including Dr. Hook and the Mayors of Bradford and Halifax. Lord Goderich was our spokesman, supported by the mayors, Dr. Hook, and Mr. Headlam, M.P. for Newcastle. All spoke to the point and emphatically; and Walpole's reply was more to the point than anything we yet have had from Government. The matter had their anxious consideration during the recess; he was at liberty to tell us that a measure was now being prepared which he hoped would meet the case, but that friends of the movement must be ready to give it all the support possible, as there was a strong interest arraigned on the other side. Lord Goderich, and indeed all, considered the day a very satisfactory one.

"I could almost give way to despondency when I see the fearful turmoil of evil flowing from the drink-houses, and the little comparative attention it excites. And not the evil of drink-houses only, but the floods of social guilt and misery which rise on every side and threaten to drown the land in fearful punishment. But this is to be resisted. Such tendencies to depression are not of God, but of weak cowardly ease-loving self. Who ever saw social evils so closely—and to whom did the world ever look so vile and guilty as to Christ; and yet He turned not away in the face of all. 'Behold we go up to Jerusalem and all things that are written concerning the Son of Man shall be accomplished.' And as He went a certain blind man sat by the wayside begging! 'What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?' 'Lord, that I may receive my sight.' 'Receive thy sight, thy faith hath saved thee.'"

To attempt the full tale of the Canon's co-operation in social effort would lead us into the history of most of the philanthropic agencies of Leeds. The town in those days was blessed by numerous public-

spirited citizens, with men like (to mention a few names that occur to one) Sir E. Baines, Mr. F. Baines, Mr. Beckett, Mr. Jowitt, Mr. Darnton Lupton, Mr. Metcalfe Smith, Dr. Samuel Hey, Father Browne, the Rev. C. Hargrove, Mr. Tetley, Mr. Ryder, Mr. Bruce (Stipendiary Magistrate), Mr. Harvey, Mr. Whiting, and Dr. Pridgin Teale, who is happily still with us.

With all these helpers of their fellow-creatures, the Canon was associated in various ways, and he was never content to be an ornamental member on any committee. As Mr. Sidney Lupton testifies, "He was always ready to help, often beyond his strength."

From the beginning of his ministry to the end this was true. *The Leeds Mercury*, in an article on his career, says—

"We believe his first public appearance was at a meeting for the relief of distress in Leeds called in the hard times before the abolition of the Corn Laws. On that occasion premises connected with St. James' were offered by him for use as a soup kitchen, and they continued to be so employed until new circumstances and modes of relief rendered them no longer necessary. It was soon found that in the incumbent of St. James' his fellow-townsmen had a man not more benevolent than endowed with the faculty of organisation, and from the opening of the soup kitchen, to within the last few weeks, no general philanthropic object has been presented to the people of Leeds, whether as deserving temporary or permanent support, which he has not helped to success."

This closing remark is literally true ; within a few weeks of his death he attended a meeting on behalf of the Boys' Refuge, and took the chair at the Deaf

and Dumb Institution. Naturally, the extent of his activity in these many causes varied. Of some he was the leader, of others only the helper, or indirectly the encourager.

One of his closest friends was Dr. Chadwick, a leading physician of Leeds and its neighbourhood, who was a promoter of every good work, and to whom the Canon, humanly speaking, owed his life on several occasions. The tie between them was knit not only by all too frequent intercourse at the Canon's bedside, but by a common interest in philanthropic movements. That noble institution, the Leeds Infirmary, was dear to both of them, and, when the rebuilding scheme was on foot, Dr. Chadwick visited Paris, with the architect, to study the modern improvements in hospital accommodation, and he also contributed largely to the building fund. In writing from Ilkley to K. S., August 15th, 1886, Canon Jackson thus refers to his friend, Dr. Chadwick—

"I am in much sorrow this morning, having received the sad and unexpected intelligence of the death of my old and most valued friend—Dr. Chadwick. Alas, he was only a few weeks ago in my bedroom, full of concern for me, and now he himself is gone—gone to be with his Lord. . . . But Keble's beautiful lines remind us—

" 'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.' "

Mrs. S—— recalls hearing the Canon relate an incident in connexion with the raising of funds for either the Infirmary or the Dispensary. He with two

other members of the committee called on a semi-millionaire, hoping he would head the list with a worthy sum. When their persuasive powers were about exhausted, great was their joy (alas, but fleeting !) to see him rise, go to the safe, put the key into the lock, and pause ; then, to their consternation and chagrin, he turned to them, and, while slipping the key back into his pocket, said with a bow of dismissal, "Gentlemen, I *cannot* do it." "That key," added the Canon, with a ring in his voice more of pity for the poor old miser than of scorn, "might as well have been at the bottom of the ocean !"

Among the temporary movements into which he threw himself most vigorously was that of a relief fund for the Lancashire operatives at the time of the cotton famine, caused by the American War. A special appeal was made to the textile workers in the woollen mills of Yorkshire to raise a fund for their fellows beyond the border, by subscribing at the rate of an hour's earnings per week. The fine response to this appeal is alluded to in the following letter, which further illustrates the keen attention with which Canon Jackson followed the political aspects of affairs. Writing to Mr. J. Cropper on the subject he says—

"We have had meetings without end. Hard visiting and speeches from the Archbishop of Canterbury elect, from the Bishop of Oxford, to say nothing of our own Bishop and other dignitaries. Then we have had our public subscriptions for the workpeople in the cotton districts running its course, reaching to-night to nearly £13,000, so that altogether it has been a time of no ordinary pressure.

"One engagement was of a peculiarly interesting character. I allude to a meeting of overlookers and foremen of mills, called together to consider how the workpeople could best assist in the movement. Seldom have I been so interested, seldom so cheered and satisfied. They seemed to hear, feel, and decide as one man, and went away with an earnestly expressed intimation that they would do their best. I think they will.

"And great as the calamity, and wide the need of help, I feel satisfied it may be met, and that in a right way. It may become eventually a great national good, by the drawing of all classes together, the inculcation of a practical and true sympathy, and by the effect which suffering and affliction, rightly met, always produce.

"And the seeing of it is a great call and encouragement to us, to stir up everybody to do the best they can, for by this they elevate themselves, and the whole community gains. There should be a loud cry for self-denial, and every unnecessary expense should be avoided, and the amount go into the common treasury for the sufferers."

On December 13th, 1862, he reports—

"Our subscription for Lancashire goes on well. £22,000, and more to come. Our workpeople are doing themselves great credit, and the whole community must be benefited by such widespread sympathy and self-denying effort."

Edward Jackson was neither a hermit nor a mystic, but a man wide awake to what was going on in the world about him, full of sympathy for his suffering fellow-men without distinction of class or creed or desert, ever ready to lend a hand to projects

for promoting their welfare. But he was above all a priest of God, and, however he busied himself in social work, he always came back to God's House as the source of vital energy for himself, and for all those whom he would influence—came back sometimes, it would seem, wondering whether he ought to have been away. This remarkable combination of civic watchfulness and practical philanthropy, with deep personal piety, is illustrated in the following series of letters to Mr. and Mrs. J. Cropper—

"January 5th, 1860.

"The sudden death of Lord Macaulay will, I should suppose, cause considerable gloom over all 'The Dingle.' How well all the papers speak of him; much as he was thought of in life, it required him to die to see how very high he stood in the estimation, not of England only, but of the whole world. These sudden deaths or disablings, call upon us to limit the mind as much as possible on the work of to-day, and to do it with all our might. How many thousands of hours are spent in unnecessary and fruitless speculation about the future, and then the opportunity of doing present good (especially in seeking to have a direct intercession with God) is not seized. How often do the words of the Moravian Litany, familiar to my school days, recur to me with a warning and condemning voice—

"From untimely projects,
From needless perplexities,
Preserve us, gracious Lord God."

Another letter is in this strain—

"St. James', Leeds.

"I have known Mr. Monro (not personally) for a considerable period, and have observed with much

interest and thankfulness the way in which he has of late come out with his statements and doings; he has displayed a freedom and practical earnestness, and a comprehension of present wants and dangers, such as few have manifested to the same degree. Of course the great—the only panacea for our moral and social evils, as well as our spiritual dangers—is the faithful preaching of Christ by faithful men. If this be done, then other agencies may all come in beneficial, and promote the general good. I mean by agencies, benevolent and charitable institutions, literary societies, and all the other praiseworthy efforts that now meet us on every side.

“Being a clergyman myself, there may appear a danger of my looking too favourably on clerical action, but I think I am not in danger of this whilst looking upon ordained agency in a proper light, and only conducive to good when itself good. If we take the declaration of Holy Scriptures, which on this point is perfectly clear, or go back for the experience of other ages, we cannot resist the conclusion that ‘it pleases God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.’ Therefore I should like to see the clergy of the Church of England, whilst looking kindly and approvingly on all such efforts as those I have mentioned, give themselves afresh to their own proper work; administering the Sacraments, preaching, pastoring, living simple lives, and showing by their own example that antagonism to evil and conquest over it, which is the great end of religion.”

In a later letter he follows the same train of thought—

“The only difficulty I feel in the matter is my own part in it. The sentence, ‘we will give ourselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the Word,’ is ever on my mind, and I feel not easy in giving

time and thought to what, however desirable on moral, and even religious grounds, is not strictly that for which I have been separated and ordained."

This closeness to the spiritual side of things made him sensitive to the absence of it in others, and sometimes drew grave comment on what, to a less discerning eye, might seem nothing worse than the innocent cheerfulness of an ordinary crowd. To the Canon the vacant mind, or the merely pleasure-seeking disposition was itself a sign of danger. Writing during convalescence after his attack of cholera in 1856 he remarks—

"I am again at my work, not fully, as I said in my last, but so as to be in the way. I think that never did I feel it so important, and never did I long more to be wholly given up to God. Through the Divine blessing we have not been without marks of help in our Church, and co-operation from on high. Some of our young people have exhibited an increased earnestness and desire to be wholly devoted to the Lord.

"But alas! when one sees our streets one cannot but exclaim, 'Lord, what are they among so many?' What numbers, on a Sunday evening, are to be seen—such nice-looking young and fair girls—and none of them in the way of goodness, nor apparently having any care for the things of God. I could burst into tears often and almost lie down in despair, asking myself, 'What were they all born into this world for?' Oh, how much we want workers, not the separate ministry only, but still more, I think, the devoted laymen in all stations and ranks of life, the 'Royal Priesthood.' And this so as to include women, for there is neither male nor female in this holy service; we are all one in privileges, and should be all one in

devoted effort. When, when will this be? Let us pray more and more for a true revival of our Lord's work—for the spirit of zeal, and of fire, and of wisdom, and of love; and let us try to 'live more nearly as we pray.' ”

When the Canon vacated the Parsonage it became a little settlement again, this time for the Deaconesses, who were distinguished by their neat black dress, cottage bonnet and long veil; it was also a *rendez-vous* for the other lady workers. The ministry of women was highly valued by him, whether they lived in community, or in their family, but he specially commended the lady going fresh from her own home surroundings to carry sympathy, brightness, and help to her poorer sisters.

When he was in London in 1863 on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward VII.) with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, so far from being carried away by the glamour of the event he observed much that pained him. His impressions are described in the following letter. The comparative estimate of the mental calibre of Londoners and provincials is not without interest—

“ *March 7th, 1863.*

“ . . . And what a boundless field for labour and religious enterprise is there at home !

“ I was much struck on the occasion of my visit to London with the overwhelming extent of ungodliness, wealth-worship, and pleasure-worship everywhere manifested.

“ Even the very preparation for the entrance of the Princess to-day, gave one a painful impression of the wrong substitution of things—the highest treated

as of little or no importance ; the comparatively little swelled into subjects of paramount importance and engrossing concern : churches empty—streets thronged . . . and if so in London, what in Paris ? ”

Again some few years later he wrote—

“ I am free to say that there was that about all I saw and heard in town which left me with an uncomfortable feeling and consciousness of a want amid all ; of a something too much—a great readiness and ability to talk, and this not with any great depth or earnestness ; in a word—a great absence of spirituality and lowliness of mind.

“ I found my friend had arrived at something like the same conclusion, that people in London were not better informed, nor indeed so well as people in the country—superficial, and rather incapable of really going into a subject, and this we attributed a good deal to the incessant bustle and occupation of people in town. So we gain ! ” *

Feeling thus strongly the need of bringing religion and earnestness to bear on the life of the people, it was natural that among the many calls upon him he should give a ready response to the plea for Church Extension. He was actively identified with the Leeds Church Extension movement from its origin in 1863, under Dr. Atlay. With characteristic energy and discretion he assisted in promoting the objects of the society ; and he was not less zealous in supporting the more ambitious projects of the larger scheme which began operations in 1876.

* A smile may flit across the face of the reader who is accustomed to scan the weekly columns of clerical “ wants,” as he meets here instead of “ not north,” a rare case of “ not south.”

At a meeting held in the latter year, when it was decided to make further provision for Church ministrations and to build one or more churches in memory of Dean Hook, Canon Jackson remarked that he knew the working classes as well as most men, and, standing there after a long life spent among them—he could say that no good effort was ever made for them in vain. They were not ungrateful; they would appreciate what was intended for their good; and he believed that they would be found to appreciate fully the benefit which was sought to be conferred upon them by the erection of the churches contemplated.

Thenceforward with renewed endeavours he gave the society the benefit of his counsel and active work till 1881, when, owing to failing health, he retired from the Board. But even after that date he served on the building committees of several churches.

The following letter written in October, 1864, shows something of the remarkable progress of the earlier Extension Fund, and of his interest in it.

“In ten days our six months expire within which our £50,000 is to be raised, and we have good hopes of completing it, though yet several thousands short; it will involve labour, and I have to contribute my share. It will be the largest effort in the country, considering the size of the town and what is done already. For besides this £50,000 we have at least £30,000 more at this time devoted to Church Extension.”

His confidence in the working men of Leeds was thoroughly reciprocated. The attachment which we have observed on the part of the congregation of St.

James' came to be shared by whole classes of people all over the town, and sometimes found expression in remarkable ways. Mr. J. Cropper alludes to one of these incidents in his *Reminiscences of the Canon*.

"He was much beloved and well known to the working people. I remember at a Leeds Church Congress, the chairman of a working-men's meeting (I think the Bishop of Ripon) spoke on faith, and to show what really was man's trust, he said, 'You believe in Edward Jackson.' The roar of applause brought my friend to the front; though he could not but be gratified, I knew well he would accuse himself before night for self-satisfaction."

CHAPTER IX

THE EDUCATION BILL—MR. GORDON'S TRIBUTE

WE have left to the last in our account of Canon Jackson's public work his services to education, although from a civic point of view this was perhaps his most important work. It would be wrong to say that he was an educationalist born out of time, for the question of getting the children of the nation into the schools had long occupied the minds of statesmen, and was very much in the air. But whilst others were disputing and theorising Canon Jackson was acting, and when at length the hour and the man arrived, for carrying a great measure into execution, its author did not hesitate to come to Canon Jackson to discuss the question with him. No doubt, an aptitude for teaching, and a strong belief in its value, were deep and distinctive traits in Edward Jackson's character. Coming straight from Fulneck, where the religious and scholastic discipline had made a great impression on him, he began his connexion with St. James' as a teacher in the night-school, and became a leader of the young men who resorted to his house for reading and discussion. He read able papers at several Church Congresses at Dublin, Stoke-Newington, Leeds, and York. At York in 1866, he declared,

"I have found the night-school a peculiarly favourable ground for cultivating a kindly and beneficial hold on young people, and would strongly recommend this sphere of influence to my brother clergy. . . ." When he joined the Sunday School his suitability for headship was recognised at once. The St. James' Sunday School, as we have seen, was already notable as a school in which the whole of the time and attention were given to religious instruction, the custom at that time in most other institutions of the kind being to spend much of the time in the teaching of reading and writing. But, though he excluded these subjects from his Sunday School, it was no part of Edward Jackson's conception that the children of the parish should lack these facilities, and as early as 1838 he was instrumental in establishing an elementary day-school, the second of its kind in Leeds.

The following letters written to Mrs. J. Cropper in the year 1861, show us the Canon busy in his school long before the system of rate aid had been introduced or School Boards had been heard of.

"I am writing this in the girls' school. The Inspector is engaged in his annual examination—a somewhat fluttering time for the mistress and her assistants. Our girls are deficient partly because of their irregular attendance, and partly because their teachers are not so clear and quick in the teaching as they ought to be. In all respects they are inferior to the boys, who passed their ordeal on Wednesday with great éclat. These elementary schools are a great puzzle, and all the more so because of the new code which is making so much stir.

"It is very difficult to bring any systems to bear

advantageously on children who are here one day, and missing (no one can say why) on another, and who, if any proper discipline is brought to bear, instantly march off with full consent of parents to some other school, where (suicidal policy) they are gladly welcomed, or else to no school at all.

"The Committee of Council, *i.e.* Government, *i.e.* Parliament, should be very careful how they drive us, the present managers of schools, out of our work, or so disgust us with it as to make us careless and then leave it to the paid teachers only; for, to say the least, it would require a large amount of money to purchase such services as ours, if it depended on interest and deep concern, amidst the constant care and worry—if it could be purchased at all.

"The cry of the expense of the present system, is of all cries the most unfounded, as it is the most unwise. What has been done is worth double and treble the amount it has cost; and that the system is not properly developed to do what it might do is a reason for spending more upon it and not less. But I have given you half a newspaper column on a subject which every newspaper already gives too much of. I will rather say no more upon it, or anything else at present."

He did nothing by halves, and very soon, under his constant care and that of the teachers whom he knew well how to choose, the school gained for itself a reputation which not only drew children from other parts of the town but also attracted visitors from a distance who were anxious to learn how institutions of this kind could best be effectively worked. Among the latter was a young Quaker from Bradford, whose name was to be for ever afterwards associated with the establishment of education as a part of the State

machinery in England. It was through his visits to the St. James' day-school that Mr. W. E. Forster first became acquainted with Canon Jackson—an acquaintance which ripened into close personal friendship as the years went by, as the Friend turned Churchman, as the social student became a member of parliament, a man of affairs, and finally, a prominent statesman in two of the most notable administrations of the Victorian Era. When at length a measure for constituting education a national service became inevitable, Mr. Forster was in close consultation with Canon Jackson, who not only influenced him as to the main bases of his measure, but had the draft Bill under consideration for criticism and suggestion.

Education has always been a special care and function of the Church, and in modern times the rescue of children from ignorance has continually occupied the minds of good men.

In consequence of the great importance which has ever been attached to the work, people have insisted that it should be undertaken only in what they severally regarded as the right way, and for this reason the problem of education has been, and still is, an exceedingly difficult one. It is no part of our task to discuss its complications, and we shall content ourselves with pointing out that, when a solution of the education question was at length attempted on a national scale, Canon Jackson contributed materially to the plan which was adopted.

The late Sir T. Wemyss Reid, for many years editor of *The Leeds Mercury*, was on intimate terms with both Mr. Forster and Canon Jackson, and

in his "Life of W. E. Forster," bears witness to the part played by the latter in the settlement of the education question.

He tells us that—

"His friend, Canon Jackson, of Leeds, was, of all those who survived him, the man best able to give some account of the growth of opinion in Forster's mind on the subject of education. For many years the Leeds clergyman was not merely one of Forster's most trusted friends, but was the man whom he most loved to consult on social questions. And there was no question which was discussed between them more frequently than this of education. Their acquaintance had, indeed, commenced in connection with an educational movement."

How this came about is described on a later page of the biography. Mr. Jackson was in the habit of spending some time every day in the schools he had established near his own church in one of the poorest quarters in Leeds, and again and again on entering the building, he would find Mr. Forster there, quietly watching the whole operation of the school, showing special interest in the mode of instruction by pupil teachers, and making himself a thorough master, not only of the methods of teaching, but of the system of organisation under which the school was carried on.

Sir T. Wemyss Reid also gives an account of the pourparlers precedent to the introduction of the Education Bill, and relates that in the year 1849 certain ardent friends of education in Leeds, at the head of whom he places Dr. Hook and Canon Jackson, formed a small committee for the purpose of promoting some

scheme, as yet wholly undefined, of national education. To this committee certain Bradford gentlemen, among whom was Mr. W. E. Forster, were added. This educational council began its career by dealing with the most difficult of all problems connected with a national system of education—that of religion.

“At that time,” says Sir Wemyss Reid, “the only suggestions for a scheme of religious education were those which gave the Church an immense, indeed an overwhelming preponderance of, authority and influence. It followed as a natural consequence that advanced politicians, unable to acquiesce in this vast addition of power to the Church, turned in the direction of a purely secular system in order to find a solution of the great problem. Mr. Forster was one who took this line. He was anxious to get over the religious difficulty by providing for the secular education only of the pupils in the national schools.”

As time went on, however, and the question was discussed in all its bearings, Mr. Forster began to waver ; and “It is said that he was finally brought round to a conviction that in Bible reading the true solution of the problem was to be found by a remark made by Canon Jackson that ‘it appeared that the one book in the English language which was to be excluded by Act of Parliament from the schools was the Bible.’”

Having thus played an indirect but not unimportant part in framing the newscheme of national education, it was only natural that Canon Jackson should take a hand in working it. For nine years, from 1873 to 1882, he was a prominent member of the Leeds School Board, and nothing but his own insistence

on his failing health, restrained his fellow-townsmen from keeping him in office. On every occasion when he went to the poll they showed their confidence and esteem in a marked degree. In 1873, he was first of the Church candidates, receiving 22,776 votes ; in 1876 and 1879, when he stood as an independent candidate he came out third and second respectively on the full lists. His capability was speedily recognised by his colleagues on the Board, and a good deal of responsibility was thrown upon him in those busy years when the "provided schools" were brought into being, and elementary education came to be organised as a municipal function. Virtually he became vice-chairman of the Education Committee, and was an active member of the Sites and Buildings Committee. Through his visitation of the schools he became a universal favourite with the teachers, and he took a warm interest in their work and their welfare. On more than one occasion he brought them together for a cheerful social evening, one of the gatherings being held in his own school. With the development of education, a time arrived when it seemed to him that the children could be better taught by linking his school on to the public system, and he did not hesitate to take the step. Accordingly, in 1873, St. James' day-school was handed over to the School Board, with the stipulation that the fees were not to exceed one penny a week, so as to keep its doors open to the poor of the neighbourhood. He thus lost the power of letting the school and only charged the Board a nominal fee of 10s. per year ; but he was rewarded by an increased attendance of the very children he most wished to help, and the work of the school

increased so much that after a few years it had to be removed to the new premises erected by the Board in St. Peter's Square. Canon Jackson was a very up-to-date educationalist. School dinners and school gardening are regarded as quite modern developments, but they had commended themselves to his active and benevolent mind, which was always on the alert for the good of the children. During several hard winters he induced his colleagues on the Board to join him in providing free dinners for the poorest scholars at St. James' who could expect none at home, and he associated himself with Mrs. Buckton in introducing the kindergarten system and in encouraging window and cottage gardening. During his term of service on the School Board, the Industrial School came under his care, and when the Edgar Street Institution thus reverted to the Board, he was at once made chairman of the Management Committee. Into the question of plans for the new building in Shadwell Lane the Canon threw himself with characteristic heartiness, and he would have been called upon to perform the opening ceremony in 1879, but for the fact that he insisted on assigning this duty to his friend, the chairman of the Board.

In the same year he was chosen as vice-chairman of the Board, and it was a matter of profound regret to all educationalists in Leeds, when he announced his intention of retiring in 1882.

In concluding this account of Canon Jackson's connexion with various public causes and institutions, we append an appreciation of his capacity by one well able to judge—Mr. John Gordon, of Leeds.

"Canon Jackson's character is almost impossible to describe. To appreciate it you had to meet him and discuss questions on which you disagreed, as well as those on which you were in harmony with him. In him there was the most extraordinary combination of sweetness and strength. When the sweet mood was on him there beamed on his ascetic but beautiful face an almost heavenly radiance, and when the stern facts of life ruled him for the moment he showed a grip and decision which seemed to have no relation to his generally sweet and benevolent disposition.

"It was my fortune to see him often in both these moods. Even in the pulpit these were to be observed, passing like lightning over his expressive face. The joy of some great spiritual picture reflected in his countenance, would be clouded momentarily, as a stern expression crossed it in rebuke of coughing, or some other form of restlessness manifesting itself amongst his congregation.

"I worked as one of his supporters in a School Board election—compelled thereto by the magnetism of his character, although his views on education differed largely from my own. In relation to education he often mentioned with pride that W. E. Forster had stated publicly that he, Canon Jackson, was the only man who, before the passing of the 1870 Education Act, thoroughly appreciated the effect of one of its clauses. Nonconformist critics only discovered it when the Act was put into operation. Mr. Forster set great store by the Canon's judgment.

"Many of our meetings were on pure matters of business, such as the care and proper investment of money which he held in trust for others, and in this relation he showed a capacity and decision, which often called for the remark, that as a business man, he would have shone just as surely, as in the higher service which he chose."

CHAPTER X

HOME LIFE AND PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

WE have already dealt with Canon Jackson's life at St. James' Parsonage and with the Parish Church community which flourished there in the early days of his ministry. It now seems desirable to recall a few of his personal characteristics, and to say something of his home life at Brunswick Place as distinct from his work. To separate the two is no easy matter, however, so closely interwoven were his home and parish occupations.

It was in the library he was oftenest to be found, the room adjoining being for the greater part of the day occupied by people waiting either for a meeting or a private interview, or for that favoured "cup of tea." An early morning call would find him usually at his writing-table deep in correspondence. His toilet, conspicuous by the high collar and broad white neck-band, neatly tied, the ends extending under the waistcoat, was irreproachable, for he had never forgotten his father's advice to him: "Always be particular, Edward, about your personal appearance, for after forty there is little to commend one." As you were announced, the slender, courtly figure, with its *spirituel* face and shock of white, gleaming hair, inclined to curl, would rise alertly to welcome you, and if engaged on some urgent matter, after placing



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THE LIBRARY.

J. Charters Birch, Esq.

[To face p. 126.]

you in the well-known armchair, he would ask, "May I just finish this letter?" One felt at once the magnetism of his personality, pervading the whole room like the fragrance of the fresh-cut blooms which he loved to have about him. The arrangement of everything in the room bore witness to the intellectual culture and orderly habits of its occupant. The lower part of the walls were lined with books, the silent companions of his solitary hours. On a side-table near him were generally a few volumes of his favourite authors and poets, including the works of Sir Walter Scott, Bunyan, Browning, and Wordsworth, Keble's "Christian Year" and other religious verse, from which, when he had a free evening, he would read aloud or be read to. The eye of the waiting visitor, glancing at the pictures, might trace in them links in a chain of life-long associations. Photographs of his sisters and other relations hung beside portraits of Archbishop Longley, who ordained him, Dean Hook and the Bishop of Ely (Dr. Woodford), the Right Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Forster, Mr. James Cropper, Dean Howson, Dean Fremantle, and the present Bishop of Richmond.

On the American organ stood a statuette of his beloved Queen. Nowhere had she a more loyal subject, though, strangely enough, to his constant regret, he never saw her.* Then there were photographs of foreign scenes he had visited, water-colour landscapes by his sister, Mrs. Hargreave, and Ary Scheffer's *St. Augustine* and *St. Monica*.

In one corner hung a picture of the Crucifixion,

* For lines written by Canon Jackson in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, see p. 332.

and underneath it an illuminated text: "Surely He has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." Over the mantelpiece one noticed a reproduction of Scheffer's *Le Christ Consolateur*, and scattered about were various photographs and treasured mementos of friends. Lastly, perhaps, the eye might rest on an engraved portrait of Mrs. Hook. "Ah," he would say, briskly advancing towards one, "what memories it recalls! I had to do with the raising of subscriptions for that presentation portrait." Then, dropping into his own chair, he would give himself up entirely to his visitor for the time being. It was impossible to feel *ennui* in his presence, for his practical mind and strong sense of proportion were so tempered by a sensitive and poetic imagination that he was as beautifully "variable as the shade." One might as well have tried to catch the sunbeams playing on the wall as attempt to check the fascinating inflexion of his moods. His ethereal face, extreme graciousness, quick, human sympathy, and the lofty strength of purpose running through all captivated you. As Bishop Boyd Carpenter remarked, "You were not only charmed and uplifted by his presence, but carried away the fragrance."

It was no small pleasure to hear him talk with people on special topics. Thought and speech were one with him, and while his repartee and flow of humour were delightful, yet he was, at need, a most patient listener.

Many persons of distinction used to call on him at Brunswick Place, and his bachelor's room was often in requisition for the night.

One correspondent writes, "It sticks in my head

that among other distinguished men who had their legs under the dinner-table in the house with the white door were Gladstone, Chamberlain, and Forster."

Throughout his adult life, and more especially in later years, he took pleasure in spending a few days at the houses of friends. It was surprising how soon he slipped into his niche, and became one of the family, making not only others, but himself also, supremely happy and contented.

His temperament was artistic, like that of his sister, whose fine oil-paintings adorned his dining-room. Mr. S. Liddle, the pianist, to whom he gave his first piano, would often slip in, when in Leeds, and delight the musical ear of his godfather. It was to him that Mr. Liddle dedicated his original, musical setting of "Abide with me."

His sympathies were extraordinarily acute and spontaneous. One who had resolved, after long hesitation, to unburden his mind to him, came away exultant, saying, "I had scarcely to say a word, for I felt he knew all about it, and it was so."

Another who wished to remonstrate with him declared, "It was no use, instead of fulfilling my intention, we talked the whole time in the happiest vein possible!"

Though slow to reprove, he could be very severe. A devoted disciple of his averred he had "writhed for days under his displeasure."

When he felt that a matter of principle was at stake he was firm as a rock. Witness the strong opposition he faced and triumphed over in those early days when he abolished pew-rents, and made

his church free. But, coupled with this determined will, there was an innate *finesse*—a sensitiveness of temperament which at times caused him pain, and occasionally led to his being misunderstood.

But beneath all these different traits of his character, the root, the very sap of his life was his ever-intense yearning to win souls for Christ. Did he not plead, "*A soul is so precious Christ died for it.*"

His influence at the bedside of the sick or dying is illustrated by an incident which occurred in the month of October, 1879. A man of learning and affluence lay seriously ill, with no desire to see his parish priest. Nevertheless the Canon visited him, approaching the bed with his irresistible smile, and tenderly held the wasted hand. Before long the burden of a life's story was shared, and two voices commingled in "Our Father." Later, the sick man, a new light on his face, turned to his wife and whispered, "I feel as if Jesus Christ had been with me."

Mrs. Bateman, of Sleningford Park, Ripon, sends us the following lines, by Mrs. Hamilton King, with the remark that, "To my mind they describe the dear Canon as he was on 'this side.'"

"The strong, sweet voice that made pain possible
Without its sorrow ; the illumined eyes
That bent above the dying with the light
Of Victory ; the unshrinking, tender hand,
Were as the soul of all the suffering days.
And Peace and Patience came, and courage too,
Living or dying ; and the gates of Heaven
Were terrible but glorious, for this side
Also the Angels stood and held the posts."

CHAPTER XI

GLEANINGS FROM CANON JACKSON'S LETTERS AND CONVERSATION

IT would be possible to fill a small volume with selections from Canon Jackson's sermons, writings, and recorded sayings. We must content ourselves with giving here a few of his more characteristic utterances—

"I found this, in the Bishop of Hull, the other day. 'Our petitions are included in the decrees and in the engagements of God ;' *i.e.* His very promises are only made in connexion with our prayers, prayer being an ordinance as well as a privilege. Ask, therefore, for C. and for everything, and for every loved one. The Door is before each of us, and that Door is Christ, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

In the course of a conversation on bazaars (October, 1890), and on the introduction of worldly amusements into parochial organisation, he remarked :

"It is a lowering of the spiritual life of the Church, and seems to me self-pleasing—for Charity is marked with the Cross. We want more self-denial, prayer, visiting the sick, teaching the young, raising the fallen—that is Charity—otherwise we make our Lord's teaching mere fables, and this worldly spirit will only lead down the *broad* road.

"It is quite true what you say about the necessity

of having purity of intention and purity of possession, and using of God's gifts ; but need I say that, as in all other considerations affecting our spiritual state and interests, there is a progression, and we are not what we hope to be, and what we are (don't doubt this) becoming."

Christmas Day, 1862.

"My mind is a good deal occupied with the consideration of the wonderfulness and vast-beyond-all-words importance of the mystery of to-day—the Incarnation—and how little we seem to know yet—I mean so far as we might know, and all because we *think* so little of it. I cannot but feel convinced that the great cause of our want of real religion is because we *think* so little about it. Did we *think* more, we should feel more, and be affected and moulded in our whole inner and outer life. Did a man give even as much study—reading, meditation, prayer—to any religious truth, as he knows he must give to acquire any secular science, even to understand one single difficult problem in Euclid—he would be sure to gain such an impression of its greatness and truth as never to be the same man again. 'Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life.'"

"Thankful am I for you that the Lord has turned all anxiety into joy. But even our deliverances should teach us on what frail foundation our earthly joys and comforts rest !"

"The one step is enough ! I bow to His will, full of penitential sorrow."

"Worship is the emblem of heaven, and he that worships God most here, is the most fitted for Glory, for worship changes the soul into the likeness of Christ."

"Doubtless we each have our lives laid down for us, if we have ever surrendered ourselves fully to the Lord: 'He directs our way in truth'; and we must not suppose that, after all, there can be any mistake.

"What a thought!—hereafter we shall know most intimately all who love Christ, and be one in mind and heart and holy worship for ever!"

"May He overrule all to His glory!—our meetings, our absence, and make even the natural feelings (of love) to serve and worship Him. He who gave these feelings, and objects for their exercise seeks, not their destruction, but their right appropriation, and the furtherance by them of the proper, ultimate end of all His gifts.

"May every pulse thanksgiving beat
And every breath His praise repeat."

"The Cross of Jesus is indeed a salutary sight; it shows sin, and sin's remedy; it shows the love of God to be passing knowledge, and it stirs up gratitude and love, where the heart is not wholly dead. May it be manifested in all our hearts, and bring us into close, living, and eternal union with the Lord Jesus!"

In answer to the question, "Will honest doubters and those who have not heard the Gospel, be saved?" the Canon replied, "I believe they were all included in the first word from the Cross, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'"

"And yet, why be uneasy? We had better make a law that we will leave the future with Him and be what we ought to be—little children. 'Give us this day our daily bread.'"

"Ah! how wise would that simplicity and confidence be! I pray you may have help and light

according to each day's need. I say 'light' because it is so difficult to see what to attempt under certain circumstances; how far efforts may be useful or hurtful—how far we should speak or pray in silence. . . . Childlike, simple resting on God, believing that He works if we pray; and that the result we long for may be realising, though there be little visible to witness to it."

"It is considered to be a sure sign of a true work of God on the heart, when, in a few days afterwards, we are tempted to doubt it. Satan would quench the sacred flame of love and faith—and this shows the flame had been enkindled by God's Holy Spirit. Do not fear—praise and pray. As your day, so will your strength be. He Who has begun the good work in you will carry it on—and make you a blessing. God's grace is all-powerful. The Lord be with you!"

"I don't know that I have ever said to you that I have found in sickness a special benefit from seeking to stir up my mind *more to thanksgiving* than to prayer. Not that the latter is not most refreshing, but when the children are in the furnace, then is the special time to sing praise, for then have we, of all times, the special close Presence of the Son of God. When I am laid up again, I trust my Lord will vouchsafe to me this gift of adoring worship, and keep me in the spirit and practice of it."

Once (November 5th, 1890), when driving past the slaughter-house, sheep were being driven in, and he remarked on the contrast between their unwillingness and the willingness of the Lamb of God to go to death, expressing such beautiful thoughts about Him, that he was visibly moved himself.

When a young girl took him her first bunch of snowdrops, many years ago, she noticed that he was

suffering, and, fearing he might not live long, she asked him if these were not the surest sign of our rising again. "My dear child," was the reply in a reverent but certain tone, "They speak of renewal, truly, but the surest pledge to me that I shall rise again is my Lord's word, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'"

"Give us the love of Christ in men's hearts, and you may shut up your gaols, take away your policemen, and dispense with your magistrates and other authorities. The spiritual life in Christ does not make a man less, but more careful as a workman, and a better servant to his master; and the tradesman in whom the love of God dwells is always uprightly honest in his business transactions."

It almost pained him to hear people call the weather *bad*. "Whatever He sends is good," he was wont to say, and, referring to a wet harvest, he writes, "Yes, we might be anxious did we not know that He knows what He does."

So trustfully and constantly did he rely on God's Presence, he "would not raise a door-latch without a little prayer for the Holy Spirit's aid."

"Let Thy presence go with me,
To the homes of woe and need,
And Thy tender sympathy
Prompt my every word and deed.
Let Thy presence go with me,
When by dying beds I kneel,
Then let Thy deep agony
All its healing power reveal."

When bidding "good night," in much feebleness, he would ever say with a brave smile, "Yes, I may have a distressing night, 'but joy cometh in the morning.'"

CHAPTER XII

CANON JACKSON'S RELATIONS—LINES ON "TOBY "

IN a biographical sketch of a man whose life was spent in the public service, it is difficult to avoid the appearance of over-emphasising the high lights. We see him constantly to the front in prosecuting good works ; his hours of weariness and despondency are mostly hidden from us. Canon Jackson once observed that biographies commonly disappointed him for this very reason ; they said much about a man's successes, little about his struggles and failures. It can scarcely be expected that the present volume should prove an exception to the rule. It deals with a character eminently sane and saintly, and even if we were in possession of a subjective diary, it is unlikely that it would add materially to those occasional revelations of dismay and self-distrust which we come upon now and again in reading his letters.

We have seen that in his pastoral office he cultivated the kindest human relationships ; we now propose to follow him into his inner circle of friends and relations at seasons both of sunshine and of shadow. He was by no means the only one of the family, to which he belonged, who gave evidence of an earnest religious disposition. Probably, his

mother's parting injunction had fallen on other ears and hearts besides his own. But this very inheritance of a common spiritual bequest seems to have led to conscientious differences in its application. Happily no family differences were caused by this diversity of religious views, and although the Canon felt it to be a painful circumstance, it did not lessen his natural affection for his brother and sister, for his large catholicity enabled him to see all that is best in other creeds and communions.

In order that the reader may have no difficulty in following the Canon's correspondence where it deals with domestic matters, a few details in regard to his family will not be out of place.

He had three brothers—Samuel Smith (who married Miss Frances Scarborough), William Armitage (who married Maria, grand-daughter of the Rev. R. Fawcett, at one time Vicar of Leeds), and Joseph (who married Miss E. Thomas). The two elder brothers joined their father, the youngest became a surgeon practising in Leeds. He had also two sisters, of whom Sarah, the elder, married Mr. Hargreave, a bank manager ; she was a highly educated and accomplished woman, and adhered to the Church of England. The younger sister, Mary Elizabeth, joined the Roman Communion and became the foundress of the Convent of St. Anne's in Birmingham, of which she was the Mother Superior for many years prior to her death. The Canon's father had a long and trying illness previous to his death in 1855, and the family removed to Boston Spa, hoping that the change would be beneficial to him. It was so but for a time only, and a few weeks before

the end came, Edward got some one to take over his duty in order that he might be free to remain with him altogether. When staying at Boston Spa not long before his own death, the Canon pointed to a house saying, "I tramped round and round that garden praying and agonising for my father, and my dear sister Sarah was often with me." The elder Mr. Jackson was buried in the churchyard at Thorpe Arch in a grave afterwards shared by Mrs. Hargreave.

A special tie of affection subsisted between Edward and his brother Samuel, whose death caused him what was one of the greatest sorrows of his life. Samuel was a Roman Catholic, as was also his wife, who died suddenly whilst on a visit to the Isle of Wight. Canon Jackson went over to bring the body to Leeds. It was under the will of his brother Samuel that the Canon became possessed of the house in Brunswick Place, which, later on, came to be known as "the house with the white door."

Samuel's son—W. Scarborough Jackson, married Miss Mary E. Austin of Headingley—a sister of the Poet Laureate. He resided at Scarborough, where he twice filled the office of Mayor. But he died young, and the Canon became the guardian of his children—three boys and two girls. Their mother, some years later, was married to General Rideout. William Thomas Jackson, who was son of the Canon's brother Joseph, married Emily, a daughter of Mr. John Lawson, of Bramhope Manor, near Leeds, and had two sons—Edward and Bernard.

Samuel Jackson's death already referred to occurred in 1864 after long-continued ill-health and

suffering. During his last illness he exclaimed, "Had I but borne them as I ought to have done, and might have done through grace, I have gone through sufferings during the last thirty years, sufficient to have made me a martyr!" Edward spent all his spare time in his brother's sick-chamber, and we gather something of the deep love he had for him from the letters he wrote to his friends at Ellergreen.

"April 8th, 1864.

"I am writing in great sorrow—the bed of sickness is becoming too apparently the bed of death, and I am about to lose the most attached of brothers, and the most upright of men."

"April 16th, 1864.

"The black-edged paper tells I am brotherless. How bitter the cup I cannot express. It requires continual prayer to keep me from choking. He passed away yesterday morning at one—all of us kneeling by his bed—and literally fell asleep. So very peaceful a death one seldom sees. You will pray for me."

In 1865 he writes—

"You will be glad to know that my two nephews are a great comfort to me in their married life—they are patterns of domestic good husbands."

One of these cherished nephews followed the Canon's father and brother in 1870. His loss was a sad blow and left a sore place in the Canon's heart, which was slow to heal.

Writing as long after the event as October 14th, 1888, he says to H. S.—

"This is a solemn anniversary to me, as this day eighteen years ago, my dearly-loved nephew—only

thirty-two, with a wife and five little children—was laid in his last earthly resting-place. Only three weeks ill—life all glowing—healthy and young—a magistrate of the Borough—yet, he was called away!”

By the death of this nephew, the Canon found himself placed *in loco parentis* to the young family. How admirably he discharged his task is acknowledged in the following letter from his great-nephew, Major E. S. Jackson—

“ . . . My uncle was always the object of our greatest respect and affection, and with reason. On my father’s death, at which he was heart-broken, and which occurred when I was five, he took upon himself the management of our affairs, a tremendous burden, and incidentally, carried through with the greatest success to us. . . . He was always ready to tell us about our father, even about his earliest childhood, and was full of anecdote about the family generally.

“ I am more delighted than I can express to hear of your intention of writing a life of my great-uncle.”

Mr. Arthur Austin-Jackson (great-nephew) also writes—

“ His tender affection and his thousand kindnesses for the orphaned children of his beloved nephew are matters for their memory. Uncle Eddy is not a forgotten person with us, I can assure you.”

Mrs. Alfred Austin, of Swinford Old Manor, Ashford, draws this pretty picture of them—

“ I see them as children (still) petting and teasing him and he them, as people only do when they are fond of each other.”

The Canon’s relations with his sisters in later life

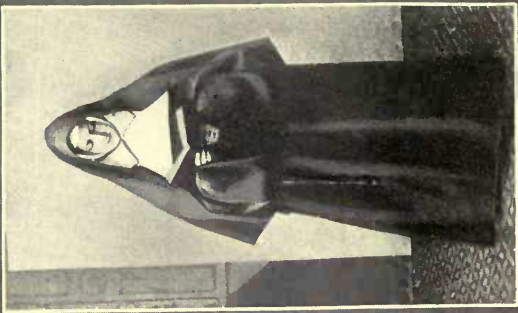


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“WE THREE HAD NOT MET TOGETHER FOR TWENTY YEARS.”

Mr. Turner.

[To face p. 141.

are described in the following letters which scarcely need any additional word of comment—

To Mrs. J. Cropper.

“November 17th, 1858.

“I have two sisters, both a little younger than myself. The younger is the Superior of a Convent, after being for eighteen years a professed nun. The other is the wife of Mr. Hargreave residing at the adjoining town, Stourbridge. She is a member of the Church of England. We three had not met together for twenty years—the whole time Mary had been in the Convent. The expected meeting was much on my mind as I journeyed from Leeds, as well as the condition of some of my people I had left. There was much cause for thankfulness in what seemed a gracious and providential ordering. My brother insisted on taking a first-class ticket for me, which allowed for continual pleading with God both for myself and for the others equally calling for spiritual intercession. It was a blessed journey and I thanked the good and all-wise and most loving One Who could thus make a railway carriage into an Oratory—a place for beseeching and entreaty and vocal praise!”

Two years later he writes—

“Since Christmas we have had a three weeks visit from my Convent sister. It was a subject for mixed feeling. Alas, for these divisions! Why are we not all one in Him? Here are we six in family—two brothers, two sisters and two nephews, the Roman Church taking one of each. When will this miserable schism have an end?”

A further letter written in the following August gives us an all too fleeting glimpse into the early home life.

"Last week was the only exception to my ordinary course. I went for three days to Birmingham and Stourbridge, where my sisters reside. I found grey hairs and wrinkles more visible, and the change—perhaps the greatest in myself—reflected in those whom I most easily recall as two dear sweet girls; one calm and thoughtful [Mrs. Hargreave], the other, with her golden hair and blue eyes, full of life and joy. They were there to a brother's eyes still, though sadly concealed in the one case by the pallor and attenuation of long sickness, and in the other by the black veil and close coif of the convent. And such is the process of life, and yet not wholly saddening, if beside the descent, the ascent beyond—the Everlasting Hills can be seen."

Mrs. Hargreave died on August 19th, 1870. There was an entry in her journal—

"June 10th, 1870.

"I had the Celebration in my room a little before eight this morning—very comforting. My dear brother Edward left at nine."

It was of this sister that Mrs. Montgomery, of Bristol, afterwards wrote to the Canon—

"Your sister Sarah came to stay with us. A more charming visitor we never had. I was proud of her, and we went about a great deal, and I introduced her to my friends, among them the learned Mrs. Schimmel Penninck, who was much interested in her. We drove her to the most beautiful scenery so that she could sketch. She was like no others. . . . I spent the last month of her life with her, and had the privilege of seeing the peaceful way in which she was waiting for her Saviour, and I was there when she passed away."

With the Mother Superior he remained in loving harmony. Not only did he pay her visits, but she came to see him in his *heretical* cure!

"I have been interrupted," he writes, "by the arrival of my Sister Mary, and one of the nuns with her. They have come from Birmingham this morning to stay here. We are going to have, we flatter ourselves, no common time of happiness, if it please Him."

The nuns were devoted to the Canon, and called him "Uncle Edward." He would tease them and say that he would only go out with them in a closed carriage; he could not be seen walking in the streets of Leeds with two black crows!!

In a letter to Mrs. J. Cropper, dated November 19th, 1859, he writes—

"My brother Samuel's wife was suddenly taken from us by death on the 5th, while on a visit to the Isle of Wight, and I went over to arrange for the removal of the body to Leeds. It has been a great shock to all of us, especially, of course, to my poor brother, who having no daughters, and but one son, and he grown up, will feel very lonely for the remainder of his life. . . . How lovely is the whole of that side of the island from Ryde to Ventnor; and yet I found the beauty oppressive, and was relieved as of a great burden, when the carriage rose above the Undercliffe, and we began to look once more on the mainland, across the Solent—so much does everything outward take its character from our own moods, from our inner self. Like the eye, which according to its healthy or unhealthy state tinges the view, and gives a true or distorted idea of what it sees. . . ."

After referring to the burial he goes on to say—

"The zeal, earnestness, and consistency of Roman Catholics is a fearful rebuke to us. I have had reason to be amazed at the closeness, compactness, and entirety of the system, as shown in the circumstances connected with the death of my sister-in-law. Prayers for the dead said for her over England and Ireland ; Priests and Monks writing from all quarters to offer their condolence, and the assurance of their prayers ; while here, in Leeds, the churches have been twice filled with mourning congregations attending special services for the repose of the departed. When shall we have like fellowship and oneness !"

It will be seen from the above how closely Canon Jackson was brought into contact through some of his own nearest and dearest relations with that branch of the Church of which they were members ; it can readily be understood how this intercourse involuntarily tinged his character, and, however much elsewhere, it may be asserted, he was purely Protestant, still the influence of these associations was there, and remained with him throughout his life. We have good authority for believing he was keenly coveted for the Roman Church, and could he have accepted her tenets, might have risen to a position of eminence. But neither Rome on the one side—nor the so-called extreme Evangelicals on the other, could claim him, for from sheer conviction, he remained a loyal son of the Anglican Church.

On the occasion of the death of the Convent dog, "Toby," from over-eating, the Canon penned some amusing and witty verses for the Reverend Mother and her nuns. We give them here with one or two slight alterations.

TOBY—A TRUE STORY

(circa, 1855)

Now the conclave has an end,
Toby gazes—and is dumb ;—
He to Birmingham must wend,
And the Convent dog become !

Farewell, now to Brunswick Place,
Phœbe, Ethy, Ann so dear,
Farewell Master's kindly face,—
And the kitchen's savoury cheer !

“ Portress, open wide the gate,
See the Sisters waiting stand,
Toby to receive in state,
With a pat from every hand ! ”

Brother Toby is he now,
As a holy Friar lives,
And with many a loud “ Bow-wow ”
Ever watchful service gives.

To the nuns he's dear at heart ;
Daily from the table fare,
Each reserves some dainty part,
For good brother Toby's share.

Pacing down the corridor,—
In their sleeves the hidden bits
Each nun drops her's on the floor,
Just where Toby calmly sits.

“ Wondrous,” Reverend Mother cries,
“ Toby came to fast and pray,
Now, if I can trust my eyes,
Fatter grows he every day.

"Sure this is a miracle,
Of our lovèd patron's grace
Showing how 'tis good to dwell,
Sisters in this sheltered place."

Changed the note, comes gloom o'er all,
Toby lies upon the mat,
Does not heed the Sisters' call,
Feels no more the tender pat.

"Kindly fates defend him still"—
Such the Sisters' saddened tones :
"Brother Toby must be ill,
How he starts, and how he moans."

Doctor Doggy now appears,
Views the Patient,—shakes his head :
Reverend Mother is in tears,—
All the Sisters shake with dread.

Ah, 'tis o'er, 'midst tears and sighs,
Toby draws his latest breath.
And the doctor certifies—
"Apoplexy,—stuff'd to death !"

CHAPTER XIII

LETTERS

CANON JACKSON was a voluminous letter-writer, and his communications to intimate friends deal so fully and freely with the incidents of his daily life, and the thoughts and emotions of the moment that, could a complete collection of them be made, they would furnish a very full and perfect biography of the writer.

Unfortunately, lack of space prevents us from giving more than a small selection of the more interesting and characteristic of these letters.

Here, in a vein of kindly humour, grown a little wistful with the years, is an allusion to his coachman, who was something of a character in his way—a privileged servant, and the subject of good-natured amusement among the Canon's intimate friends—

"November 19th, 1888.

"As for myself, dear K., I told Joe (there is but one real Joe) that though very bad, I did not need his master's black carriages to-day, at which the aforesaid Joe grinned in a very remarkable manner. He told me the other day he wished to have my photo to 'ang up alongside with another, and my own in the middle, what me mother said would be beautiful.'

Farewell. I am again jocose, and yet I am sad, so sad. Love from t'ould St. James' Parson."

One more specimen of the Canon in this lighter vein must suffice. It is a letter written to a young lady shortly after her marriage.

To H.

"April 26th, 1867.

"How shall I address you—dearest Mrs. H., or H., or some refuge from the difficulty like 'Friend'?"

"Well, I have got over it for this letter by this interrogatory opening, and the future will be settled when the future comes. Thanks, many thanks for your letter and all the pleasant information about your home which it supplies. But you do not say whether you wish to be unmarried again. Not that I can decree a separation, but I could sympathise with you in your melancholy condition! Perhaps you may not need my sympathy, and even be rather affronted at the possibility!

"I am writing like a foolish man, but my last letter just finished was on so grave and really painful a subject, needing a great strain of the mind, that I am like a child let loose from school in turning to you, and cannot refrain my gambols and frolics. For I know all the while, as I write about forsaking poor J., that you are just about the happiest body in the world, and can hardly believe you were ever not married! But mind and look after him, that same husband, for he is such a man! He can be saucy, *so* saucy—that I have experienced—and then he is often so unreasonable, there is no making anything of him, good, bad, or indifferent! Please don't let him know that I am thus charitably giving you the result of my intimate acquaintance with his character and conduct, but it must be a duty to put you on your guard!

Well, what better than all this nonsense? Why, that I am glad to hear you are enjoying your garden, though I fear the weather is again too cold to spend much time in it.

“Love to that tiresome husband!”

Yet genial as Canon Jackson could ever be, he never forgot his sacred mission in his gayest moments. In the following letters he will be found combining solemn and tender admonition with pleasant intercourse. Among the friends in whom he so readily confided were Mr. and Mrs. James Cropper and the Right Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Forster.

Mr. Cropper, who sat as the last Member of Parliament for Kendal, before its absorption into the Southern Division of Westmorland, in 1885, belonged to an old Quaker family, and, like Mr. Forster, he eventually joined the Church of England. His brother became brother-in-law to Mr. Forster on his marriage with a daughter of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. This was an additional tie in the mutual friendship. The lady who became Mrs. James Cropper—Miss Fanny Alison Wakefield—was a woman of great culture and saintly character, and a devoted member of the Church.

She took a large and practical interest in foreign missions, and of the amount of good works which she crowded into her short life it is not for us to tell. Her benevolence and ready sympathy endeared her to a large circle of friends, and her death, in 1868, at the early age of forty-one, caused wide-spread sorrow. The Canon makes touching allusion to it in the following extract—

"Leeds,

"February 19th, 1868.

"The copies of the 'Letter' came this morning, for which please to accept my thanks; also for the promise of more; they will be most welcome and serviceable for the cause of Christ. I preached last Sunday morning from the words: 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints;' and this very 'Letter' is a signal instance how our Lord works. *She* works—or He works by her in death, and hundreds that never knew her, and never would have heard of her, are now under her influence for good. We know not for how great good!

"So the three are together—the old man bending down with unutterable fondness on her as she knelt at his knees, and returned his gaze with eyes full of love and reverence; and the stately old lady in her seat at the opposite corner, professing not to see and yet seeing all, and dropping tears of common affection!

"'Deep in unfathomable mines,' etc. You know the hymn; it is wondrously true. So, too, is that other hymn, taken from the German—

"'Give to the wind thy fears,
 Hope and be undismayed,
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 God will lift up thy head,' etc.

"I would strongly recommend this beautiful outflowing of devout and reliant faith to your attention."

Mr. James Cropper's grandfather, who built a residence at Dingle Bank on the Mersey, was associated with Clarkson and Wilberforce in the suppression of the slave trade, and conducted an animated controversy on the subject with Mr. John

Gladstone, M.P., father of the great statesman. An uncle of Mr. J. Cropper's, who took over the family house at Dingle Bank, married a sister of Lord Macaulay—another link with the company of those who withstood evil in the State. On his marriage Mr. Cropper built a house at Ellergreen, a few miles from Kendal, and there from time to time, he entertained many men of mark and public spirit, who were attracted by his charm of manner and cultivated mind. Out of these meetings and from the gleanings of his books he compiled for the benefit of his grandchildren a delightful collection of "Memoirs and Notes." Among the character sketches in this book is one of Canon Jackson, and as the appreciation has some special value as being the judgment of a sagacious mind which had played a part in national affairs, we reproduce it on pp. 153-154.

We have already drawn largely on the letters written to Mr. and Mrs. J. Cropper for the purpose of illustrating various phases of the Canon's career. We now borrow from the same portfolio some pages which express his spiritual yearning over them. Here is a singularly touching letter addressed to Mrs. J. Cropper on her birthday—

"St. James',
"April 9th, 1862.

"Another birthday, my dear friend, and I come in along with the dear children and their own dear father, just as you are assembling for reading and prayer. Let me sit and kneel down with you, and be one heart with the others, as they inwardly ask our holy, loving, bountiful Father, to bless in the richest manner the wife, the mother and the friend; for Jesus Christ's sake, Thy Son, our Lord and Saviour,

Amen! I will not venture to say what is in my mind or in my heart, or to put on paper all I ask and beg for you. Only one word—may you be *His now and for ever*.

“But let me offer my sincere congratulations to all round the breakfast table (please reserve my cup of tea for me) on the happy anniversary, and wish the day may be in every respect full of joy to every one—to you, Papa, and to F. A., and to M., and to a boy called C. —. I love birthdays; they should never be passed over; whether they be of the old or young. No, nor even of those who are evidently not using time as they ought. Sympathy may awake reflection and tokens of affection may bring a sense of responsibility, and the decking of the milestones of life draw the eye to the numerals upon them, and to the thought of the end of the journey.

“Lord, teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom! In your case, my dear friend, this day comes so laden with memories and actual profession of good in every form, and opens out but a clearer vista of assured blessedness to come, of ever-increasing accumulation of the Father’s best things for His child, that we may cull the choicest flowers and hang the house with the loveliest garlands, and sing the loudest carols of joy and gratitude and love! Do not start back! It is all in Him: let faith do her perfect work—only believe. In the *free* gift of Christ is everything; Life, Joy, Peace, expanding love, glory, perfection, eternal youth, the hand-in-hand progress through life and for ever, with husband, children, friends of Jesus, Saints departed, Angels, all the units that make the whole—His Body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all! ‘That they all may be one, as Thou Father art in Me and I in Thee; that they may be made perfect in one.’ And Mary said, ‘Behold the hand-maid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy word.’

"My birthday gift is a very odd one, seemingly out of place. Papers on the Cross! But surely our rejoicing has its only true basis in the Cross, and it is only as we bring Him, and His Cross into our joy, that our joy is true, safe and lasting. 'May the Cross of Christ be your portion, and His love your treasure,' says Surin, the profound French writer on the spiritual life. . . ."

Mr. J. Cropper in his "Memoirs and Notes," says—

"... Canon Jackson leant to the highly wrought expression of religious sentiment which is akin to what is termed mysticism, though he dwelt much on the gain of joining in the rites of the Church. He writes, July, 1859—'I see your reference to Madame de Guyon. My best answer to such remarks is that her language is not to be taken without a careful reference to the general spirit of her teaching; and that whilst it may be construed (and by many would) to have an untrue and hurtful signification, it has all the while another meaning (and that hers) absolutely and necessarily true. M——'s book I have seen, but not read, but I am bound to acknowledge that whilst few books of modern theologians, meaning more especially our English University Divines, have ever much stirred me up to a greater longing and a greater effort for union with God, such books as Madame de Guyon, Fletcher, Macarius, Fénelon, De Louvigny and T. à Kempis, I have found most useful, and I never rise up from them without a sense of deliverance, and the breathing of a purer atmosphere. . . .'

"Mr. Jackson's friends were very scattered in their religious positions, and many of the warmest of them were not of his own Church. Workers of all faiths, Romanists, Quakers, Unitarians, came to help him and take his counsel in philanthropic efforts."

The Canon himself in the following letter speaks of his profitable intercourse with other than Churchmen—

“Weston-super-Mare,
“October 10th, 1860.

“Lately Mrs. SchimmelPenninck’s Life has fallen in my way. I have read it with peculiar interest, from the reference to personal friends. . . . There is much valuable deduction from a Life like Mrs. S.’s, especially that of seeking to look on all around us with a greater charity. Not condemning everything out and out because differing from ourselves and our own views. Obligated as I am to mix with all kinds of people, and the holders of all kinds of opinions, I hope that without sacrificing onesingle truth I can associate with them—Quakers, Baptists, Wesleyans, Roman Catholics, etc., with a true affection, and believe that whilst God cannot be the Parent of error, He yet bears with human error, and even overrules it for His greater glory, and man’s greater good. Not that it would be our good, were we unfallen creatures, but our good, such as we are when the agencies and instrumentalities for our recovery and final good must be taken in close connexion with our imperfect condition.”

In another letter he writes—

“Let us recognise there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.” (1 Cor. xii. 6.)

Some of the letters reveal what Mr. Cropper, in his later reminiscences, characterises as Edward Jackson’s hunger for affection, which arose in a measure from his intense solicitude for those whom he loved. Affection never made him indulgent, but rather more exacting.

But if he was faithful in rebuke, he was always far readier to plead and exhort. He had a wonderful memory for the Kalendars of those dear to him, as may be seen by this letter from Mrs. Armitage, of Farnley Hall, Leeds—

“Canon Jackson told my husband (who was his godson) he had always prayed for him three times a day, which was very wonderful considering his busy life.”

The following letter is an example of his pastoral watchfulness—

To a Young Lady Travelling Abroad.

To L——

“May, 1883.

“Your letter came yesterday, and I should not have allowed that day to pass over without replying to you and thanking you for it, but it was Monday, a day for many callers, and for preparation for the Evening Lecture, and for weariness after Sunday’s efforts!

“But I write this morning and gladly express my gratitude to our dear and blessed Lord for calling his dear child once more to Himself, and for the reunion with Him, in the Spirit. My own dear L——, you may at times be under a cloud—the sadness may return—but He is ever the same, and you will ever find Him a very *present Help and Comfort and Joy*.

“The long ordeal through which you are passing, the constant attack on your heart through the senses, this hourly necessity of watchfulness—a resistance to the outward and the visible—is, indeed, a severe trial

what you had never counted upon when you left England, and when, indeed, after you had left for some time, never assumed the character of danger it subsequently has done. I have known it; but it pleased my dear Lord to send me pain and illness, and so my first long stay abroad—six months only—was rendered less trying.

“Oh, there is no real life, worth calling life, away from God. The churches, the music, the paintings and statuary and beautiful architecture—and all this, with the glorious sky and mountains and lovely scenery—all are entrancing *for the while*, but then we have to die; and there is the dear work of, and for, Christ to be done, and souls to be cheered in their sorrow and poverty; and the living word to be ever more and more treasured up in the inmost being, and the features of the Lamb of God acquired for Eternity.

“This is the true life—all else is but the phenomenon, or visible, outside of the real—the shadow of the absolute and enduring substance. To live in God through Christ, for Him, by Him, and with Him, this is the true end and satisfaction of the soul’s cravings, and without this, all else is but the rind, not the kernel, not the life, the clouds, not the sky. And so you and dear K—— will some day return to us not alienated though tried, not fallen from the true centre, but shaken and purified. ‘Nearer my God to Thee.’ . . . You will think of us next Sunday, Whitsuntide, and our gathering on Monday. The hymns are not yet printed or I would send a copy. It must come after. . . . Do you remember us all this day last year, watching the procession at Berne, and then our going in the rain to Interlaken; and do you remember the day that followed, when a feeble old gentleman and a young lady sailed up Lake Thun, and the glorious sun on the snow mountains, and the good Christian on board, and the

luncheon at the lake side, and the journey to Lucerne, etc., etc.?

"Good-bye—love to the dear Trio, may He have you in His holy keeping!

"Ever thine."

"P.S.—I must not forget to add a word to you both about the alms-bags you sent from Florence. They have been used twice, so that they are doubly consecrated to God for His own use. In laying them on the altar the first time, I found great comfort in specially remembering the loving donors, asking that they along with their beautiful gift might be wholly consecrated to the work of our Lord."

The German gentleman referred to in the foregoing letter, seeing the Canon looked chilly on deck, moved to one side in order that he might get more sun. The Canon, cast a quick glance at the stranger, and with the sympathetic smile and courtesy which impressed all hearts said, "Sie sind Gottes Freund?" "Ja," replied the stranger, "und Gott ist auch mein Freund." Instantly the two became engaged in earnest conversation. The German told him that his daughter was shortly to be confirmed, and begged him, if he had written a pamphlet on that rite, to send him a copy. Cards were exchanged on nearing the landing stage. With tears in his eyes the German bent low and kissed the Canon's hand. He, too, was much moved, and in return embraced and blessed his newly-made friend.

This incident is typical of the Canon's eagerness to turn every chance encounter to spiritual profit, and may be supplemented by another, which we find in

one of his letters to Mrs. J. Cropper, describing a return journey from Kendal—

“On leaving Skipton the company changed again. I was reading the Lessons for the day, and one of the party said, ‘You are in good company, sir.’ (I was alone.) ‘You mean my book?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘I am trying to learn as much as I can about the country I wish to go to,’ and, then, I pulled out my tracts and gave one to each, with, however, one exception, a young man, who seemed purposely to turn away. Yet, after a while, when one or two had left us, he looked across and smiled and said, ‘Don’t you remember me, sir? I am H. B., and was formerly in the Sunday School.’ And so we were soon side by side, I hearing about his marriage, etc.”

CHAPTER XIV

LETTERS

CANON JACKSON'S friendship with the Forsters was of considerable practical importance to him. We have already described how the social student from Rawdon found his way to St. James' day school in his search for a working example of elementary education, and how, later on, as artificer in the legislative workshop of the nation, he was influenced by the parson of a poor parish in hammering out the pattern and details of the national Education Act. In their earnest estimate of life and their intense desire for the true advancement of the people, the two men had so much in common that, having once been brought into contact, the ties of friendship knit rapidly. Whenever Mr. Forster visited Leeds, and as the idea of his parliamentary candidature in the town took shape, his visits became frequent, he generally found his way to Brunswick Place, and Canon Jackson was a frequent guest of the Forsters' at Wharfeside, as may be gathered from the following communication from Mr. Forster's daughter, Mrs. Vere O'Brien—

"... My one abiding impression of Canon Jackson in his relation to my dear father and mother from

our earliest childhood, is, that he was throughout their lives their trusted and loved friend, consulted by them in many matters of importance, public and private ; the correspondent of my mother during times of political stress, and an ever-welcome guest at Wharfedale, where his visits to what he used laughingly to call 'the Prophet's Chamber' (a certain small spare room always given up for his use) were so frequent, that to this day it still goes by the name of 'Mr. Jackson's Room.'"

In 1861 Canon Jackson visited the Forsters in London, and the following letter to Mrs. J. Cropper describes an evening spent at Dean Stanley's on that occasion—

"Mrs. Forster took me to the Stanleys', and there we met the Vaughans, Dean Trench, Maurice, Lord Stanley, and others. Arthur Stanley was very communicative about 'Essays and Reviews.' Of these he was a stout defender, as you will find if you have read his article in the *Edinburgh*. He made several remarks which struck me as well worth consideration. One, that the Christian Church would come more and more to see and rest in the dispensations of the Holy Spirit, and it was put in very earnest and striking terms."

In the year 1865, Mr. Forster was suddenly seized with illness. The attack, though of short duration, was of an alarming severity, and caused a spontaneous outburst of sympathy and sorrow among his work-people and friends throughout the country. A little later, in the same year, the household was again thrown into consternation by the news that one of his sons was dangerously ill.

References to these two illnesses occur in the following letters—

"April 10th, 1863.

"I have had a person over from Burley, and he reports of the deep feeling everywhere called forth by Mr. Forster's illness; this is what might be expected, as no employer could be more entitled to the affectionate regard of his workpeople. He is truly a remarkable man, and the more so, as, with all this medley and pressure, his heart ever beats true to the highest chords."

In October, 1865, Mrs. W. E. Forster writes to Canon Jackson—

"My dearest husband has deeply realised this lesson of the uncertainty of life. Will you pray for both your friends, that they may learn from it to love and serve Him better in Whom life and death are one."

And Mr. Forster writes at the same time—

"It seems strange to be returning to life, and to life's plans and interests, after all had for a time been narrowed into such little compass, but God grant we may not do so in a forgetful spirit!"

Canon Jackson to Mrs. J. Cropper.

"November 24th, 1865.

"You will have heard the better news of Edward; now we may trust the dear boy will be given to those whose hearts God has so thoroughly opened to love Him. How beautiful in Mr. Forster to have hung over the boy in the way he has done! I say nothing of Mrs. F., for she was prepared to make every sacrifice for those dear children. . . . And with these visitations (Mr. F.'s illness, and now Edward's) how

singularly comes the opening to office, and his call to share the government of the country. Doubtless wisely and graciously conjoined."

In other letters Canon Jackson speaks admiringly of Mr. Forster's character and talents, and of the political enlightenment he derived from conversation with him—

"I spent a night at Wharfeside last week, and was more than ever struck with the largeness and clearness of his views. In one hour I learnt more from him respecting the Armenian question than from all I had read before."

Again, in April, 1863—

"I went to the station to meet W. E. Forster; he was alone, and we had much conversation about education and other questions, which was a special cause of joy."

CHAPTER XV

LETTERS OF SELF-ACCUSATION

SOMETHING has been said in a previous page of those seasons of depression and self-accusation which are apt to visit the most faithful and strenuous of God's servants. Canon Jackson was no stranger to such moods. Sometimes in the reaction from his spiritual offices, or at times of physical prostration he would upbraid himself in terms which seem almost exaggerated. He seems to have had all through life a strong conviction that to fail in the least was to be altogether unworthy.

The three following letters are utterances in this sense—

“Alas! I am worse than the world which I condemn, for I have light, and yet walk in twilight. I allow vain things to come between me and the light, and not unfrequently myself project the objects which thus reduce the noon-tide brilliancy which I might enjoy, to a dimness that allows of little comfort and less assurance! This, at times, is accompanied with a great heaviness in my ministerial work—like Jonah, I would get away from crying the message, flee to Tarshish, and get under the gourd. Newman's words seem to be strikingly fulfilled at such times. ‘Strictness is the condition of rejoicing.’ I would perhaps alter the word from ‘strictness’ to

'faith,' but this would leave one much in the same case; for faith, to be strong and active, must be a separating principle, as it is an adhering one; we only hold by Christ in proportion as we leave go our hold of all things else; whilst that our strength is proportionate to our faith, is a radical principle of religion. The end of the whole matter is, that we cannot live too simply and singly in, and for God, and that the more fully we love Him, and our will is united to, or lost in His Will, the greater is our own happiness and sense of safety; and, though greater, in the same proportion, our strength and readiness to do good to others.

"This is scriptural, to be found in every history, and required by every precept, and it is also especially an experimental truth—one endorsed by every true child of God."

Again he writes—

"The whole time I have been staying with a friend has been a continual cross-bearing. But I well know I need this kind of discipline more than any other. So long as I am active, and apparently useful, and a person of some importance, I am quite satisfied, and the welfare of the soul not cared for!

"The Lord knows I need driving, and I ought to be most grateful for this present application of the much required remedy."

"June 14th, 1860.

"Oh, for power to see one's own defects as clearly as those of others! As I say this I am aware of the true mirror which shows absolute goodness, and, by the contrast, my own wretched deficiencies and repulsiveness; and I know that the wiser course would be, instead of spending time in unavailing lamentations, to cry in the name of Jesus for the great gift of the Holy Spirit, Who, by manifesting Jesus to the soul,

changes it (would even mine) into the same image from glory to glory—even so, Amen.—E. J.”

At another time he confesses that in the humiliating weakness following an attack of fever, “I was led to speak humbly and earnestly when I believed I had not always acted and spoken as I ought.” To those who knew the Canon these expressions seem almost pitifully exaggerated, for he was invariably considerate and unassuming in his social intercourse. Who has not heard his “Forgive me, forgive me,” if he thought he had been hasty or had wronged any one in the least degree? Whatever his sensitive modesty may have persuaded him to think, the writer of the following letter evidently formed a very different impression of his patience and piety.

“Chapel Allerton,
“1891.

“DEAR SIR,

“Many thanks for your kindness in sending the two books. I have read many of the hymns and enjoyed them very much—also two of the stories. . . .

“I shall often think of the happy hours I spent in your room, listening to your words of peace and rest in your great suffering.

“May I be able, when pain comes to me, to be as patient, and by God’s grace follow your great example. Thank you, sir, for allowing me the privilege of attending to your wants. It was a great pleasure, and will ever be a blessed memory.

“Believe me, sir,
“Yours respectfully,
“E. C.”

Although they cannot be certain of it, the editors strongly believe that these verses are by Canon Jackson. Not only do they breathe his spirit, but they were attached to a letter to Mrs. J. Cropper in his own handwriting.

“I would be a Nazarite,
 Walk with Christ in garments white ;
 Follow where the Lamb doth lead,
 Be an Israelite indeed ;
 Seek to have no joys below,
 But what holy Angels know ;
 By the symbol on my brows ;
 By irrevocable vows ;
 By the Spirit's impulse given,
 Live on earth the life of heaven,
 Holy Calm diffuse around ;
 Show where Peace alone is found !
 Hark ! the blessed Voice replies,
 As it speaks, fond nature dies :
 ‘ Kneeling suppliant, wouldst thou be
 Milk-white Nazarite, like Me ?
 Wouldst thou be a child of God ;
 Tread the earth as I have trod ?
 Know'st thou not that I have been
 Nazarite,—yet Nazarene ?
 Be thou Christian more than name
 Then prepare for strife and shame :
 Scorn and woe and worldly ban
 Mark the consecrated man :
 Count the cost then,—weigh the loss,
 Win the Crown,—but bear the Cross.”

CHAPTER XVI

THE LITTLE HOSPICE—ILLNESS AND PROSTRATION
—OFFERS OF PREFERMENT—GENEROSITY—
MISSIONS IN LEEDS.

SUBJECT as Canon Jackson was to periods of sickness and occasional mental misgiving, it is not to be supposed that he spent the whole of his prolonged ministry in the trying atmosphere of St. James' district without at times lending an ear to friends who suggested that he had earned promotion to a less exacting cure.

We have made passing reference to Mr. Forster's endeavour to move Mr. Gladstone on his behalf, and the correspondence relating to that episode is given later.

But before alluding to this and other proposals for a change of living it will be well to recall the circumstances of the Canon's earlier ministry. He became incumbent of St. James' in 1846, whilst still a curate at the Parish Church. Almost immediately he was called upon to undergo the stress of the work occasioned by the famine year, and after that of the cholera epidemic. More than once he fell a victim to the contagion, which always lingered about that unwholesome part of the town, and found it necessary to recruit his health by occasional absences from the Parsonage.

To this end, Canon Moore tells us in his Reminiscences, "Mr. Jackson had a small house at Wortley, and used to retire to it on Friday night and return to Leeds on Saturday, and much did I profit by this rest, which he kindly allowed me frequently to share with him. He sometimes had one or two others there, including Dr. Hook's son Walter, then a young boy in somewhat delicate health."

It is to this little hospice Mr. Jackson refers in a letter dated May 28th, 1859—

"I have been having what I very seldom have, a day of entire seclusion in my 'sleeping place.' I am about a mile and a half from St. James'. This house stands on the skirts of a moor, which allows fresh air and unrestrained walks and quiet, whilst it effectually says to the ever-encroaching, aggressive town, 'Thus far and no further.' I have been in my quarters two months, and have much reason for thankfulness that I came hither."

In 1849, after recovering from an illness, he went to Germany, on the advice of his doctor, and remained in that country several months. During his visit he penned the account of a Confirmation Service at Frankfurt, which is reserved for the third part of this book.

In 1851 he added to his double duties as Incumbent of St. James' and senior curate at the Parish Church, that of Chaplain at the Workhouse.

While still in a state of convalescence, after an attack of Asiatic cholera in 1855, and much depressed both physically and mentally, he proposed to resign his appointments both at St. James' and at the Parish Church.

Mr. Francis Newton, calling at the Parsonage about this time, found him one day in great distress

of mind, and divining where the trouble lay, he went to see Dr. Hook. The result was that the Vicar, with the large-hearted sympathy he had always shown to his colleague, arranged a compromise, and it was settled that the Parish Church, with its district, should be given up, but certainly not the incumbency of St. James'. About three years after Mr. Jackson had resigned his curacy at the Parish Church, Dr. Hook became Dean of Chichester, and his great presence was removed from Leeds.

The following is the only letter in reference to this event which has come into our hands.

To H.

"1859.

"You will have heard of the great change we are to have in Leeds on the removal of Dr. Hook. . . . All are anxious to have a good man for his successor. It is a matter of earnest and continual prayer. Very much will depend on the kind of man we have elected to be Vicar, as to the religious character of Leeds for probably another twenty years. There is, indeed, a great field for exertion. The largest portion of our population is wholly ungodly, and the present ministrations are quite inadequate to meet the requirements. However, it is our Lord's own work and we know, that if we are only faithful to His word and our convictions, He will not leave us without a blessing. The more I think upon the subject, the more I am impressed with both the theoretical as well as the practical importance of a lively faith and trust in God. I see where this exists there is a power which can scheme almost anything, and where this is wanting the character is as truly impotent for good, as it is alienated in spirit from God."

In 1859, the year of Dr. Hook's retirement, Leeds was revisited by Dr. Hills, Bishop of British Columbia, who had been Incumbent of St. Mary's Church, and was thus an old friend of Mr. Jackson's. Bishop Hills strongly urged him to return with him to the new world, and his friend, who never put aside any reasonable proposition lightly, let the idea simmer in his mind. He wrote to Mr. J. Cropper on October 3rd, 1859—

"Whilst feeling that I am on several grounds unfit for the post which the Bishop of British Columbia offers me—a medical opinion on my physical ability would, I expect, settle the matter in the negative, and so make further weighing of the subject unnecessary—I have committed it to God, and feel quite ready for any decision.

" 'Keep Thou my feet; I do not wish to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

Eventually, Bishop Hills returned to Canada alone, but in the following year (1860) Mr. Jackson was again called to an anxious consideration of his position through the unsought activities of some of his friends. He thus states the case to his friends at Ellergreen—

"I have for the last two or three days been passing through a trial to me of a moral kind, perplexing and humiliating enough. Some kind—too kind—friends of mine without giving me the opportunity of preventing them, have formally announced me as a candidate for a valuable and important living vacant in Leeds (St. John the Evangelist's Church). I groan under the cross, and my pride, if not my principle, is sorely wounded. However, I am to-day somewhat less sensitive."

Writing a little later he says—

“This painful St. John’s still continues hanging over my head. I pray daily that if it be consistent with His blessed will, and the fulfilment of His designs, He will spare my going there. Some of my friends deem me morbid in regard to it. It may be so.”

In some respects the proposal must have been attractive, for St. John’s was the old church of the Jackson family. There his mother and other relatives were buried in a vault near the porch. (After Canon Jackson’s death his name was added to the stone, at the kind instruction of the then Vicar, the late Canon Scott.) However, nothing came of the proposal that he should relinquish St. James’ for St. John’s. Many years later, indeed shortly before his last illness, he reverted to the affair, one day when he happened to be at St. John’s for the purpose of conducting the marriage service for two of his young people. When the service was over, he remarked: “It is well I never became Vicar of this Church—the homely building and simple folk were perhaps the most useful sphere for me.”

About the beginning of the seventies there came to the Canon what must have been a very tempting proposal, for the Duke of Devonshire offered him the living of Bolton Abbey. But this he also declined.

Among further endeavours on the part of Canon Jackson’s friends to induce him to spend the evening of his life in a more restful place, we now come to the movement in which Mr. W. E. Forster exerted himself. The details of this episode are fully set out

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in the following correspondence, kindly supplied to us
by Miss Arnold-Forster.

*From the Right Hon. W. E. Forster to Canon
Jackson.*

“Wharfeside,
“Burley in Wharfedale,
“Leeds,
“November 2nd, 1872.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“You will remember what passed between
Mr. Gladstone and myself about you in consequence
of the wish so naturally felt and expressed by
Dr. Chadwick and others in Leeds.

“You told me not to do or say anything more in
the matter, and I felt I ought to do as you bid me and
therefore did nothing, though my own opinion was
strong as ever that Dr. C. was not only justified in his
expressions but far, very far, within what was due to
you and good for the Church.

“However, I did nothing, but just as I was leaving
London, after the session, I had an inquiry from
Mr. Gladstone mentioning your name for an im-
portant London parish, I think in the West End.

“My first reply was that you had told me you
desired no preferment and that I doubted your health
standing the work. Upon telling my wife she
thought that we had no right to decide the question,
but that it ought to be left entirely to you. I agreed
with her, though of course I said what I thought of
your fitness in other respects, and so informed Mr. G.
that I was not sure whether I was right about your
health not standing the work, but that I was quite
sure you would not accept an offer unless you felt
yourself able to do the work. I heard nothing more
and therefore never expected to hear anything. But
I have this morning a note from Mr. Gladstone, in

which, after saying that he practically leaves the London parish to the new Lord Chancellor, he mentions what 'would seem to be a more eligible' parish . . . in Gloucestershire, which he empowers me 'to offer to Mr. Jackson in my name, confidentially of course, but no time should be lost.'

"I have explained the whole matter, my dear friend, in order that you should clearly see that this offer comes entirely unsought and unasked for by me, and after I had told Mr. Gladstone you wished for no preferment.

"He sends with his note this slip, . . . 'income £650 and house, pop. 481.' I have little doubt that Mr. Gladstone brings up your name from what he has heard, otherwise than from me, of what you have done.

"I lose no time in sending you this note, but I do not ask or wish you to reply by bearer, as I want you seriously to consider the matter—taking your health into consideration. As regards myself I have only two things to say, I should *grieve* over the distance from you, but we would come and see you, and *I* think the offer no acknowledgment. *I* think you ought to be allowed your choice of all the deaneries and canonries in the kingdom.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"W. E. FORSTER."

"Leeds,

"November 2nd, 1872.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I will not give my definite reply now, for I am sure you are right in asking me not to do so. But I think I see what it must be. I will write in a day or two to you at your new home. The one thing, which I feel about all this, and what took place before, is your most undeserved friendship. For, indeed, and in truth, your opinion of me is far beyond what I

deserve. But one thing I can say, that to be sure you were quite well again, would be more valued by me than 'all deaneries and canonries in England.' Dr. Chadwick has just returned from his long absence abroad, greatly restored in health. He made his first call this morning, when I spoke to him of your indisposition, and was thankful to learn from him, that so far as he could judge by what I said, you laboured under nothing but what care and *lessened work* would remove. This was the more grateful, because Lake, in a note this morning, says, 'I was sorry to see him looking so unwell. He ought to be kept from over-work at present.'

"Love to all,

"Yours ever,

"EDWARD JACKSON."

"Leeds,

"November 6th, 1872.

"MY DEAR MR. FORSTER,

"It was due, I felt, to the offer you communicated to me on Saturday, and to the quarter from whence it came, that it should receive no hasty decision, and I have therefore taken the few days which have since elapsed to give the matter a really thoughtful consideration.

"The result I have arrived at is in entire accord with that which at the first reading your letter, I instinctively felt to be right, viz. to decline the living which Mr. Gladstone was good enough to place at my acceptance. My reasons for this decision are these: First, I cannot share in the opinion of my friends, that anything in my ministerial career deserves such a recognition as the bestowal of a Crown living would imply. Secondly, there is the unwillingness to separate myself from a sphere of work, and of not inconsiderable influence, with which my whole life has been mixed up. It is true, and,

indeed, not unlikely that I may not be able to go on much longer as I have done, but I would rather let the discharge from the strain of my Leeds life come, when it does come, as a necessity, and not voluntarily.

"But there is this further consideration which you, I think, will not deem unimportant, viz. that having now for nearly thirty years held a somewhat trying charge without any pecuniary advantage, I would not willingly lose the vantage ground this disinterested service affords me, when having to do work on sharp Leeds working-men, and pressing upon them the claims of religion in general, or the cause of the Church of England in particular, I would not like these people to say, 'He worked a good long while for nought, but he got well paid at last.' And this is all the more important, on account of there being so few clergymen who are able to render this special homage to truth and endorsement of their profession, which I, owing to having had a moderate private income, have been able to give.

"I must ask you, therefore, to inform Mr. Gladstone that I respectfully decline the living, and at the same time to express how deeply grateful I feel for the valuable offer he made—indeed, I trust I can truly say, quite as grateful as though the offer had been accepted.

"Believe me,

"Yours always truly,

"EDWARD JACKSON."

Letter from the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster to Mr. Gladstone.

"Education Department,

"Whitehall,

"November 7th, 1872.

"MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,

"I have Mr. Jackson's reply to and refusal of your kind offer of the Gloucestershire living this

morning, and I lose no time in forwarding it to you. It will in a measure explain to you why I think so highly of him as I do. I wish he could have accepted the offer, as I much fear Leeds will kill him, but I cannot say he has done wrong in refusing.

"There is no doubt of his great power for good in Leeds. At a large meeting of Leeds working-men at the Leeds Church Congress, when the Bishop of Manchester wanted to appeal to the audience in proof of what the Church did for the working-man, Jackson was the name he used, and the meeting responded as one man. Anyway, I am much obliged to you for having remembered him.

"Yours very truly,
"W. E. F."

The whole argument, leading, from Canon Jackson's standpoint to the inevitable conclusion, is set out in this correspondence. It was not that his friends over-estimated the periods of weakness that came upon him or his natural desire for rest. It was not that his powers of organisation and inspiration were unequal to what was humanly regarded as a more important sphere; quite the contrary. It was not that he lacked appreciation of rusticity and repose; there are a score of allusions in his letters which show that he was a country-lover—note especially the letter on a Somersetshire retreat in the second part of this book. None of these things account for his refusal to leave his poor district in the dingy slums of Leeds. The sum of the matter was this—he had undertaken to do a work for his Master, and he would not lay it down so long as he could stand upright. Moreover, in the doing of it he had come to love it greatly.

We may say that he had lost his heart to St. James', and in its human friendships and opportunities he found compensations and consolations greater than any the Prime Minister or the Lord Chancellor could bestow. All this is charmingly expressed in a letter which he addressed to Mrs. W. E. Forster at the time of his final refusal of the Gloucestershire living—

“ Perhaps after giving you this account, it will be no matter of surprise to hear that I am greatly importuned to come and take the place into my own hands, and begin again in such a way and for such special ends as I think best. For some reasons I would like to do so, and for others, equally or more weighty, not. ‘A man may not put away his wife for any cause’—certainly not because she is dirty, or poor, though these may not be pleasant; and my Leeds better-half has her good qualities, such as may not always be found near purling brooks and within picturesque thatched cottages; nor even in the ecclesiastical shadows and associations of mediæval and semi-collegiate life. Our dull, unvarnished, every-day manufacturing town work, with all its din and pressure, and apparent repulsiveness of various kinds, has often that which the sweet-looking country fails to give. I love factory lads with all my heart, and have reason to thank my Merciful and All-wise and Loving Guide and Director for bringing me into contact with such, and showing me how, in the utmost dreariness of sunk town existences, His Image may appear as the fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely! No, let us lie at His feet, and listen only to His Voice, and then we shall neither run out of the way, nor be negligent to observe His call to rise, leave all, and follow Him.”

So Edward Jackson continued and ended his

ministerial career as he had begun, Incumbent of St. James', Leeds. The sole change of any importance was when, on the death of his brother in 1864, he left the Parsonage and went to live in Brunswick Place. Concerning this change he writes to Ellergreen—

"I am now in the house which was my brother's. It was very pleasant to have a call from my dear young curate, J. H. Hammond, and to have my first family prayer in the new home marked with his earnest and loving supplication.

"Then, at 9 A.M., my next-door neighbour—a dear young fellow, John Town, came, and we had prayer. Then F. Newton, full of love, and prayer together, and by both of us. Then Mr. Tetley with my younger nephew, to luncheon. These, with other visitors, writing, and arranging of books and papers, and new cupboards, etc., have well filled up, so far, the day.

"I wish I could look upon the green fields, and breathe the delicious fresh air. Yes, this is Leeds. There are, indeed, some trees opposite the window, and some grass, but all is of a dark and sombre hue; the stems of the trees very black.

"Oh, the town is the town; I cannot compare it to anything worse than itself. It has, however, redeeming features; warm hearts, and here and there a flower growing out of its dusky bed with the veritable fragrance of heaven exhaling from it. Blessed be God, the Holy Ghost is not confined to the outwardly fair and bright."

From the ampler room and somewhat more cheerful surroundings of the new house, the good pastor pursued his faithful care of the flock—sometimes exhausted by the effort, now and again cheered by some cordial token that his labour was not in vain.

In 1875, the late Bishop Bickersteth—in whose “Life,” by his son, there are touching references to Canon Jackson—made him an honorary Canon of Ripon Cathedral. Replying to one of the letters of congratulation which the event brought to him, the Canon wrote—

To H.

“May 7th, 1875.

“Your letter was very welcome; accept my thanks for it and for your kind inquiries. I want rest, but here our work is great, having been, since Canon Aitken’s Mission, nearly doubled. How far other churches have had the same results, I am unable to say, but mine has shown much to be thankful for. You allude to the Canonry. Believe me, few things have given me more trouble of mind. I was so unwilling to accept it, that I took some days before, by the earnest pressure of friends, I could bring myself to write and accept the ‘honour.’ For, indeed, I neither desired nor deserved honours, and this honour was about, of all honours, the most unmeaning. However, J. will be glad to know that one practical result has followed my being Canon. Having to go and read myself in at Ripon, I found to my surprise that there was no Communion, it only being administered once in the month. This drew from me strong expressions of surprise and disappointment that I should leave my own church, where there was Communion, for the Mother-church of the diocese, to find there was none. The poor old Canon-in-Residence summoned a Chapter, and, in a letter a few days ago, informs me that last Sunday (the second after I was there) weekly Communions were commenced. For this I am thankful.”

We have already made passing mention in the

earlier part of this narrative of two missions held in Leeds ; the first in 1875 and the second in 1883.

It was into the former that Canon Jackson threw himself—both body and soul. He gave of his best in every way. For months previously he had been praying for it, and had acted as one of the chief organisers ; and when the time arrived, it found him and his large and zealous band of workers prepared to “go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.”

Night after night the crowds of people who besieged St. James’ were held spell-bound by the earnest and eloquent addresses of Canon Aitken, then in his fresh, full vigour, and their interest deepened as the glorious results of the “after meetings” caused his message to become even more and more direct and helpful as the mission proceeded.

Something of the blessed practical effects of this “revival” in his own church, Canon Jackson expressed in the letter just given.

It was a wonderful mission !

The noon-day gatherings in the great Victoria Hall were one of its most notable features. A temporary platform was erected on the west side of the Hall, from which the missionaries and local clergy addressed huge assemblies of business men. At these gatherings none was more zealous or soul-inspiring than Canon Jackson. The vast sea of upturned faces in the body of the Hall, with eyes rivetted on the speaker, and the hearty singing of the hymns were sights and sounds never to be forgotten.

The Canon’s efforts, on behalf of this mission, were not confined to his personal labours and minis-

trations. Canon Aitken tells us in the following passage from his *Reminiscences* of his generous help in financial matters.

"His generosity was princely. Probably he never was what might be called a rich man; and it was found at his death that he had made such calls upon his principal, that, had he lived much longer, he must have actually been poor; yet his liberality would have led one to suppose that he was very wealthy; and, indeed, for my own part, I always took it for granted that he was, and so did not realise, until he had passed from us, how much of self-sacrifice there was in his open-handed bounty. And it was all done in such a quiet unobtrusive way that in many cases only God and the recipient of his gifts knew anything about them.

"Now that he is no longer with us I feel free to give an example or two, which I could not have made public had he still been living. I gathered from a conversation I had with a friend during the great mission of 1875, that he himself was personally responsible for the heavy expense which it entailed at St. James' Church and mainly for that incurred at the Victoria Hall. The hire of that great Hall for some ten days, for two services daily, must have been no trivial item, to say nothing of the other expenses incidental to a movement conducted on such a large scale. When all was over he accompanied me to the station, and after a most tender farewell, just as I got into my carriage, he slipped a somewhat bulky envelope into my hand, with the direction that I was not to open it till the train had started. Imagine my surprise at finding that it contained not only a letter full of gratitude to God, and under Him to me, for the work that had been done, but also railway bonds to the value of between £250 and £300. As he left me free to use them as I liked, those bonds became

the first possession in capital of the Society which was just at that time beginning to take form as "The Aitken Memorial Fund"—a tribute to the memory of my dear father, which is now better known as the Church Parochial Mission Society, so that his generous gift to the son came to be a memorial to the father."

Canon Jackson was unable to take an active part in the 1883 Mission, having barely recovered from a serious illness in 1882, but the keen and sympathetic interest with which he followed it all is described by Mr. Darwin Fox.

"The last time I saw him was during a general mission in which he was forbidden by doctor's orders to take any part. So, St. James' stood aloof, but his house might have been connected by telephone with all the leading churches in Leeds, so accurately had he gauged the character of the work in each and the characteristics of the several missionaries."

It was very rarely that the Canon could be induced to preach in any other than his own church, but he constantly addressed meetings elsewhere and took the chair at drawing-room meetings. Wherever his name appeared as speaker, there was sure to be a large attendance. In May, 1879, he gave an address to church workers at Harrogate, and notes of it have been kindly supplied to us by the Hon: Mrs. A. O. Jones—

"Every Christian, by virtue of his profession, is bound to be a helper in the work of the conversion and salvation of souls. Any idea of Christianity that does not conceive it to be a trusteeship, a priesthood offering spiritual sacrifices and affecting those around us, is false. The child of God is to be a spiritual

mesmerist affecting all whom he meets for time and for eternity. His walk, his deportment, his character, is to leaven the lump. If you belong to Christ then you say, 'Body, soul and spirit are Thine, to be a response to Thy holy will, O God.'

"We call ourselves *helpers*. Who will come to the help of the Lord? That you and I can be used by the Eternal God for His Own gracious purposes; why, the very thought is enough to make us start from our seats. That mighty Being use *me*, my thoughts, my affections as His assistants. Let me grasp that stupendous thought and the world may come around me, I would not look at it. The world's glory fades into nothingness. What the world offers me in this way of means and appliances, these will I make use of to further His cause; but only use them to this end. I am looking to the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, the wounded One. Dear Lord, let me just worship Thee and give Thee myself and all I have to be Thine alone! . . . This deep conviction of being *entirely* the Lord's, leads us to call ourselves helpers in His work. It is to be viewed in two lights, 1, *The general*; 2, *The special*.

"(1) The helper in his individual capacity is ever to keep steadily before his mind this object of life—to be a co-worker with God. Is it in the railway carriage, it is to be this; is it in domestic duties, etc., etc., it is to be this. I am speaking of those upon whom the Holy Spirit impresses this view of the sanctification of human life to the glory of God.

"(2) Then the special. Every one is invited to join in some special work, organised and laid down. *Sunday Schools* . . . blessed far beyond what we had the slightest right to expect in comparison with the labour bestowed.

"*Adult Bible Classes* which are peculiarly needed, and followed by special blessing. One of our men brought to God, at one of these Bible classes, had

been a great swearer. One day he went into a shop when a mechanic was swearing, who presently turned round and said, 'Jack, if I had known thou wert there I would not have sworn.' *Mothers' meetings* (he said a great deal about these and the blessing following). Another agency is that the *working men go and read the Scriptures* in the houses of their fellow workmen who allow it to be done—there are hundreds who hear the Word of God in this simple way. . . . People say you should not do that, or they will never want to go to a place of worship. Just the reverse. It begins there. Then they go on to the mothers' meeting or the Bible class—then they attend church, then come to the Lord's Table. Then they say, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' . . . After the evening service there was a knock at the vestry door; a woman entered. I asked, 'Have you something to say to me?' She burst into an agony of weeping, 'Oh, sir, what must I do to be saved?' She had been first impressed at the mothers' meeting—then she had come to church. We prayed and she gave her heart to God that night. You ask what she became? One of the most saintly members of my congregation; for twelve years after she was the most self-denying, self-sacrificing woman I ever knew. Wherever there was sickness or need, there was she to be found. . . . Four hundred followed her to the grave, and yet that woman had been one of the worst women in Leeds.

"*Temperance work.* A deputation of working-men came to me the other day with a portion of the map of Leeds embracing 12,000 people, which they had divided into districts, proposing in the course of the next ten days (after their day's work), to visit every house to ask if those in it were favourable to the closing of public-houses on Sundays. . . . We mix up all our temperance work with religion. . . . We plead with them over the blood of Christ. We plead with

them over the Jesus who is ever saying, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour.' I try to impress upon them not to be satisfied with collective work, but to deal with individuals one by one . . . with perseverance, patience—long patience . . . to keep to them, for Satan holds them like a leech . . . to persevere until the victory is gained. The time of sickness is peculiarly our time, or after a death, then we must follow up God's own dealings and 'compel them to come in.'

"(The Canon here looked upwards). 'If we only looked to Thee—Thou Who wast tried and didst persevere—enduring the Cross, despising the shame ; O, help us never to be weary in well-doing !'

"Be real ! Be simple ! Be true !

"Be thorough ! Death is coming ! Judgment is coming ! Oh, be thorough, in the name of God be thorough !"

After his retirement from the School Board in 1882, Canon Jackson confined his activities more especially to the work of his own church which had greatly increased, and to the numerous missions, societies and institutions with which he was connected. The unwearied devotion to the Navy Mission of which Mrs. E. Garnett speaks in her "Quarterly Letter to Navvies" is only illustrative of the practical interest he took in most of the other missions and societies with which he had to do.

". . . He found time to travel many miles and to speak often at meetings for the Navy Mission. For many years he hardly ever missed a committee meeting, and came often in the two last years when he really was too ill to do so. His wonderful business head and great capacity made the most difficult affairs clear."

CHAPTER XVII

LETTERS

IN the spring of 1882, being greatly in need of a change, Canon Jackson went away for a few weeks. This extract is from a letter he then wrote to a family staying abroad whom he was about to visit—

To L. and K. S.

"Easter Monday, 1882.

" This morning had a service after my own heart—a quiet, solemn Communion at 7.30. All so peaceful, and so full of the presence of Christ—the risen glorified Jesus! The weather is so beautiful, dry and sunny; all so cheering, and this brings me to write about my coming out to join you. I set off by Calais, the Rhine, and Frankfort next Monday (D.V.), and if I do, how can I get on to you? . . ."

This visit he happily accomplished, travelling as far as Berne with friends—Mr. and Mrs. Bateman. Whether as host, guest, or fellow-traveller, he excelled. He was surprisingly keen about sight-seeing, considering his frail health and years, even going out on his balcony before five to watch the glorious effect of the sunrise on the Bernese Oberland. As his fresh and eager mind became enraptured with nature's wondrous charms, his joyous and buoyant spirits would find outlet in delightful impromptu lines. Attacks of

asthma were, however, all too frequent, and the terrible news of the dastardly Phoenix Park tragedy greatly distressed him and cast a gloom over the rest of his stay abroad. Soon after his return to England he developed a most serious illness, which is the subject of the following letter to Mrs. W. E. Forster.

“Leeds,

“July 11th, 1882.

“MY DEAR MRS. FORSTER,

“This morning the doctors were able to inform me that the one symptom which, so long as it continued, made the case to be one of anxiety and danger, had within the last two days suddenly and almost wholly disappeared, and that they now could very warmly congratulate me upon having ‘turned the corner.’

“They, however, still insist upon the same care, close confinement to bed, simple diet, no meat, see no one, and have no anxious affairs of any kind. So, in ten days from the time when they felt it their duty to apprise me, that except to be absolutely hopeless, the case could not be more grave, this great change has taken place.

“The time has been a trying one in regard to pain and debility, and a solemn one in more important respects, but it has been especially a *good one*—one to be profoundly thankful for. And now if I return to life having had ‘my face for nearly a month turned to the wall,’ I feel I would rather not do so unless I can keep myself in the same close relationship to Christ that I have been brought into. But this as He has been pleased once more to renew my life, I must trust Him for.

“There are other points that look difficult; questions as to work, residence, mode of living, etc., but these, with the one greater, must be left to the

Good Hand which has so mercifully (oh, how mercifully) led me all my life long.

"I must not write more, except to add the assurance of my grateful love to you and to my dear friend, dearer to me now than ever, and to my dear F. and F., and that I am, my dear Mrs. Forster,

"Yours most truly,

"EDWARD JACKSON."

CHAPTER XVIII

HIS CLOSING YEARS

DURING the last few years a great weariness began to weigh upon him at times, but as may be seen from the following entries in the diary of one who knew him, his spirituality and playful sense of humour did not desert him.

March 1st, 1891. He was still in his cassock and leaned back in the long-seated, mohair armchair in the vestry, looking frail and worn after the powerful sermon he had preached, when, on the churchwardens—Mr. Boyle and Mr. Shaftoe—making known the amount of the large offertory, which was for a charity, he said humbly, “Do not let us be proud of it, dear friends, but bless God for it.”

April 25th, 1891. Canon very unwell to-day. He says his time very nearly run out, and he will soon be at the gate up there, when the porter will say to him: “Who are you? I cannot let you in; you do not deserve to be admitted here.” “No,” I will reply, “not in my own merit do I plead to enter, but in my Lord Jesus Christ’s. Ah! Peter, thou knowest what it is, redeemed, restored, forgiven!”

When away from home for a little change, not being able to go to church, we had matins at the house. The Collect for the day (the 21st Sunday

after Trinity) was a great comfort to him. "Pardon and peace, pardon and peace," he repeated, "just what I was wanting." He asked for it again, and when the service was over got on to his knees with difficulty and prayed the Collect a third time.

After the critical illness at the close of his seventieth year, the Canon was never the man he had been before. He found it necessary to use a cab regularly between Brunswick Place and St. James'. His sunny disposition was maintained, however, and his loyal enthusiastic temperament did not fail him. On recovery from one of his frequent attacks of asthma, he would brace himself up and say, "My heart shall never grow old." He shrank from making new acquaintances, but to old friends he was unchanged. On his return from a few days' visit to the late Dean Fremantle at Ripon, he was heard to declare *à propos* of a walk he took with the Dean and his elder brother, "I am nearly eighty, yet I was the juvenile of the party."

His interest in everything seemed as keen as ever; his sympathy, charm of manner and beautiful gentleness only mellowed with age. As he walked along the street leaning on the arm of a friend, tram-conductors and cabmen were ever on the alert to take him up; people as they passed by would touch his hand or stroke his coat.

"The children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile."

Indeed, as a former Bishop of Truro, Dr. Gott, once said, "Everybody loves Canon Jackson."

When three-score years are passed, men's idiosyncrasies do not alter, they deepen; the Canon had



Photo by

Woods & Co., Scarborough.

CANON JACKSON IN HIS 80TH YEAR.

[To face p. 191.]

many characteristic traits. He was always methodical and neat ; a glance at his bookshelves and secretaire indicated this. Of his large correspondence there remained no unanswered letters. He even asked that those received on the last morning of his life should be replied to at once. He would pick up bits from the floor saying, "I am an old bachelor, and so do this to keep myself under discipline."

He would never fret nor fuss about things, and nobody about him was allowed to do so either. He was very strict about keeping appointments punctually ; and it was his custom to reach the Parsonage half an hour before the service, and to retire to his "sanctum" upstairs for meditation. He would not allow secular notices to be given out in church, neither would he permit bazaars nor advertising of any kind ; yet somehow everyone knew all that was going on, and we had no financial difficulties.

Much has been written of his affectionate temperament, and we have already mentioned instances of it among both his poor and rich friends. This faculty grew with the years ; his big loving heart embraced men, women and children in all walks of life, and each one could fill in his or her own picture of what he was to them, and say, "He is mine !" But all his gifts were alike consecrated to God, even his very affections. His one great desire for winning people to himself was that they might be led to seek God through him.

It was once remarked to him, "You love everybody." "Ah, yes, but I have my inner circle, and there are those as dear to me as my own flesh and blood, but (elevating his hands a little—as if

turning to One ever near), 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth I desire in comparison of Thee.' "

The following prayer taken from one of his letters will show his attitude towards earthly friendships—

"Holy and most blessed Saviour, unite our hearts wholly to Thyself, make our love to Thee perfect ; may we know and love all else but in and for Thee, and may Thy love so penetrate and permeate all our hearts, that our union with them in Thee may be an eternal one, Lord Jesus. Amen ! "

He has been heard to say, "I dream of Jesus."

Often, while he lay awake in the night he would make verses on the thoughts occupying his mind, and post them off to a friend next day. He wrote the following lines when nearing the end—

"Not for the world would I my Saviour leave,
Nor in the smallest thing, His Spirit grieve,
One thing I ask, 'tis His alone to be,
One thing I yearn for, 'tis His face to see ;
This prayer, this longing, Lord, must come from Thee,
Are they not tokens, that Thou lovest me ? "

In 1891 was celebrated the jubilee of the Parish Church as re-erected by Dr. Hook. This event had been much looked forward to by the Canon, who was, as Dr. Talbot (present Bishop of Winchester) appropriately called him, "the Patriarch of the Parish Church." Unfortunately an attack of his old enemy, asthma, came on just as he was about to step into his cab, and compelled him to remain at home. He listened eagerly, however, to a detailed account of the wonderful and inspiring service when we returned,

and was much gratified when the Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by Dr. Talbot, called upon him during this same visit to Leeds.

This touching extract is from a letter written to Mr. James Cropper towards the close of his life—

“My one great desire, should my life be prolonged, is to work for my Saviour, and amongst the dear people whose hearts He has won to Himself through my instrumentality.

“All else on this side of the grave must be only subsidiary, and going from home, and visiting dear friends, even the dearest can only be for rest, and refreshment in order to work the more for God.”

The Canon's birthday, the 21st of June, was always a red-letter day at St. James', but his eightieth will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to be with him. For several days letters and presents had been arriving from different parts of the world, the presents being all kept secret till the 21st.

One had to be up betimes in the morning in order to arrange them, and the floral offerings which continued to flow in. There were elaborate bouquets from public institutions, as well as simple bunches of flowers from his little friends. It was in his library amid all these tokens of devotion that the loved Canon welcomed the stream of people who came to congratulate him and to receive his blessing.

A crowded congregation assembled in St. James' Church at night.

“The gathering was in many respects a remarkable one, and it formed a fitting tribute to the work

of the loved and honoured Incumbent. The congregation was as representative as could well be gathered together in Leeds. All shades of the religious life of the community taking part in a united testimony of love and esteem to a venerable citizen. The sight was touching and heart-stirring, and the address of the Canon was appropriate to the occasion. Taking as his text, St. John xv. 16, 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.' He briefly related how he became connected with the church to which he had ministered for forty-six years, told of the gradual deepening of his spiritual life, of his work among the dens and slums of Leeds during cholera and fever outbreaks, and concluded by reminding his hearers that it was reliance upon God, and faith in the pure, unsullied Word, which made his ministry at St. James' a power for good." *

After the service the Canon made his way to the west door and shook hands with each member of the congregation as they passed out. Perceiving he was in a state of extreme exhaustion, Miss E. Frost thoughtfully dismissed some small children, but they returned and, hiding under the seats, appeared at the last moment hoping to touch his hand, which he instead raised in benediction.

But alas! the strain of that impressive day had been very great for the Canon with his fragile, suffering body and weight of years, and those of us who were mostly with him, noticed with aching hearts, that he failed to regain his strength as the days passed. All that took place on that memorable

* From *The Leeds Mercury*.

eightieth birthday seemed but a foreshadowing of what was to happen nine weeks later—on the day of his burial—with this difference, that the tired body was then at rest, and his gentle spirit with his Lord.

Among the many callers on that birthday were the Right Hon. W. Gerald and Lady Betty Balfour. After twenty years they write—

“We have an impression of the gracious courtesy with which we were received, and of coming away feeling that the qualities which called forth so much affection from all with whom he came in contact, must indeed have been no common ones.”

But in spite of failing health he still kept about, and did not even abandon his loved custom of going out to tea with his friends. He visited the more serious sick cases, and took part in the services as usual. Who that heard it will ever forget the last Sunday night sermon, which he delivered with singular intensity from the text, Romans viii. 14-17. After picturing to us the wonderful privilege of *sonship* with God, and the blessedness of realising it to be our appointed portion, he paused, and with frail form erect, and biretta in hand, his head thrown back amid a halo of silvery locks, his eye seeming to penetrate through the veil, his countenance illumined as if by a divine reflex, he exclaimed, “Abba, Father.” Then reverberated through the building, like an echo of what had been the “intention” of his whole life—

“Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small ;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

NOTE.—Owing to failing health in later years the Canon had had the high pulpit on the south-east side replaced by a low structure in the centre aisle, which was fragile and open so as not to block out the sanctuary. He occasionally wore a black silk cap.

CHAPTER XIX

LAST DAYS—PASSING AWAY—FUNERAL

(From our Journal)

AS the first week in August was exceptionally hot and depressing, the Canon thought he would like to try Boston Spa for a change. Dr. Richardson, his medical man, thus describes the discussion which followed—

“When Canon Jackson told me he proposed to go to Boston Spa, I reminded him that he had said that the place never agreed with him, that it was too relaxing, the grave of his family, and that the darkest hours of his life had been passed there. With one of his quick smiles the Canon replied, ‘Doctor, your memory is not always convenient.’ He then went on to say that when last at Boston Spa, for an hour or two, the air was so beautifully clear and balmy that he could breathe quite easily. Then, he added slowly, and somewhat sadly, ‘I should like to spend a few days there once again.’ I felt that his thoughts were busy with the past, and therefore ceased to argue the point.”

The Canon was not able to leave Leeds until the 10th, two days later than had been arranged owing to the illness of the master of the workhouse. Unwell

as he was he felt that he *must* go to visit the sick man. An attendant who helped him up the stone staircase remarked how much more feeble he was—that he leaned more heavily on him than he had done when there only a month before. We went to the Royal Hotel, Mr. Allison accompanying us, and he seemed pleased to be there at last. After tea he walked about in the garden and enjoyed the flowers and the comparative freshness of the country. In the evening after prayers he remarked, “We will try and do good to the servants during our stay here.” He retired early. The next morning (11th) he said he had had a suffering time, that he could scarcely breathe, and that the nurse had been up with him all night. Dr. Richardson was telegraphed for, but about eleven he revived, came into his sitting-room and seemed quite cheerful. A flash of his old humour returned at lunch when he put some raisins on to the plate of one sitting next to him, saying in a playful way, “I give thee all the sweets.”

The doctor advised him to remain a little longer and to change his bedroom for a loftier one. This was an improvement, and on the morrow (12th) he was much more like himself.

In the course of the morning he suggested a turn in the garden, but his feet were found to be swollen and he could not bear his boots on. Mr. and Mrs. Allison came to lunch and tea, and Mrs. Wilks, an old friend who lived in the neighbourhood, called in the afternoon. Though happy and interested in the conversation, he did not talk much.

During those few days spent at Boston Spa he liked as usual to be read to. In the quiet talks, one

could not help noticing how his mind reverted to his early life.

One evening, in referring to Dean Hook, he recalled that the Dean had asked him to live with him to the end of his days, and, half in soliloquy, added—

“He had a tender, tender heart.” Of his sister Mary he touchingly related that when she was nearing her end she whispered to him, “Dear, dear Edward, where do we part?” And that he replied, “I am at the foot of the Cross, the blood drops falling on me.” Then she added with a brightened countenance, “And I am there too.” She repeated this dialogue to the Sister in attendance, and soon after folded her hands over her little cross and passed peacefully away.

On Saturday (13th) he came into the room about eleven and remained very quiet, only now and then dictating letters. It had been hoped that he would be strong enough to visit Mrs. Wilks, who had invited some of the residents—mutual friends—to meet him, but he was unequal to the effort. Other friends calling at the hotel, on hearing he was there, went in to see him.

At Evening Prayer he asked for the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. His mind seemed to dwell on the beautiful passing away of a loved young friend, to whom the opening words, “There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus,” had been a great comfort and stay.

The night that followed was very trying to him, owing to incessant coughing and shortness of breath, and he was much exhausted after it.

On Sunday morning (14th), being quite unequal to going to church, he desired to have the service in his sitting-room. We felt how pathetically applicable the seventy-first Psalm was to him.

He expressed such sweet thoughts on the collect for the week—the ninth Sunday after Trinity. During the day he seemed even more gentle and meditative than usual.

He spoke of the future state, and, it did seem to him, "A silent peaceful land of expectation."

He looked very feeble as he lay on the sofa, and after dozing for a short time, woke up with another fit of coughing, which shattered him. He had no appetite at tea-time, so we decided, to use his own words, that, "as he had failed his cup of tea, he could not gain strength," and it would be well to return home. A letter to this effect was dictated by him, and sent to the doctor asking him to come out on Monday to fetch him home. About seven o'clock he said, "I am experiencing such a marvellously beautiful sensation and am perfectly free from pain or discomfort of any kind." It was noticed after a while that his lips were moving, and on being asked if he wanted anything, he said, "No, I am praying for my people, my beloved people."

Thus, although absent from his church on this the last Sunday night of his earthly life, he was there in spirit; interceding for his flock, his beloved flock, whose needs were engraved on his heart. The terribly stormy night which followed, probably aggravated his restlessness. At about 5 A.M. (15th) he complained of a pain in his side, and expressed anxiety about getting home. He would

himself look out the train for the doctor and Mr. Allison to come by, and word the telegrams. The nurse did all she could for him and we wanted to send for a local doctor in the meantime, but he insisted on waiting for his own. He then fell into a quiet sleep until eight o'clock.

On his arrival, Dr. Richardson thought seriously of his condition and would only consent to take him home on his, the Canon's, own responsibility. He was carefully carried to the carriage, and driven all the way, but not to the *white* door in Brunswick Place; for, ever thinking of others before himself, he desired to be taken in at the back, lest any of his dear people should see him and be alarmed. About five in the afternoon he was lying calm and peaceful in his own room, and seemed but little the worse for the long and tedious journey.

Some one remarked to him, "I am glad we are safely home again." "So am I, and so thankful," he rejoined.

He was quite clear about everything, made his own household arrangements, and asked the doctor for a second nurse. Harriet Proctor, for twenty-five years or more his faithful and devoted housekeeper, had passed away at the beginning of the year.

The morning following (16th), Dr. Richardson and Dr. Chadwick (son of his great friend) held a consultation. When they were gone he asked, "Well, what do the doctors say?" The reply was, "That if it were any one but you it would be a very serious case. Strength must be maintained: that means taking plenty of nourishment." "I understand," he said, as if realising the gravity of his condition.

Then, with a wistful smile, he added, "I will try to take all you bring me." And he did.

He asked for the hymn, "Pilgrim, weary pilgrim," * which he had once said described his own experience. It was at Thorpe Arch (near Boston Spa), while "O'er that same grey wall bending," which encircled the spot where his father and sister sleep, that the thoughts had first occurred to him. The reader's voice faltered at the fourth verse. He said gently, "Try and finish it, my child. I want it all." For some time he lay reposeful, with closed eyes, his lips occasionally moving. When asked if he wanted anything, he replied, "No; I am talking to my Master."

He passed a quiet night, his strength being maintained. On Wednesday (17th), noticing some flowers which a gentleman had brought in his room, he remarked, with his beautiful smile, "Don't think because I am silent that I am indifferent to all the loving thought and care of my friends for me."

He was keenly alive to everything that passed, both in connexion with the Church and his home, and most solicitous for the sick ones, praying for them and sending them messages. Had he been equal to it, he would fain have seen members of his congregation and other friends, who came continually to inquire for the latest bulletin. His revered, familiar figure had passed in and out among them for upwards of fifty years, blessing and uplifting men, women, and children, rich and poor alike. Was it wonderful, then, that the whole city, of which he was "no mean citizen," hearing of its impending loss, was impelled

* For the words of this hymn, see p. 327.

to cry, "Lord, spare him we love yet a little longer!" But he, the object of all this sorrow, was the least anxious one. His long-chastened spirit had been ever willing to co-operate with what he felt to be the designs of his Divine Master, and his patience was only equalled by his consideration for others. As we watched his ascetic face, its heavenly smile intensifying day by day, as, to quote his own lines, he caught "Glimpses of a glory hitherto unknown," one felt as though in the presence of one who had already passed within the veil.

Suddenly, about 4 P.M., he was seized with a severe paroxysm of coughing, which left him utterly prostrate. He never really rallied. Dr. Richardson was quickly on the spot, and, referring to this sudden change, says—

"At ten o'clock on the Wednesday, after his return home, the Canon was decidedly better, but at four in the afternoon I was appalled at the change. I found that soon after I left he had sent for —— and ——, and had been engaged in business. I said, 'Canon—why!—why did you do this? It has quite destroyed your chance of recovery.' He calmly replied, 'It is well. I have gone through all my *Trusts, and now I am ready.*' In one so ill there was an amazing effort of will power, but the enfeebled bodily strength, unequal to the strain, collapsed rapidly."

At 12 P.M. he became so much worse that the doctor was again sent for. He ordered him a restorative. This he bravely took, and giving back the glass, asked faintly, "Haven't I done my duty?" "Yes," said Dr. Richardson, significantly, "you have

done your duty." Later, "I feel so very ill." "Yes," was said to him softly, "it is 'Nearer my God to Thee.'" He folded his dear frail hands, and, with a look of peaceful resignation, said fervently, "Thy—will—be—done," just as in former crises one had heard him say, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

On the following morning, Thursday, the 18th, he could take no sustenance. He asked for his "daily portion" out of the Moravian Text Book. It was, "Mine elect shall inherit My mountains, and My servants shall dwell there." He lay very quiet for two hours or more, and seemed to be holding communion with God. The Rev. D. Allison was prepared to celebrate the Holy Mysteries, but the beloved one was already passing into the Real Presence. The weakness increased rapidly. To one who had moistened his lips he uttered a faint "Thank you" (his last words), and finally coma set in.

Intimate friends having heard that the end was near, stole quietly in to look once more on the face they loved so well. Mr. W. S. Sykes, who reverently kissed his hand, remarked afterwards, "He looked every inch a king." Dr. Richardson brought the Canon's old friend Dr. Wheelhouse, but it was too late; he was beyond recognising any one on earth. There he lay, a calm and venerable figure, as if in a deep sleep, with his silver locks suggesting a veritable crown of glory, and, amid a holy stillness, relatives and friends knelt around, with weeping hearts, pleading for the precious life that was ebbing gently away. As the end approached Mr. Allison said the Commendatory Prayer, and, at 3.30 P.M., his pure, noble,

unselfish soul passed peacefully, and almost imperceptibly into the new life of Paradise.

* * * *

Rest eternal grant to Thy servant, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon him. Amen.

* * * *

Robed in canonicals, his body lay in the room where he had breathed his last, while hundreds of sorrowing ones passed by the coffin for another look at their deeply-loved spiritual father and friend.

On Tuesday, August 23rd, the burial took place, and the body was reverently borne to the hearse by six of his devoted men, and conveyed to St. James' Church. At the West Door it was met by the Bishop of Ripon, * the Dean of Ripon, † the Rev. D. Allison and the Rev. F. Newton. The Bishop's voice rang out with the words of the mourners' Gospel—"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me though he were dead yet shall he live."

The coffin, covered with floral crosses and crowns, rested before the Sanctuary in the midst of his choir, who sang his own hymn—

"Oh, no ! it is not death to fly
Above earth's narrow clod,
And go along the starry sky
Up to our home with God."

After the reciting of the lesson by the Dean,

* The Bishop came from the Isle of Wight to take part in the funeral.

† The Dean, who was then eighty-four years of age, made a special journey from the far north of Scotland.

choir and people strove through tears to sing another of his hymns—

“The righteous dead—they dwell with God
In perfect and eternal rest.”

Taking for his text, Hebrews xiii. 7, 8, the Bishop preached a memorable sermon. And the form of God's priest, who had for nearly fifty long years, faithfully and regularly pleaded “the one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice,” and had performed the rite of Holy Baptism, and preached the Word in its saving power in that sacred place, was borne out to its last earthly abode.

The people left the crowded church to join the waiting throng outside. Over two hundred clergy and some fifteen hundred Sunday School scholars, each wearing a white flower, walked at the head of the long procession. Nearly the whole city must have been there, including representatives of philanthropic societies, and inmates of the workhouse and other institutions.

The bells of the Parish and other churches rang muffled peals, and flags floated at half-mast from their towers, and from the roofs of other buildings. Blinds were drawn, and shops were closed. While countless numbers lined the four miles of road between St. James' and Lawnswood, several thousand patiently waited at the cemetery. Traffic was stopped along the route for the half-hour it took the procession to pass any given point. Some navvies working on the road were seen to lay down their tools as the cortège passed, and with bowed heads, brushed away their tears with their shirt sleeves. A beggar-woman, who looked on with saddened face, a strip of crêpe flying

from a button hole, was asked, "And did you know him too?" "No," was the answer, "but he oft 'riz' 'is 'at to me." At the cemetery the waiting crowd fell reverently back, and the choir sang the memorable hymn—"When I survey the wondrous Cross," which was taken up by the multitude following, their voices floating sweetly through the summer air, as the solemn procession moved under the bluest of skies, and amid lovely foliage to the graveside.

The Revs. D. Allison and F. Newton completed the committal portion of the service, and the body was laid in its last resting-place amid numerous floral tributes of love, and there left

"Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep."

* * * * *

"Weep not, child of God,
Underneath the sod.
Are thy best beloved sleeping?
Jesus hath them in His keeping,
Perfected through grace,
They behold His face."—E. J.

* * * * *

"And we also bless Thy holy name, for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly Kingdom : grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen."

A simple white marble cross marks the grave, and the only words on it are those of a text chosen by himself: "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." On the curb surrounding the grave is the inscription: "Erected to the loving memory of the Reverend Edward Jackson, M.A. Incumbent of St. James' Church in this town. Honorary Canon of Ripon Cathedral. Died August 18th, 1902, aged eighty years."

END OF PART I

PART II

REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I

FUNERAL SERMONS—REMINISCENCES

IN the previous chapters the editors have aimed at telling the story of Canon Jackson's life more or less consecutively by the help of his own words, and the report of those who knew him intimately. It now seems desirable to give extracts from some of the sermons preached in connexion with his funeral, and to follow these with more detailed reminiscences contributed by his friends. In some cases, salient passages from these reminiscences have been used in the narrative. These passages are not repeated. In one or two instances, considerations of space have compelled the editors to curtail the matter sent to them, but they believe they have included everything that is calculated to illuminate and emphasise the Canon's personality and character, and that they have retained all those touches which help so much to enliven the portrait.

The following is a report of the Bishop of Ripon's address at the burial service in St. James' Church—

"The Bishop of Ripon, who took for his text the words contained in the 7th and 8th verses of

the 13th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews (Revised Version)—‘Remember them that had the rule over you, which spake unto you the word of God ; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith. Jesus Christ *is* the same yesterday, and to-day, *yea* and for ever.’ The sacred writer had in mind, he said, the sorrows of a Christian people, and he appealed to that common ground of appeal, the tender memories of the past. He used the vehicle of natural emotion, and who should say he was wrong when he did so ? He led their thoughts to the teachings of such lives as the one just closed ; he bade them imitate their faith, and he reminded them that one thing remained unchangeable amidst all changing things, Jesus Christ *is* the same yesterday, and to-day, *yea* and for ever. To them, therefore, to whom he was now speaking with many misgivings and many doubts, could he do otherwise than take words which seemed to guide their thoughts into natural channels and say to them, ‘Remember him that hath ruled over you, who spoke to you the word of God’ ? There was a legacy which men left behind them, the legacy of memory, and surely the thought uppermost in their mind just then must be, ‘We have not his presence now, we have only his memory.’ ‘Remember’ was the word of the sacred writer, and let them cherish those memories, for they were given to them of God, remembering that the emotions which they stirred were not unworthy ones. They would not accuse him of seeking to stir up what needed so little stirring in their midst, the emotions which were based upon those memories. As he looked round among them, and saw the signs of their mourning, might he not

say, 'There are few within this church to-day who have not some treasured memory of the kindness, and the gentleness, and the piety of him whom God has taken.' Whatever it might be, to some of them the sermon which had arrested their attention, to some the few fatherly words which he had spoken to them on the day on which they dedicated their hearts and lives to God, to some of them that sweet-spoken sympathy when their hearts were nigh rent asunder by what seemed insurmountable trouble, to some of them the smile with which he looked at them in passing by, which they knew was a good man's smile; and to all of them the memory at least of the life that was sweet in its ineffable kindness, and monumental in the exemplifications of the power of Christian love. 'Remember,' said the sacred writer; but there was nothing so deceitful as the memory which played upon the emotions. They thought, perhaps, why should they be told to remember when their hearts cried out it was impossible to forget. 'Yet,' said the great writer, 'remember'; and, he added, 'consider.' Let them bring the thing from the arena of their emotions into the arena of their calm and deliberate thought, and then examine it and consider its meaning; consider whereto it pointed, and what responsibility it entailed upon them. Remember, when they thought they could never forget? But solemn as were the emotions of the moment, the great wheel of the world began its revolutions anew, and the great stream of life would sweep them on its bosom till the emotions began to melt like vapour before the sun, and the resolutions of the hour to wither like a flower in the noon-day

heat. Therefore the writer said, 'consider.' Consider the issue of their life ; the significance and manner of their life. In a great and good man's life, however, there was left behind something more than a legacy of memory, and that was the legacy of his teaching. Were there any special features in a life like his? One surely there was, that at a time when zeal was not fashionable he was zealous. Those who met now with their hearts surcharged with sorrow, if they went back, would remember the zeal which touched their lives, and drew them under an influence for good. The spiritual history of this great town centred in that spot. He who was gone would not wish him to pass over this one feature of his life, and they who owed him who had gone so much, would least of all wish that he should pass over the fact that Canon Jackson's ministry in their midst was due, in a measure, to Dr. Hook. They two worked with a zeal that might put some of them now to shame, and their work stood as a good thing for them to consider. If the memory of the just was blest, if the righteous should shine in God's kingdom, he knew that this day there would be thousands in Leeds who would say, 'Thank God for His servant, for his teaching ; thank God for what he was in himself.' He could not explain it, but there was a charm about Canon Jackson, a reality of Christ—and the teaching of His life made Christ pre-eminent. Then the great writer said, 'Imitate their faith' ; from their lives came the trumpet voice, 'Follow me.' 'Follow,' cried a voice from the death-bed of the dear saint. Whatever else they might do, they might wipe the tears that they shed over his grave—they might even forget the very

form and features of his ministerial life—but his own last words would be ‘Follow, follow.’ Let them remember that if he were still in their midst he would say, ‘Wherein I have guided you, the light which has led me was Christ; wherein I have strengthened your hands, the strength which was in me was Christ; wherein I seemed to breathe life to you, the life that was in me was the life of Christ; and seeing that it was His power and His love, His light and His strength, that enabled me to be in my day some help to you, pray that His love may be born in you to-day.’ This should be surely the best and noblest tribute that any of them could pay to him who had gone, that they realised, as they never had realised before, what in the strength of Christ each of them might do. He had seen many good men, and their dear pastor was one of them, and in that solemn hour he called to them to cherish his memory, and to consider how Christ was all to him.”

Extracts from the sermon preached at the cathedral the Sunday following the funeral by the late Dean of Ripon.

“For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.”—PHIL. i. 21.

“The Dean said he did not know that he could find a better illustration of that gain to a son of God, and of loss to the Church, than by a brief reference to one of the Cathedral body—their late venerated and beloved Honorary Canon Jackson. It would be difficult to estimate the loss the Church had sustained in his removal. For more than fifty years he had been in front of the spiritual, benevolent and educational work

which had been done in the diocese. . . . It might have been thought that a man of his sterling piety and power of administration should have been placed in a larger sphere, but 'none of these things moved him,' he was reaping a spiritual harvest of souls ; it mattered not to him whether they were among the merchants and millionaires, or among the mechanics and mill hands of Leeds, his one aim was to win souls for Christ. His preaching was Christ crucified. . . . It was in the simplicity of his teaching and preaching Christ, the Way, the Truth and the Life, wherein his eloquence lay.

" His influence upon men could hardly be told. He (the Dean) held in his hand a letter from a Bishop of the Church of England, who said he 'wanted to express his feeling about the loss of that dear friend, his valued and loved and venerable friend and spiritual father. There are few who will feel the loss more than I do. I only wish the whole Church of England knew the true value of him who has gone to his rest. But he will live on in many of us who have been privileged to drink in much of his wonderful teaching. I can never forget his influence over us. . . .' This was most true. His church was filled with devout worshippers as he (the Dean) could testify. . . . There was a spirit of liberality and self-consecration rarely to be found in such a congregation. . . . A man went into the Canon's study one day in his shirt sleeves and handed him a roll of bank-notes, which he said he had been saving for the work of Christ, and when the Canon counted it there was a sum of forty pounds.

" If the loving heart, and the wise counsels, and the

firm and resolute spirit, and above all the fervent and trusting prayer, were to be found anywhere it was in the presence of this servant of God, in the meeting of committees, and upon the platform as well as in the pulpit. . . . 'The city that was set on a hill could not be hid,' hence it was that upon the day of his funeral a demonstration of respect and sympathy was made which had probably never before been witnessed in Leeds. . . .

"And who could estimate the loss involved by the removal of such a tender-hearted, venerable, faithful, consistent, sympathising, and generous pastor and friend and counsellor taken from his post? But he had finished his course and entered into his Master's joy, and we must not think of our loss, but of his blessedness, released from his sufferings, reaping his reward, crowned with the jewels he was permitted to gather during his ministry on earth."

By the courtesy of the Bishop of Truro (Dr. Burrows), we are able to give the concluding portion of the sermon preached by him at the Parish Church on the Sunday following the Canon's funeral.

"And when He was come into His own country, He taught them in their own synagogue, inasmuch that they were astonished, and said, 'Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works?'"—ST. MATTHEW xiii. 54.

". . . Perhaps some of us who knew Canon Jackson in life have felt something of this kind, now that he is taken away. While he still lived and worked he won universal respect indeed; but many perhaps hardly knew *really* what he was. He

was too close to them, but now we read the record of his long life in the papers, bringing before us incidents of which perhaps we were wholly ignorant, and slowly there dawns upon us the conviction that someone far greater than we ever thought has been among us—in a measure we have been like the men of Nazareth.

“ Here, in the streets of Leeds, has been living and toiling one who devoted himself to the service of men, and the service of God, who bestowed time and money and patience on philanthropic work of many kinds, on the education of the poor and the relief of the needy, helping on the blind, the sick and the incapable, who gave himself freely to preach the gospel of hope in church and schools ; but not only in these, in what we often too sadly neglect, also in our work-house. In a word he lived a life of beneficent energy, of devoted work for others ! That was the outside fair and noble. But that was not all. Behind the daily life, whose true character we only realise when it is ended, and we sum up the total account, there lay the secret springs of motive, of resolve, of perseverance. Can we doubt what they were ? He would have said himself, that it was only by the grace of God that he was what he was. Yes, it was God the Holy Ghost working in him and through him, that made it possible for him to be what he was, and to do what he did. He bore about with him a secret only to be had by the eye of faith—a secret easily missed in the battle of daily life—the secret of the power of God within him. For in very truth the good man is nothing less than one of the temples of the Holy Ghost, one of the members of that Church in which

He dwells and through which He works—an organ, an instrument, a symbol through which the Holy Spirit works, and in working reveals Himself. We thank God that such a one has been given to the Church in Leeds. We thank God that in the ripeness of his age he has passed quietly to rest with the Lord. We pray for grace to follow his good example, that in us, too, the life of Christ and the power of the Holy Ghost may be made manifest while we live, and, at our parting from earth, death may be swallowed up in victory.”

Among the extracts from letters which were read from the pulpit on the Sunday following the Canon's burial, was one from the late Bishop of Hull (Dr. Blunt), who, speaking for himself and his family of the “loss of one whom we dearly loved,” went on to say—

“We shall ever treasure his blessed memory and the recollection of happy profitable hours spent with him, and of his letters, full of affection, and breathing the spirit of love which filled his heart. I feel I have lost a friend whom I revered as well as loved. There was a most holy atmosphere around that man of love, whom Leeds and the Church of the North are now mourning, which seemed to refresh and elevate those who came in contact with him. It will be one of the happiest memories of my work in Convocation that I was privileged to share some of it with him, and always a cause of regret that more frequent opportunities of fellowship did not present themselves.”

The Yorkshire Post of August 19th, 1892, paid

eloquent tribute to the value of Edward Jackson's work for Leeds.

"A life of singular beauty, singular elevation and consecration of purpose, and also of singular breadth and variety in its interests, ended yesterday. . . . It is with sincere and profound regret that we record the close of the long and beautiful and unselfish life of Canon Jackson, and the news will not merely cause widespread sorrow, but will involve the cessation of the chief human source of guidance and inspiration to very many arduous lives. For to know him was to be indebted to him. There are many men now living and working, some in the Church, some in other forms of work, who owe most of the best of what is in them and around them to the untiring work and the wise guidance of Canon Jackson, and the ennobling and purifying influences which shone through his character, and were diffused by his life. It had long been known that he could have exchanged his scene of work at the centre of a great manufacturing town for the peace and serenity of beautiful country parishes, but that he steadily put aside all offers of that kind, and set his face with tranquil resolution to the spending of his life to the end, without material reward or worldly honour, for the people among whom he was born. Like the Shunammite, he said, 'I dwell among mine own people.' . . . Nor was it only that he lived for them. He understood them, these toilers in Yorkshire's largest and busiest workshop, with the fulness and subtlety of appreciation which are the prerogatives of a broad, many-sided, and sympathetic and withal kindred

nature. None ever went to his simple dwelling for encouragement or advice to aid them in fighting life's battle worthily and came away disappointed. . . . Line after line of his friend Matthew Arnold's noble tribute to the great Headmaster of Rugby comes to the mind as applying with singular felicity to the course of humble, but heroic, service which was finished yesterday. There is a great company here and elsewhere who from their hearts would say to him—

“We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm !
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself ;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful Shepherd ! to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.”

“That is much, but Canon Jackson's work as a Christian pastor was only one, though doubtless the chief, of the many aspects of his life and character to which reference must be made, in order to indicate, in however general an outline, the full nature of the man whom Leeds mourns to-day. No one was ever more completely possessed than he of a sense of the civic duties of the Christian ; no one was ever more

fully awake than he to the larger life of the nation as a whole. His time and strength and money—he had a private fortune, all of which, beyond his bare necessities, he spent without stint from day to day, from year to year, from decade to decade, upon his parish and other charities. But he was also one of the most influential, most strenuous, and most successful of the public-spirited band of men to whom Leeds owes the foundation and the development of the institutions which flourish in its midst for the relief and treatment of physical and moral disease, destitution and misery. . . . No one who, being in contact with public affairs, has had the privilege of the friendship of Canon Jackson can have failed to have been impressed by the broad, and, indeed, statesmanlike grasp which, though taking hardly any part in politics, he possessed of national questions. He had a singularly large and varied acquaintance among men of all ranks, parties, and creeds, and he had a keen insight into individual character and into the quality of public movements, a powerful memory, and a fine sense of humour, which rendered his conversation exceedingly attractive and interesting. His gifts would have qualified him to achieve success in many walks of life. With a quarter of them many ecclesiastics have secured wealth and honours. Yet we know that he has had, even here, such reward as he cared for. And now at eighty, amid the grateful affection and reverence of his fellow-townsmen, he has gone to his rest, and his exceeding great reward.”

Mr. Ellis Yarnall—a cultivated American

gentleman of Philadelphia, and for many years correspondent of the *Guardian*, wrote to the late Mrs. W. E. Forster—

“MY DEAR MRS. FORSTER,

“I have read in the *Times* of the death of Canon Jackson. I know how much you will feel this, and what memories it will bring up.

“It was through you and dear Mr. Forster that I came myself to know that good man. I have turned to my journal, and have read of my first meeting him (1855). I find there some lines which he gave—they have always seemed so sweet to me. It may be the delightful association of my visit to you and the remembrance of the dear Wharfeside Library make a part of their charm for me. I recall how warmly Mr. Forster spoke of him. A sermon I heard him preach showed me his loving, devout spirit. I was greatly drawn to him, and felt it was good to be in his presence. You have felt the blessing of his friendship and his coming to you to be a benediction. I last saw him in 1857, and yet have a vivid recollection of him, and have wished always that some chance of life would bring me to him again. What evidence this good man has given in all his long life of the true mission of the Church of England! I shall hope to find in the *Guardian* an adequate notice of him. . . .”

Extract from Journal.

“August 6th, 1855.

“A dreary, rainy day. Forster had to go to Leeds. Started immediately after breakfast, Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Forster, and I remaining. . . . Mr. J.

told me he had been reading Bishop Colenso's journal, that, with his mind full of the Bishop's details, he had been asked to meet a number of Wesleyan ministers who were assembled at Leeds at a Conference. The evening he had spent with them excited him—he heard much that interested him. The wish that the Church might again draw to her fold those who had wandered was strong within him. His thought had taken the shape of verse. Here were the lines. Would I accept them as a remembrance of him, and of our meeting ?

“YET THERE IS ROOM”

“There is room, there is room in the wide, wide world,
Fair lands where the flowers yet bloom on the soil,
Where Freedom's bright banner has never been furl'd,
And man may yet live without life-killing toil ;
Where the breezes of heaven blow fresh on the brow,
And the sweet rippling streams in purity flow,
And away from the struggle, the clang and the fear,
That harass'd and burdened and hardened him here,
A home for his children the pilgrim may rear.

“There is room, there is room in the Church of God,
A place where the toss'd and the lonely may stay ;
The courts which Apostles and Prophets have trod,
Their portals stand open by night and by day ;
And the voice of thanksgiving is mingling there
With low-utter'd sounds of confession and prayer ;
Whilst the Spirit descends on each contrite one,
The Love of the Father and grace of the Son,
The Eternal Reunion already begun.

“There is room, there is room in the heaven on high !
For ages and ages a numberless throng
Have mounted the steps of the glittering sky,
The stars all resounding their jubilant song ;

And still as they pour on that pathway of light,
The Angels who watch there in beauty and might
Are crying in tones like the call of the dove,
'Come, children of faith, to your mansions above.
Yet—yet there is room—God is infinite Love."

"To Ellis Yarnall, from his affectionate friend in the faith and discipline of Christ, Edward Jackson (Dear), Wharfeside, August 6th, 1855."

The Rev. C. Musgrave Brown, Rector of Lowton, Newton-le-Willows, Liverpool, writes—

"Canon Jackson's name was a household word in Leeds, and his familiar figure was an inspiration. He was essentially a man of God. No wonder he was the friend of the working-man, and the young man's friend. Among the most sacred memories of my early manhood, I place the personal friendship of Canon Jackson in the very first rank. Many were the happy hours spent in his library. It was in that room, that on March 12th, 1883, my decision was made for the ministry of the Church of England. For three months I had been waiting upon the Lord for guidance. Canon Jackson brought the matter to a practical issue. 'Five points,' he said, 'are all that need considering, and should at once determine your course of action—

"(1) *Family*.—Would your entering the ministry injure any member of your family who may be dependent upon you ?'

"(2) *Commercial*.—Would any one associated with you in business be affected ?'

"(3) *Intellectual*.—Have you a reasonable hope of passing the examination ?'

“(4) *Financial*.—Can you see your way financially?’

“(5) *Divine*.—Do you believe you have been called of God to the ministry?’

“When I had replied favourably to these five questions, the Canon said, ‘What further guidance do you require?’

“My decision was at once made, and the following October I entered, as a freshman, at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. . . . St. James’ Church was to multitudes, who attended from all parts, a very haven of rest—a very Sanctuary of the Lord’s presence, and the Canon was, indeed, ‘the Angel of the Church’ of St. James’.

“To him the Lord Jesus was ever a living, bright reality.

“The Church’s seasons were made to express the devotion of his heart. On Good Friday all will remember how every blind was drawn at his residence, while the church was like a *Chapelle Ardente*, with its sable hangings. Easter, on the other hand, found the church decorated with white flowers, as for a wedding, and his house a very bower of flowers.

“The inspiring soul of both occasions, I need not say, was the saintly Canon himself, who knew how to ‘weep with them that weep,’ and to ‘rejoice with them that do rejoice.’

“No one ever impressed me with the beauty and symmetry of our Church system and services more than did Canon Jackson. The way he used to speak of the ‘rotatory’ or ‘cyclical’ system of the Church’s year and teaching, I can never forget. In this, he used to say, lay the secret of the incomparable beauty

and superiority of our Church as compared with the Free Churches of our land. His influence in the development of an all-round Christian character was boundless."

The Hon. Gertrude M. Kinnaird in sending her *Reminiscences of Canon Jackson* says—

. . . It has been a labour of love, and an opportunity for living over some of my happiest experiences, yet I feel the words I have written are not worthy of him. . . .

In looking back over my life, I count it as one of my greatest privileges to have known Canon Jackson for fourteen years. His friendship and counsel were a real joy.

Well do I remember my first introduction to him, in 1878, at the Deanery in Ripon, where he spoke on behalf of the Navy Mission Society, with which his connexion was very close. My sister, Mrs. Jones and I, travelled back as far as Harrogate with him, and were immensely impressed by his remarkable personality, and the wonderful influence which emanated from him, and this feeling grew stronger every time we met him.

A few days later, my sister and I went to his Monday evening service at St. James', and the sermon is as fresh in my mind as the day I heard it, the subject being 1 Thessalonians i.

It was inspiring to watch that frail figure, full of a power that came from above, listened to by the large congregation in almost breathless silence. Never have I seen a preacher in such close sympathy with his audience, if the slightest stir or cough broke the

stillness, the Canon stopped and waited for complete silence before he even finished his sentence.

On later occasions it was my privilege to be present at the Sunday services. So as not to make the Communion service too long, owing to the large number of communicants, he repeated the words of administration reverently and slowly, without pause, as he passed from communicant to communicant. It was an experience never to be forgotten.

In conversation we learnt that the Canon fixed on Monday for his week-night service, in order to follow up the impressions left by the Sunday services, and experience proved that it was a wise plan.

During the fourteen years, between 1878 and 1892, I had many interviews with him, and received numerous letters, extracts from which I give later on. He had a way of making one realise the love of God as a personal asset, and of sending one away humble, yet determined to trust more completely Him Who loved us and gave Himself for us. As one sat or walked with the Canon he spoke as naturally and freely of spiritual truths and lessons as most people speak of every-day things.

Another marked characteristic was his wide outlook. All questions that affected the Empire, more especially all that bore on its moral and spiritual growth interested him. He was a good citizen and cared for the welfare of the people of Leeds. . . .

His keen interest in foreign missions was revealed to me personally by his participation in the work of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission of which my mother was a founder. During a difficult crisis he

was always ready to help, not by gifts of money only, but also by personal attendance at the meetings in Leeds and by advice to the secretaries there, and there is frequent mention of Mrs. Sykes in his letters on this subject. He wrote in 1880—

“Nothing, to me, is so painful in an age like this when everything around us calls for earnest and united action among those who are agreed upon the truth of the Gospel as to find disintegration and separation. The Lord unite all the children of God in one Spirit !”

At a meeting for this work in the Mayor’s room, on November 16th, 1881, he was asked to speak, and wrote to me—

“I shall take the opportunity of saying that I heartily support the original society and regret the disruption.”

His letters were always looked forward to with pleasure and he never failed to answer any question that was troubling one, and to give some helpful or encouraging thought. The following extracts seem to me to be worth recording. In 1879, after a winter of great severity, he writes—

“A dear friend of mine, now for many years gone to rest, used to say, that ‘a time of want and privation was the harvest-time for heaven,’ and there is much truth in this. May God enable us to work for these higher results for moral improvement, but above all for spiritual good.”

In 1881, he wrote, after a serious illness—

"I cannot but feel that this state of health must seriously impair my ministry, and if not ameliorated, my life. But I know there is the ministry of feebleness and suffering, a very high one indeed, by which the Master can be served, if He gives the needful grace, better than by the activities of health, so I lie in His hands, at His feet is for me the better expression ; just to be and do and suffer as He wills."

A very notable characteristic was his dislike of publicity. Writing about a visit which my brother, Lord Kinnaird, contemplated making, he wrote—

"He ought, perhaps, to know that it would not be public as is usually meant, we never advertise, never plead for money ; he would just see us as we always are."

" 1882.

"I open the new year with deeper feelings than ever of personal unfitness and a graver sense of the duties before me, but yet I hope with a more quiet trust in Him. I am, I confess, often very weary, and if not faint-hearted in one sense, am often so in another. People are so unwilling to see that the cross is not a reason for giving up but for entire consecration—for self-sacrifice, otherwise where is the being crucified with Christ? "

After a dangerous illness, he says—

"Thanks be to God I am able to do a little, and greatly I long and pray that to the utmost extent of the ability He gives I may, for the little time of my life yet left, serve His cause faithfully and I trust effectually. How strange that any Christian can be

satisfied to live without a whole heart and ready hand for the service of Christ.

“ 1884.

“ I am beginning the new year as the old one was finished, full of work and full of desire, thank God, to do the work for Him. Old and often very feeble,—though faint, yet pursuing.”

Again on New Year's Eve—

“ I am once more able to do something for the Master and glad I am to do it. Yet I know how very precarious all is, and that my duty and my privilege lead me to cling and to trust.”

“ *February 26th, 1885.*

“ A general acknowledgment of past sins is ever becoming and ever beneficial, with prayer for entire forgiveness, for we never know how far we have conformed with the condition of confessing our sins. But this is to leave no burden on the mind, for though it may be necessary for our own well-doing or well-being to be ever mindful of our mistakes, omissions and transgressions of the righteous will of the All Holy, yet He knows all without our saying, and He decides our state before Him, not by what we have done or left undone but by what we are, by what we are through faith and love in Christ Jesus, for if we have this then we are accepted in the Beloved, and our sins and our iniquities He remembereth no more. We remember them and bemoan them and in the same degree he puts them out of His sight. A child will say, ‘ Mamma, I wish I had never grieved you, I feel so unworthy of your love,’ in response to which the mother's love swells out increasingly to her

dear child. We must never forget, that though we are redeemed by the one Sacrifice, called out of pure grace by the one Spirit through the abiding love of the Father, yet we are to be changed now by grace unto His likeness in our qualification for glory and His presence. When I awake up after Thy likeness I shall be satisfied with it. But we must have no fretting burden about the past, in the assured consciousness that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Ever most humble and ever most trustful. God bless you."

"November.

"You have my best wishes for every blessing to rest upon you during this fresh year of your life. May our dear Lord give you grace to walk in a childlike spirit with Him, trustful and yet watchful, casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you.

"Shall I tell you what for years I have made my practice? Formerly I made strict rules for myself and for some time probably got good from them, but afterwards found that the worry of mind, following on even unintentional breaking of the rules was more hurtful to me than being not thus bound at all. So now I content myself with offering to the Lord a whole burnt offering of love and service each morning, and thus through the day ever almost involuntarily looking up and saying, 'Lord, here am I.' And this quiet waiting on Him in calm absolute dependence, is full of all active service, because one is ever ready to respond to the call, whenever He by the inward voice, or outward event, or circumstance, calls for action, and the cross comes with it.

For instant acquiescence means casting away all hindrances, like the blind beggar who cast away his garments, perhaps all he had, to get nearer to Christ."

"February, 1886.

"The Lord is wonderfully good, and the wonder is not that I suffer more or less, but that I am alive. Oh, how much I long to fill up every hour with something for Him! One thing I see more clearly every day, that no good work can be done for souls unless we ourselves are living very close to God, and further I see more and more that there is no real comfort for ourselves except in real consecration. May God enable me to live above the worldly interests which are ever, unless watched against, becoming more strong and more hurtful. Our danger lies in what are called innocent relaxations."

Again, "We want more of Christ. One look at Him will bring: 1st, penitence; 2nd, trust; 3rd, love; 4th, 'What shall I do?'"

Again, "I can only suffer and be patient, and look up. All is for good; oh, for grace to see this and to rejoice in it! But my pathway is now becoming very trying, and the old man feels its ruggedness and yet cries out for rest and help. Can we cry in vain?"

"1887.

"Oh, for a full union with the Imperishable, with the Perfect, with the All Holy!"

"How alarming is the aspect of the Church—the professing Church! So much of conformity to the world; so much of formalism and superstition; so little of the life and power of the indwelling Spirit!

"Let us up, and watch and pray and work while the day lasteth. Blessed to be ready for His coming, and for what may precede His coming."

"November, 1888.

"I have cause to give great thanks to God for continued and fresh mercies. I am able to do something, and glad to do it.

" 'Faint and yet pursuing
They their journey trod.
Ever something doing
For the cause of God,
Meekly persevering
Souls for Christ to win,
Loving, no more fearing,
Hating only sin.' "

Such the description of the grand army to which I prefer to belong; but I am a poor soldier, a feeble comrade."

"1889.

"I am trying to fulfil my usual engagements, but do not always succeed. Yet my longing for the cause of Christ and of souls is great, and pressing on me.

"Oh, how little of true work for the Lord is there! So much for the approval of men! So much of exaggeration and unreality! How urgent the call to God's dear people to be ever trying their work and their own hearts by the test of the Word of God, and the example of the Master."

"July.

"How you must miss the life-long most familiar and endeared voice! Yet, not lost, nor, indeed, wholly gone—

“‘By day and night we feel them near
And dear before, are dearer now.’”

My sister Emily specially recalls his words to her when, in 1889, we paid our farewell visit to him, just before starting for an evangelistic tour in India with the Rev. Dr. Pentecost. . . . I shall never forget his interest, and happy words, and prayer. The eleven words that have always remained with me are—

“Speak much of Jesus, His Name is wonderful!
Use His Name!”

They were often a great help to me.

It can easily be seen from what I have gathered from his letters, what an inspiration they were. They reveal a man with a large heart and keen insight into the things of God and into human nature. It was always a marvel how he found leisure amid the countless calls on his time and sympathy to give of his best to his friends. His was a rare character, for he combined so many qualities; and never have I met a man who bore more clearly the impress of the Master he loved and served so faithfully. Of him truly it can be said he was clothed with humility, and his prayers made you realise how truly he lived in the Presence of God.

GERTRUDE M. KINNAIRD.

In giving the recollections of the Rev. S. W. Darwin Fox, of Kirby Cane Rectory, Bungay, we have to express regret at their appearance in a mutilated form, owing to the free use that has been made of them in earlier portions of this book.

“My knowledge of the late Canon Jackson was hero-worship rather than intimacy, for there was little

in the Church organisation of the West Riding to draw the clergy of Bradford and Halifax to Leeds. . . .

" . . . Friendship with the late Robert Aitken and with his son, the present Canon of Norwich, encouraged me to call upon him, and I was received with the affectionate welcome of which any one with such introduction could be assured. . . .

" . . . The visit of Mr. Robert Aitken to St. Saviour's, which was made so great a blessing to the Vicar of that church, and his subsequent ministration at St. James' produced no small stir in Leeds ; it was, indeed, a very remarkable revival movement which was thus brought about. Jackson entered heartily into the work, and got a great blessing in his own soul. . . . Dr. Hook, who was essentially an old-fashioned Churchman, became thoroughly alarmed, for, though he was engaged in his study at five o'clock every morning writing his devout meditations, he had little understanding or sympathy with what could so easily be stigmatised by the word 'enthusiasm,' which has since then happily passed into an expression of appreciation. In his trenchant language he denounced the movement, and all connected with it, making, as Edward Jackson remarked, 'a most unpleasant exception in favour of myself.' . . . When the old parish of Leeds was broken up into separate parishes, Jackson might have had any one of them. His life was throughout one of self-sacrificing love.

" Speaking of the ugly building which had been the scene of so many true conversions to God, he remarked, 'There was a time when I cared more for the curve of a corbel than the saving of a soul ; it is a dirty slut of a wife, but it has borne me many

children to the Lord.' There were always many waiting for seats, and it was his custom to suggest to those who had been for some time members of the congregation without giving their hearts to God, that they should seek some other ministry, and make room for those who might hear His own message with greater profit. . . .

"The press has a prescriptive right to observe its own secrets, but, as *The Leeds Mercury* has changed hands since his day, it is no betrayal of confidence to say that editors of most influential papers used constantly to consult Canon Jackson as to the line they should take on matters ecclesiastical. Every clause in Mr. W. E. Forster's Education Bill received his *imprimatur*. It would be well if those who allow themselves to speak contemptuously of 'Cowper-Temple religion,' were to remember that that wise arrangement for what we now call 'provided schools' was cordially approved, if not actually drafted, by one who, like the father of the faithful, was a friend of God."

"It is no testimonial to any religious organisation that it should crumple up when some great personality has been removed. The work at St. James' still continues with unabated spiritual vigour."

From the Very Rev. Francis Pigou, Dean of Bristol.

"Castlefield,
"Clevedon.

"Canon Jackson's name was a household one. He was a most saintly man, and he attracted and held together a large congregation, not only by his personal influence, but because of his *faithful*

preaching of the pure and simple gospel. . . . He was held in respect by all classes of society and all schools of thought. . . ."

Mrs. W. S. Sykes writes—

"When walking in the garden one day with dear Canon Jackson, he picked a flower and offered it to me with the words, 'You love *Sweet William*,' the name of my fiancé. From that day he was our friend all the way through. He married us, baptised our children (stood sponsor for one), interested himself in their early school life, and prepared the eldest for Confirmation. With his great loving sympathy and beautiful bright presence he was ever ready to enter into our joys and sorrows. How many other families in the course of his long life have proved him the same steadfast, true and helpful friend!"

The Rev. R. Willan, who was curate at St. James' from 1879-1882, writes—

". . . I am afraid that I cannot add much to what you and your sister have to say about dear Canon Jackson. You both knew him so very well; and he thought so much of you all. He was so full of zeal and earnestness, and so unwearied in his work; in spite of his own sufferings his great thought for the sick people was especially noticeable. On one occasion we were just about to go into church, and were already robed when a message came about some man who was ill up near York Road. The Canon turned to me and said, 'I think you had better take off your surplice and go at once. We should both feel it so much, if he were to die before we could see

him. And I will take the service alone until you return,' which I accordingly did."

A sympathetic account of Canon Jackson is given by Mrs. E. Garnett in her Quarterly Letter to Navvies.

"September, 1892.

"DEAR FRIENDS,

"Just as this letter was being printed a great blow fell on our Navy Mission. Canon Jackson is dead! What those words mean, only those who knew and loved him as I did can guess at. As I stood by his open coffin and looked for the last time on his noble and venerated face and his dear white hair, two voices spoke in my heart, one was saying, 'Good-bye, good-bye,' and another, 'Endless Hallelujahs.' There in his clergyman's dress so worthily worn, his fair white surplice down to his feet, his plain black silk stole, and his old-fashioned bands he lay at rest. For fifty-six years he had 'fought a good fight,' for God and his fellow men; for the poor, the children, the toiling and the suffering, in the district where he died; for forty-seven of those years as a clergyman and thirty-six of them the unpaid Vicar of St. James', Leeds. Again and again he could have left that crowded district for more beautiful and healthy parishes, but he was content to abide in his calling. When he gave Christ himself, he gave Him his all. He remained single for Christ's sake and he remained poor for Christ's sake. 'He never thought of himself.'

"He was a wonderful preacher and public speaker. He was a man of great intellect; he was more than

that—he was a man of fearless courage, undaunted and untiring energy and strong emotion, and he was much more again than all these. He had faults, for he was human, but he has none now, for on Thursday, August 18th, at the age of eighty, at three in the afternoon, his worn-out body slept, and the keen, bright, loving spirit, the counsellor, comforter, father and friend we loved passed upward.

“Wide open were flung heaven’s everlasting doors, crowds were waiting to welcome him whose feet he had planted on the heavenward road, and we doubt not, as he passed the threshold of his Father’s house our Saviour came forward to greet Edward Jackson as He did Stephen of old. If Jesus stood to welcome the young warrior who fell so early in the battle, we can imagine how those pierced hands were stretched out in tenderest blessing above the tried veteran who knelt at His feet. Yes! the gain is his, the loss is ours—and what a loss!

“I want you, dear mates, to understand something of what Canon Jackson has been to you. Many of you C.E.U.’s have seen him, but thousands who read this letter have not.

“Before the Navy Mission began, when we were at work at Lindley Wood, we wanted a teacher for a class of men who could not read. We did not like to put a young teacher, a lad, to teach men, and we had no other. So we prayed God to send us one, and He did. A Christian mechanic, whose health was not good in Leeds, got work in Otley, and he became the teacher of this class, and well he stuck to his work, wet or fine; despite a four miles’ walk he came to it for years. Well, this teacher used to talk

to us of Canon Jackson and tell us about his wonderful Bible Class and his more than 1000 Sunday scholars, and he brought me a message from Canon Jackson inviting me to call on him. I went. From that time we were close friends. He took the keenest interest in all I told him about the navvies—the lives they led, how kind-hearted they were to one another, how brave and independent and hard-working, and yet how everyone shunned them, and that they had no churches or schools and were left outside, as it were, no one caring for them. When Mr. Evans and I tried to get up the Navy Mission, he, as well as I, went to Canon Jackson and to the Dean of Ripon about the project, and they gave us warm sympathy and encouragement.

“In 1877, the Navy Mission Society was formed. The Committee were: the Bishop (Dr. Bickersteth), the Dean of Ripon (Dr. Fremantle), Dr. Gott, Vicar of Leeds, Canon Jackson, and myself. The unpaid secretary was the Rev. L. M. Evans, and the unpaid treasurer, the Rev. H. Neville. Dr. Gott (now Bishop of Truro) is too far away to come to the committee meetings, and the only others left out of the seven are now the Dean of Ripon and myself. Soon we, too, shall be gone. But there is One Who will hold up our Navy Mission. One Who never dies—our living Lord.

“For eighteen years Canon Jackson has been the friend of the navvies; if he and the Dean of Ripon had not worked for our Mission as they have done (humanly speaking) we should long ago have stopped and the old dark days would have come down on our public works; for remember, mates, there is no other

society to look after the navvies. Sometimes people talk (and show their ignorance thereby) against the Church and against clergymen, but you will never be so ungrateful. Nothing was done for you until the Navy Mission began, except in four or five isolated instances in many years, and if the Navy Mission stopped to-morrow what other body of Christians would take up the expense of regular Missions for you? No! the Church, and the Church only, has cared for the Navvies and stirred up interest in them. Others may come forward now, roused thereto by what the Church has done, and is doing. Now the way has been shown it is easier, but the clergymen who formed the Navy Mission fought the uphill fight and have died one by one at their posts, faithful to God and you to the end. The Dean of Ripon is, thank God, left still; but Canon Jackson is gone!

"Canon Jackson was a poor man, for though he had a fortune it was not a large one, and he did all his work unpaid, and kept besides two curates, a Bible woman, and many institutions going in his parish, and he gave with both hands to God's cause wherever money was needed. Yet he has given as much as £100 at a time to the Navy Mission, for he said 'that in all his experience he had never had to do with any effort God so signally blessed with His approval.' Only three years ago he paid all the expenses of a great meeting at St. James' Hall, and presided himself. He did more than give money, he gave work. He was a very busy, hard-worked man, and has often preached twenty-six times in eight days.

"Then, too, he was president for eight years of

our annual C.E.U. gathering which was held in his schools at Leeds, and it has been a sad loss that the last four years we have had to meet in Manchester and he could not come. He told me there was no gathering in all the year he enjoyed more, and none of the C.E.U.'s who heard him at our meetings at Leeds will fail to remember him. He came amongst us, a very reflection of Christ. His beautiful face and white hair, his emaciated form and silvery voice drew our hearts to him, but he soon drew us higher, even to Jesus Christ. One prayer with which he closed the last C.E.U. meeting in Leeds, we never shall forget—tears stood on his cheeks as with his thin hands clasped, he bent his head and prayed, 'Lower, lower, lower into the very dust, only to Thy feet.' Is that, mates, where you want to be? Oh! though Canon Jackson is no longer giving, working, thinking, praying for you, let his dear dead voice speak to you to-day.

"He wrote no less than 120 hymns. He gave me when the Mission began 100 of his hymn books. We could not afford to print more for the stations, so I gave these to the C.E.U. members. Look at No. 438.

" 'For me to live is Christ, to die is gain ;
Oh ! blissful lot, oh, happiness to tell,
Come sorrow, then, or joy, come ease or pain,
Come life or death ; all, all for me is well.'

"That was how he lived.

"Believe me, dear mates, men and women, no man or woman can be happy who lives for himself. Such can never say, 'All for me is well.' How a person talks on his deathbed does not count. This saint of God was too weak to speak, his testimony

was the wordless one of eighty years' devotion, his life was his witness—what is yours? Remember, how you live is the test. Here was a man who put riches, promotion, ease, even comforts, to which he had a right, and which he needed, aside. A man who gave his money, and time, and thought, and love, to others. He often had hard times, some poor people cheated him; great ones neglected him, said pleasant things to him, but passed him over when a real opportunity of honouring him came; others were ungrateful, and so on. He knew that the price of being 'one with Christ' was sharing the crown of thorns, and 'being crucified.' Nature struggled against it. On his knees he mastered nature, and the secrets of his influence over thousands were self-sacrifice and prayer. No duty was too small for prayer.

"Many, many times I have gone to him full of anxiety about our Mission; everything seemed dark. I have come away with renewed courage, for not only had he wise, practical counsel to give, but, as we knelt there, he would pour out such prayers as I have never heard from other lips, for the missionaries and the Society generally, for me, and for you, every one of you.

"Surely those wonderful prayers are to be answered! Surely the Spirit of God will come down on you, and though our dear friend's eyes are closed in death, your soul's eyes may to-day be opened, and you may see the only life worth living is such as he lived here; that you may see yourself a lost sinner; and that you may see the glory of the Lord, even Jesus—Jesus crucified for you.

"Thousands of people on Tuesday, the 23rd, witnessed such a funeral as Leeds had never seen before. Tens of thousands of bitter tears have been shed over that grave—an old man's grave. Noble-men, politicians, warriors, princes, might have died and hearts not ached as they do over Canon Jackson's grave. Why? Because, like Christ, he 'gave his life.' Our Lord knew what He meant when He said, 'He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake and the Gospel's shall save it unto life eternal.' Now, are you and I 'saving' our lives or 'losing' them?"

"Oh, may God the Holy Spirit make each of us choose the good part, which Canon Jackson chose, which shall not be taken from us. May we give over to-day cumbering ourselves about many things, and mind this one thing needful. May we be safe with our dear friend in heaven and there renew, in all its brightness, the friendship which here has passed into darkness.

"Your sorrowing friend,

"E. GARNETT."

During Canon Jackson's incumbency, there were no less than eighteen assistant clergy at St. James', and we are fortunate in having secured from Canon Joseph Hammond, who was the fifth in succession (1864-65), these very characteristic reminiscences written specially for this memoir only a few months before his death, in May, 1912.

"I have been asked to furnish any particulars that I can recall of the Rev. Edward Jackson, my first Vicar. I was only under his beneficent sway for a year; I had been honorary curate and the failure of

the Leeds Banking Company seemed to spell ruin for me ; it suggested, anyhow, both to him and myself that I should seek a stipendiary curacy. But in that short time, he had impressed a very definite mark upon me and taught me some lessons of inestimable value ; and I think it may be the most practical and useful contribution which I can offer to his memory, if I say what these were, what he did for me, in fact, from a Church point of view. And the more so, as this will illustrate an aspect of his life and work which is sometimes overlooked, and which deserves to be commemorated. It is necessary to explain that I had been brought up amongst Wesleyans, and very pious and simple souls many of them were. But in the course of a secular education, mixing with the sects of Jews, Turks and infidels, I had grown weary of sectarianism. . . . And yet conscious of their sincere piety, I did not see how I could better myself among the various Christian communities. It was then that I first came into contact with Mr. Jackson, in connection with the Leeds Ragged School. We had some passages at arms, for he was not destitute of combativeness, nor was I, before a warm friendship sprang up between us, which on my part presently ripened into admiration and reverence, for the first trait I recognised in him was that of *practical religion*. Here was a man who attached as much importance to service, 'the service of humanity,' as to services, and whose conception of 'pure religion' was to 'visit the widow and fatherless.' The fervent sectaries ('sect' only means 'following' party), with whom I had had to do, were largely occupied with their class-meetings in which they related their experiences, emotions,

feelings ; and prayer-meetings, in which they sometimes besieged the throne of grace to do for them what they ought to have been up and doing for themselves and for others ; their 'strong crying and tears' seemed to be the *ne plus ultra* of their religion. I learnt from the Incumbent of St. James' that there was something above and beyond this, a 'more excellent way,' the following of Christ in His gracious life of ministering to others. And I also learnt from him that this service of man in no way conflicted with spirituality, but rather proceeded from it. I had been inoculated with the idea that there was little or no personal religion among the clergy ; that they only concerned themselves with forms and ceremonies, and I suspect that I was still under the dominance of that idea when I made Mr. Jackson's acquaintance. He soon opened my eyes on that point ; I had met with a man who insisted on 'conversion,' real, not conventional conversion, the surrender of the will to God ; and on holiness of life as much and as earnestly as any Methodist. And then, a little later, I realised, through the example of St. James', the idea of worship ; I discovered, that just as there may be formalism and deadness with extempore prayers, so there may be 'praying in the Holy Ghost' where precomposed forms are used. I had long wanted, indeed, to get away from extempore prayers in the congregation ; they were sometimes familiar and irreverent, if not pretentious and painful to a degree ; in fact, I had secretly yearned for a solemn and stately liturgical service, and in St. James' I found very much what I had hungered for, reality and reverence, awe and adoration combined. I found,

moreover, a new type of *preaching*. The bane of the chapel is, so it seems to me, the prominence of the man, the minister; he bulks much more largely before the congregation than does the priest in the Church. Flights of eloquence, polished periods, fine-sounding words, fine ideas, even in the prayers which were as often addressed, perhaps unconsciously, to the people, as to the ineffable Creator, this was the path prescribed for him; the people 'loved to have it so.' Well do I remember to this day the first sermon which I heard Mr. Jackson preach; it was almost a revelation to me. The *man* was lost to view, the *message* was everything. . . .

"Everything was simple, unpretentious, practical; as was said of Massillon, he 'preached as if God were standing at his elbow.'

"And so, in due course, I became his curate, and it is a marvel to me, as I look back after the lapse of nearly half a century, how he bore with my faults and deficiencies; I had so much to learn and to unlearn. I had assumed, for example, at my ordination, that I was to belong to the 'Evangelical' party, or to the party which bears that name. Mr. Jackson soon undeceived me. He at that time forswore all parties and factions in the Church; I have understood that in his later years, alarmed perhaps by the ritual excesses which were troubling the Church, he drew distinctly nearer to the Evangelical *coterie*, but at the time I speak of he would have none of it except its personal piety; he held their creed to be a narrow one. And this I owe to him too, that he enlarged my narrow sympathies; how wide were his own? Among his warmest friends were many Quakers, but

he admired equally the saints of the Latin Church. I remember his commending to me the *Inner Life* of Father Lacordaire. Devotion to the Master, wherever found, won his profound esteem. And so it was with his theology; it was from him I first learned that Church teaching may be combined with Gospel preaching. I remember saying to him one day with all the confidence of youth, 'Well, come what may, I shall never believe in baptismal regeneration,' and his reply that it might be as well not to be so cocksure as to what I should or should not come to believe. No doubt, he perceived that I did not know, as so many more do not, what baptismal regeneration really meant. And it was the same with other articles of my Creed. I had preached a sermon, which I now pray the Most Merciful to pardon, on eternal torment; I presently learned that my Vicar had larger hopes for men, and more trust in the Father's infinite love than I had. And so I left him when the time arrived for me to go, with much, very much for me to learn; I am in that condition still, but yet with a stamp which I have retained all my life, and for which, as I am persuaded, I can never be too deeply thankful.

"I will add one word as to what he did for others, a matter of much greater moment. I incline to think that his greatest achievement—he would have blushed had anyone suggested it in his presence—was his silent influence on the town in which he lived; the influence outside St. James'. Someone has said that a real Christian is a rare phenomenon, and the authoress of 'Romola' adds that when the world recognises one, as it did in Savonarola, it regards him

with reverential awe. What Leeds saw in Canon Jackson, as his funeral proved, was a man who, with his imperfections, had striven to follow Christ; a man working in the slums, amid unattractive surroundings, scorning delights and living laborious days for no earthly gain, without stipend, spending his substance on works of charity and mercy, and largely, let me add, on the education of young men for the ministry. That branch of his work deserves to be commemorated. Such instances are rare, and it impressed men of all sects and parties as a proof of the living power of Christianity.

“And what was his work within his own little community in the York Road? He made it a loving worshipping, working brotherhood. I believe he had gained from the Moravians the idea of the Church as a family; that idea St. James’ went far to embody. How close and affectionate we all were to one another. “See how these Christians love one another.” Of the worship, let me mention one incident. I was on my way to the vestry one day when I discovered that a prayer-meeting, a frequent thing before Divine Service, was in progress there; I discovered it, because I found kneeling meekly outside the door, in rapt devotion, a brand whom Mr. Jackson had plucked from the burning. What a ruffian he looked, and what a saint he was! And as to the congregation’s work, there was nothing like it in the city. Was there a public execution, some of the communicants were on the spot at the break of day distributing tracts among the surging and sometimes blaspheming crowd. The same at the races—even, I believe, at Doncaster races. The children, moreover, were set

to work ; they effected a large sale of periodicals which yielded a considerable profit ; last year they reached the total of 20,479 publications. The lodging-houses which abounded in the parish were also visited, and all this was done by working people. I remember one woman saying to me, 'I have belonged to St. James' thirteen years, and I have had the happiness each Christmas of seeing one person, at least, at the Lord's Table through my poor efforts during the year.' Oh, if all the Lord's people were like this ! And it was the teaching and example of Edward Jackson that had led to it. He had made St. James' what it was ! Thank God for such a life ! *Sit anima mea cum illo*—may my soul stand with his in the great day of account !"

Continuation of the Reminiscences of the late James Cropper, Esq., M.P.

An anxious face, a sweet but winning smile, a bent figure, a melodious voice marked the presence of Canon Jackson of Leeds. His friends were many, but perhaps even more faithful than numerous, and he was himself most loving, most sensitive and most greedy of affection.

He had many of the attributes of a priest, including his life-long celibacy, his power of reticence, his love of ruling, and his way of winning confidence from his acquaintances. His practice of ascetic living was such that I have known him deny himself gloves in winter, in spite of his hourly consciousness of the discomfort. . . .

He studied at Oxford by Dr. Hook's advice. . . .

The neighbourhood of St. James' was low and close and there was no stipend. Jackson had means of his own and was always indifferent to money. . . . He continued at St. James' for forty-seven years.

He was generous in many ways, but his great interest was in training young men for the ministry, and he usually had some at the university whom he had picked from the loom or the mason's hammer. Several of these men took up his life of devotion and became valuable to our colonies, or in this country as clergymen. . . .

In one of his many letters in 1867, Canon Jackson says—

"I am very heart-sore about the departure of my boy. He was so good, so gentle, so useful, so simply devoted to Christ, and yet so clever, and so very prepossessing and winning, that I think if I had to do it over again, I could not."

Later he writes—

"I have this morning a long-looked-for letter from my dear boy, Mortimer, who three months ago left for the Cape. In about a month I hope for another, the fourth since this year began, this last, however, for the Home Ministry. . . ."

He joined in the public life of the day. His Sunday schools were among the largest in Leeds. He was voluntary Chaplain to the Workhouse, and became a member of the School Board, having been much consulted by W. E. Forster in the conception and detail of the Education Act of 1870. . . .

He was intimate with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Forster the Rev. E. Balme, as well as with Lord Ripon (then

Lord de Grey) and with the Marshall family. These were also my friends. But all Leeds seemed to know and value Edward Jackson, and to pay tribute to his devout and faithful service. . . .

Of course, Mr. Jackson had his peculiarities of manner. His very sympathetic nature caused him trouble, but the same was probably true of the Apostles, and those among us who do their best to live up to the highest standard, whose counsel uplifts their neighbours' lives, and who are, and will be, among the saints, have a constant struggle with themselves and with their circumstances. . . .

The younger clergy thought Mr. Jackson exigent and insistent and felt his demands too severe, while they recognised his judgment and sympathy. . . .

I recall an incident he put before me with much feeling, which was characteristic. A prisoner was tried in Leeds for murder, and sentenced to be hanged. As usual now, some people thought the sentence was wrong, and some altogether opposed capital punishment, so a stir arose which ended in a deputation to Mr. Jackson, headed by a Leeds vicar, with an appeal that Jackson would use his well-known influence with W. E. Forster, who was in the Cabinet as Irish Secretary, to bring the case before the Home Secretary and ask for a reprieve. They knew it was irregular, and that they ought to approach the Home Secretary direct ; but they had no hope of influencing him.

Here was a tempting position. Mr. Jackson could show his influence and perhaps gain a just end. So he promised to write to Mr. Forster. In the end, a reprieve was telegraphed next day. (Possibly the Home Secretary was glad to escape a

painful duty, and to oblige his friend, too.) Mr. Jackson had insisted on the strictest confidence and silence as to his action, but such pledges are seldom kept, and soon his friend, the Vicar, met him in the street, with two others, and loudly proclaimed their thanks, and their sense of his influence with the Government.

Jackson's heart fell. He saw he had been making too much claim on friendly influences, and had put Forster into a position hardly correct. He passed through a day of misery, and then went to Forster to explain his troubled regrets. Forster smiled, and tried to make little of it. So it ended, but was never forgotten by poor Canon Jackson.

Mr. Jackson's health often failed, but he lived on, and his eightieth birthday was made the occasion of quite an ovation in Leeds. His life, which he had freely given to the people of Leeds, lasted a few weeks longer, and he died in peace. His influence was gained by the general knowledge of his unselfish devotion, and the avowed spirit of prayer which marked his correspondence and his intercourse, together with a quiet and able appreciation of affairs and of human character.

His funeral was very striking, and brought out much evidence of devotion among all classes, especially among those for whom he had so long laboured--the humble and the needy.

Canon Jackson wrote many hymns, and other verses. I end with a verse from one of his later hymns; its spirit speaks to me of the writer's life and purpose—

“ Knowest thou souls are hanging on thee, brother,
 Upon thy daily life, thy very breath?
 A word, a look, a prayer may save another,
 Some friend or foe from ruin, and from death ! ”

Mr. W. S. Sykes writes—

“ Canon Jackson was not only a man of high ideals, but he also possessed an uncommon amount of wise judgment, so that his opinion on public matters, which he was not afraid to express when needed, was eagerly sought after—indeed *all Leeds came to look for it*. He was a born leader of men, and was followed by all parties who had the welfare of the public at heart. .

“ That smile of welcome—those quiet words of counsel and encouragement, are more than a happy memory—they are an influence after twenty years. His firm faith and hopeful outlook would always triumph in perplexity, so that after an interview with him one felt strengthened and cheered—in fact, the sun seemed to be shining on the dullest day when ‘good-bye’ was said at the ‘white door.’ ”

From Lord Kinnaird.

“ 10, St. James’ Square, S.W.

“ I am very glad that a memoir is to be published of Canon Jackson. It gives me the greatest pleasure to write a few lines of appreciation of his life and work. He was, in the highest sense of the word, a real saint.

“ It has not often been my lot to come across a man with such intellectual power who lived such

a life of self-denial, refusing frequent offers of preferment and invitations to less laborious and more comfortable spheres of work, but he would not leave the city and people he loved so much.

"Truly, he followed his Divine Lord and Saviour faithfully.

"I believe the memoir must be a real inspiration to many workers.

"KINNAIRD."

The editors had confidently anticipated that the late Rev. Edwin Stanley Sykes, Vicar of Hedworth, Co. Durham, would not only have corrected the proofs of this memoir, as they passed through the press, but would also have contributed fuller personal reminiscences of one whom he had known and loved from boyhood. But he was suddenly called to his rest, in the prime of life, on the vigil of St. Matthias of this year, 1912.

The following "Notes" on Canon Jackson were left on his desk—

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord." (Acts xi. 24.)

My knowledge of Canon Jackson covers the greater part of my life. It was when I was a boy of eleven that my family began to attend his church, although our home was at first between two and three miles, and, later on, still further away, and we remained closely attached to the Canon, who was an old friend of my parents, to the end of his life.

We always looked forward to the Monday night lectures, which were on various Church subjects—

sometimes a portion of God's Word—he was a great believer in giving light through the Bible,—on other occasions, a course on the Prayer-book, Church history, and kindred subjects.

These lectures, so prayerfully prepared, were so intensely interesting and illuminating that they attracted people from the several suburbs, as well as the ordinary congregation.

Of his preaching, someone has said it was only necessary for him to stand in the pulpit, so noble was his form, so angelic his expression, his utterances so varied ; at times soft like the zephyr, at others, low and deep like the lion's roar ; his reasoning so acute, his imagination so wide and vivid, his whole discourse so poetic, rising to eloquence. He awed, he soothed, he persuaded, he instructed. All, rich and poor, young and old alike were spell-bound. To each he had a message. I have been told that when he spoke on the Opium Question in Convocation (or was it at some Church Congress ?) his audience was simply electrified. I remember an anecdote he once related of his first sermon. " My father," he said, " asked me, ' Edward, how did you feel when preaching ? ' I replied, ' Oh, all right ! ' and so I did, for it was a written sermon, and I had nothing to fear. But now I can never preach unless I am completely under the control of the Holy Ghost." Great as was his personal charm, great as were his intellectual gifts, sweet, beautiful and penetrating as was his voice, yet herein lay the real secret of his marvellous power—he lived and preached under the influence of the Holy Ghost.

He was a trainer of men—not so much by lecturing

as by quiet leading. A few kindred spirits would be asked to his house for a social evening; little would be said about religion, but all felt it. He would interest his guests with anecdotes of his own experience—of his intercourse with notable personages, Keble, Pusey, Newman, Manning, Stanley, Hook and prominent philanthropists and statesmen—as a raconteur he was inimitable. It was his delight to take young men (of quite different social standing) for a country ramble and give them tea at a farmhouse. Whether he spoke much or little, men felt his presence dear; they were drawn to him; they said “good-bye” almost with pain; they went away with nobler resolves. These men turned to work for their Divine Master in various branches of Church work—many eventually joining the sacred ministry. It was an ideal of the Canon’s that the Church should possess a lay diaconate, on which subject he spoke forcefully in the northern Convocation. Though his motion for the establishment of such a diaconate was defeated, yet great was the impression his advocacy for it produced, and some, I think, went the whole way with him. Now, some thirty to forty years later, eminent members of the Church are asking for this, as also for Celebrations at a later hour, as the Canon had, with the object of presenting the Holy Eucharist as the great central act of worship.

Surely not only was he one of the rarest and saintliest of men that the last century witnessed, but likewise one of the most far-seeing and . . .

Here our precious brother’s pen had been laid down.

This typical note of the Canon's follows naturally here—

*Thank you my dear — for the kind
note. All is cheering - but nothing, I shall
be with you on Sunday - Pray that I may not
come alone, but that the blessed Spirit may
come & be - Otherwise I am alone & all useless.
Love & take Ever Yours
M.D.*

The Bishop of Richmond, whose visits, so full of affectionate sympathy and incisive vigour, were ever a source of strength and encouragement to Canon Jackson, writes—

“ Stanhope Rectory,
“ Co. Durham.

“ . . . I did truly love Canon Jackson. In my early days, though we did not meet very frequently he drew me by that wonderful combination of force and fatherliness, which was just what a keen young fellow wanted, who was raw, inexperienced, anxious to help the Bishop and Diocese, lacking in ballast, but not in a certain amount of conceit. When I became secretary of the Diocesan Societies, he was the first to take me by the hand; and afterwards when I became Suffragan, when the shadows of his life were lengthening, his counsel and experience were helpful indeed.

“ Sometimes he would tell of his experiences in the old Chartist days, and of those clergy who took

the side of the people, prominent among them the two brothers Bull, at Halifax and Bradford."

From the Very Rev. the Hon. W. H. Fremantle.

"The Deanery,
"Ripon.

"I met him in this house in the eighties, where he had come to see my uncle, the late Dean. We wanted him to come on an expedition to Rievaulx Abbey, but he had not strength for it. He reminded me a good deal of my great friend Arthur Stanley, but had more fervour and expansiveness.

"I remember the account he gave of having visited Rievaulx with a friend of his, who was a Jesuit. He said to him as they looked on the ruins: 'I suppose this is a very painful sight to you to look on the ruins of what was such a grand monument of the Church.' 'Not at all,' was the reply. 'The abolition of these places was a great benefit to religion. The old system had done its work, and what was needed was not cloistered men, but men who would go forth into the world and mix with their fellows.'

"I, of course, hear him often spoken of, and always in a way which makes me feel that he was a great saintly soul whom I should have greatly wished to know."

We have already drawn upon Canon Aitken's Reminiscences in the first part of this book.

"The Close,
"Norwich.

"Canon Jackson knew me long before I can remember him, for I was only a child of four or five

years old when his close friendship with my dear father began, a friendship that influenced materially his whole career, and which remained strong as ever up to my father's death in 1873. Though I did not remember him personally, his name was a household word in our family for a quarter of a century, and when I was appointed to an incumbency in the north of England I naturally had a great desire to meet one of whom I had heard so much. Strange to say, I cannot recall the circumstances of our first meeting, but I have an impression in my mind that it was my dear old college friend, Mr. Darwin Fox, that first, in some way or other, brought us together. I can remember the feeling of fascination that his personality seemed at once to induce. I had come under a spell that was not to be resisted, and I felt at once that I had been brought into contact with one of the most remarkable men that I had ever met. Perhaps the thing that struck one most about him was that he was unique. His individuality was intense, and yet there was nothing bumptious or self-assertive about him. It was not so much that he excelled in any particular quality, as that he seemed to be endowed with a rare combination of qualities, each of which, in its turn, impressed and attracted. Thus one was surprised to find how his general kindness in his estimate of others was accompanied with a keen penetration, and his dislikes were almost as strong as his appreciations, or to discover what strength of will and purpose there lay beneath the gentleness and courtesy of his manner. His seriousness and gravity were balanced by a quiet humour that vastly relished a good story; and his refined,

æsthetic sensibility was tempered with a robust common-sense that never seemed to fail him. He had the imagination of a poet, and yet the practical capacity of a shrewd man of business; he possessed the breadth of view which recognised all that was best in systems and theories with which he did not himself sympathise, and at the same time the strength of belief which comes of clearly defined convictions. If there may sometimes have been a suspicion of exaggeration in his sententious utterances, one forgot to criticise it in the recognition of the essential truth which they enshrined. Above everything else he was a man of love, full of sympathy and brotherly kindness for all, but possessed of strong and deep affection for those who had the privilege of his personal affection. . . . Shortly after my father's death, I suggested to a few of his personal friends the erection of a suitable monument to his memory in the church of Pendeen, where he had laboured for twenty-four years, and underneath whose chancel his body lies. It was proposed that this memorial should be a brass on a handsomely tiled floor, and a beautiful reredos, the design for which had been presented me by an architect friend in Liverpool. The entire cost was I think about £120, and when about half the sum needed had come to hand, I bethought me of the only other cure that he had held in England, and wrote to Canon Jackson, suggesting that perhaps some remnant of my father's old flock might still survive at St. James', and possibly might like to share in the tribute to his memory.

His reply was that such members of the old flock as did survive were only poor people, who had

enough to do to keep the wolf from the door, but he would himself have great pleasure in making up the deficit, and he enclosed a cheque for £50. So the inscription on the reredos states that it was erected by his friends at Pendeen and elsewhere, and by his successor in the incumbency of St. James', Leeds. . .

The last Sunday night of my sojourn in Leeds, during the Mission of '83, I had the delight of hearing the Canon preach in his own church. It had been arranged that I was to speak at a great circus after the churches were cleared, and so I was free to slip into St. James' church and listen to my venerable friend, without his being aware of my presence. If the impression that it makes on the memory is a test of the quality of a sermon, it must have been a good one, for I think I could preach it almost point by point to-morrow. Did space permit I should have liked to give a sketch of it here, but I fear I am already transgressing my limits.* Suffice it to say that the picture of that dear white-headed old man, of that earnest and ethereal-looking face, of the wrapt attention and eager interest of the congregation, and of the telling effect of his utterances must remain with me a treasured memory so long as memory remains. When last I saw him, I believed him to be on his dying-bed, though, as it turned out, I was mistaken, for he recovered, contrary to all expectation, from that very serious illness. I thus refer to my interview with him in "The Romance of Christian Work and Experience." "The last time I saw and conversed with one who was known and honoured throughout that great northern town as the

* Notes of this sermon will be found on page 341.

father of the Leeds clergy, I was, I must confess, as much surprised as I was profoundly impressed at all that fell from his lips about himself. Knowing what his useful and saintly life had been, his fidelity to his Lord, and his sacrifices in His service, I was prepared to witness a glorious sunset at the close of his life's long day. Had he used the words of St. Paul to Timothy one would hardly have felt them out of place, on the lips of one who had certainly fought a good fight, if ever man did.

"But no ! I found him, not depressed, but humbled to the very lowest place, and when I spoke to him of his having nearly reached the end of his long journey, and of the goal being near, 'My dear friend,' said he, with the most intense feeling, 'When I look back upon all the activities of my long life, they are all nothing, nothing to me now. I can find no sort of comfort in the memory of them. There has been sin and self mingled with them all, and I can rest on none of them. No ! I have nothing but the blood of Christ to rest upon, and no plea but the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner."' "

"I don't think that he had any fear of death or doubt of his acceptance with God, but in the light of the end, and with the glory of the Divine purity before his eyes he saw how little all his life's work seemed, and how impossible it was to rest on that ; and so there was nothing left for his feet to repose upon but the work of Christ for poor helpless sinners, amongst whom, with unfeigned humility, he was ready to take the lowliest place. The man for whom all Leeds was to mourn could find no more fitting expression of his estimate of himself than is contained

in the publican's prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"To say that he had his little faults is to admit that he was human, but Edward Jackson must ever have a place in my memory amongst the most revered and the most lovely of the many saints of God whom it has been my privilege to know and love on earth, and whom I humbly hope I may one day be allowed to meet again 'where beyond these voices there is peace.'"

We here reproduce Bishop Boyd Carpenter's fascinating sketch of the Canon from "Some Pages of My Life." Mrs. Boyd Carpenter thus expresses their appreciation of him—

"6, Little Cloisters,

"Westminster, S.W.

". . . We do indeed share with you a deep sense of affection and reverence for dear Canon Jackson! He was a saint! We are, therefore, much interested in your work. The Bishop gladly gives permission for you to reprint that portion of his book which refers to Canon Jackson . . ."

Extract from "Some Pages of My Life."

"Of living men I must not speak, but of those who have gone I may speak, and, as I do, I may tell of two whom we know—one, a town clergyman, was Canon Jackson, of St. James', Leeds. People talk of magnetic personalities. Thousands could tell of Canon Jackson's attractive power. Was it manner? Was it speech? Whence came the spell he wove

around you, dissipating any initial prejudice, evoking irresistibly your confidence? The man was one of God's dear sons, and he knew it. He believed that all men might enjoy the confidence which such sonship can claim. His handshake was like an embrace; with his smile he took you to heart. We paint saints with a halo round their heads, but the aureole was always around Canon Jackson. He made St. James' a place of worship. The congregation were there to worship; the whole atmosphere of the place breathed spiritual realisation of a divine presence and power. To meet him was to be the happier; to converse with him was to be the stronger; to have been at prayer with him was to have had heaven opened. Who would not be thankful in a life of anxious responsibilities for such a saintly helper?"

Bishop Ingham, whose call to the see of Sierra Leone left a big gap in the Church life of Leeds, was a treasured friend of the Canon. His memories of him which are of great interest are given here.

"It was in the year 1879 that I first met Canon Jackson. At that time I was living in Leeds and my work was that of organising secretary of the Church Missionary Society. One Sunday evening, early in that year, I thankfully used a free day for a visit to St. James' church. Never can I forget the impression of that first service in that hallowed but severely plain building. No one ever introduced me to the Canon. His message from his Master that night and the entire personality of the man drew me irresistibly to the vestry. I knew I had found one

of the Lord's saints, and that he would give the right hand of fellowship to a younger disciple. Who will ever forget that radiant smile? It frequently cheered me in after days, but I saw it first in the St. James' vestry on that memorable Sunday night. From that time, as often as the considerable distance would allow, my family found their way to dear St. James'. The times I recall with the greatest interest were Holy Week and Eastertide. At that holy season, year by year, the dear Canon was at his best. Most jealous was he about this sacred season. Nothing quite like it probably has ever been seen in the Church of England. Clerical friends would sometimes beg to be allowed to stay with the Canon at these times. I can well recall his indignation when on one of these occasions a vicar had made to him this request. He said to me, 'His proper place is in his own parish. How can he propose to defraud his people of their spiritual privileges? I shall tell him to stay at home!' He then said, 'You know I regard Holy Week as the annual mission week of the Church. If only this week were used thus, the life of the Church would become much stronger, and spasmodic missions be unnecessary.'

"Who can forget St. James' at this time? I see and hear him now reading the second lesson and then the Gospel for Good Friday. You felt he was actually one of the disciples going up to Jerusalem with the Lord. You felt his own personal horror, his own compassion, his own love, his own sense of shame as each scene of that great and sacred story was unfolded! Canon Jackson did not have a three-hours service as is now the fashion. He had something

much more solemn and sacred. It was believed and understood by us all that, after the Good Friday morning congregation had dispersed he would be kneeling at the Holy Table in prayer and meditation till three o'clock. Another feature of Holy Week was the daily evening service and the Holy Communion each night. Nothing that I have ever experienced has been at all like it. The Canon told me he had followed our Lord to Calvary for forty years on this spot and had never (so to speak) taken the same route. Easter Day was indeed a glad day at St. James'. On the evening of that day I have assisted the Canon in administering to some five or six hundred communicants. Another great time was the Monday night Bible study. I believe he never failed to take the 'Emmaus walk' with his people on the night of Easter Monday. Those Bible study times were of great value to very many. People came to them from long distances. His power over the congregation was especially manifest in the way in which he had almost put an end to coughing. It can easily be understood that such a congregation as would gather there from foggy streets and lanes would sometimes fail to understand any special necessity for restraint. I see the Canon now as he is expounding to us, raise his face with a pained look of surprise and protest at a well-known angle. His people knew! The coughing stopped and he could go on. This was no mere eccentricity. Many knew the constant pain that gripped his poor head and they felt the necessity of helping him thus all they could. Once I remember his points escaped him. Down on our knees we all had to go and then he

went on. At what strain and cost was that long unpaid ministry carried on !

"Another scene comes before my mind's eye. It is Whitsuntide and the ugly but dear church is filled with children, and the Canon is hearing them say their catechism and giving them a talk. It was, indeed, a feeding of the lambs by a much-loved shepherd.

"What his Confirmations were, the Bishop of Ripon (Robert Bickersteth) best knew. An atmosphere had been created where it was easy to give one's best.

"Among the Canon's best and most valued friends in my time was Dean Fremantle of Ripon, the uncle of the present Dean. They loved each other as two such men should. Some conversations with the Canon, that it can now do no harm to mention, come back upon my memory with deep interest and satisfaction. He unveiled his mind to me with gratifying confidence, and to sit by him and hear his experiences of men and things was a great help to a young man like myself.

"He told me of the old days when he was curate to Dr. Hook. He said, 'You know I was very æsthetic, had an intense love of the beautiful, and a great reverence for holy things and places, and there was much in the Tractarian movement that powerfully impressed me, and I was in danger of being carried off my footing by it. The thing that saved me was my early training at Fulneck. I was brought up among the Moravians, and my mind was saturated with Holy Scripture, and deep foundations were laid. That saved me, and I am one of the few, I suppose,

who were on that wave at that time and was not carried away.'

"I cannot assert that the Canon actually told me so, but I believe that it was through his own personal influence and teaching that Dr. Hook's own views distinctly cleared and became definite on such doctrines as justification by faith.

"Canon Jackson was an intimate friend, as is well-known, of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, and it is understood that but for his firm refusal to leave St. James' he might have held much more conspicuous—I cannot say more influential—positions.

"The Canon during my time in Leeds took a good share in our clerical gatherings, which were held usually in Park Square near St. Paul's church. His bright smile as our President did us all good, and his helpful expositions and high spiritual tone lifted us all up. These were good times for many Leeds clergy.

"I hear him now in the side chapel of the Leeds Parish Church, addressing us all (with the special missionaries) just before the Leeds General Mission of 1882-83. I shall always connect Isaiah xii. with him and with that occasion. The burden of his message to us was this: 'You must be men with a personal spiritual experience, you must be able to say, "Thou wast angry with me." "Thine anger is turned away." "Thou comfortedst me." Only thus can you "draw water with joy out of the wells of Salvation." And then he spoke as one inspired when he said, "Cry aloud—for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."' (See the whole chapter.) These memories are fresh as yesterday after some twenty-eight years.

"The Canon would often speak with anxiety about the Church of England. Those were critical times, and ritual prosecutions were plain evidence of strained ecclesiastical relations. He would sometimes say to me that, as one who had known Manning and Newman with some degree of intimacy and had had experiences of his own, he knew more than many of the forces at work, and he more than feared that the Church leaders of his time were failing to recognise the gravity of the situation. He could express himself with a fine contempt for the shallowness of some who cannot be named. He thought he clearly saw disestablishment coming, and he feared the battle of the Reformation would have to be fought over again. He told me that he always felt that a love of power had taken Manning to Rome. 'I once went down,' he said, 'to a certain southern cathedral to preach a Lenten sermon. I had in passing through London called on Manning. I had a most uncomfortable sense, during the whole of my visit, that Manning was trying to master me. As I was walking into the cathedral the Dean introduced me to one of the Canons, and added, "Canon Jackson has been calling on your old friend Manning to-day." Thereupon I was beset with questions about Manning—how he looked, what he said, what he did? I replied, "Well, I can only say that throughout my visit to-day Manning seemed ever trying to get power over me." "How strange," said my companion, "that you should say that. Often have Manning and I walked into this cathedral together, and once I remember his telling me that he was becoming increasingly conscious of a growing ambition for power. He said he

feared it might become a besetting sin, and begged me to pray for him." "I have always thought," he said, "that it was this that carried him to Rome."

"Another memory comes back upon me. It illustrates the Canon's mind in quite a different direction. *The Daily Telegraph* of London had been publishing some articles on the subject, 'Is Christianity a failure?' and much correspondence ensued. The Canon, so far as I know, took no part in it. But he watched it somewhat closely. And I remember his speaking to me about it. He said in effect this: 'They are saying many things against Christendom and against Christianity. They point to the Near East and contrast it with the glow of life in Apostolic and Early Christian days. They point to European countries where the Church has had things all her own way for many centuries. They say that there Christianity is weakest and anarchy and atheism lift up their head. They say that even here in Britain where things are at their best they are bad enough. They point to overlapping of Christian bodies, friction and apostasy. They point out that war is still with us in spite of the Prince of Peace, and that the science of modern times has been largely concerned with the manufacture of destructive weapons.'

"'Now, what is the answer to all this? I have an answer I should like to give. I would admit the whole set of charges, but having admitted them, I would turn round on my opponent and turn the tables on him and say, "Every word you have written is only a cumulative evidence of '*miracle of mind*' of an extraordinary character. My Master anticipated every single point eighteen centuries ago." He

knew what was in man, and therefore He predicted that man, apart from His spirit, would even behind creed and sacrament and ceremony, be very human still, and therefore He foretold a development by way of deterioration. But (and he looked brightly up) He also foretold a kingdom that should ever be coming "without observation," but no less truly. That kingdom has never ceased growing ever since the day of Pentecost. It is growing now. The Lord thus anticipated these events and conditions just because He feared that, otherwise, these very disquieting facts that are now in so many minds would lead to loss of faith. He wanted them to become, as they arose, fresh evidence that He and His cause have not failed. "These things I have told you that when the time shall come ye may remember that I told you of them." May these words of our friend help many now, and keep them from sacerdotalism on the one hand and from loss of faith on the other.

"I remember a conversation with the Canon on biographies. He said, 'You know, they often disappoint me. I like a truthful biography of a person who really lived in this work-a-day world. I don't want an angel painted for me.' And then he said, 'I was once approached by a family with a request that I would write a certain biography. I consented, but I added—I shall give a strictly true picture and that will involve both light and shades.' Then he gave me one of his smiles, and said, 'I need scarcely say that I was not entrusted with that biography.'

"I can never forget how he helped me when I decided to go to St. Matthew's, Leeds, as Vicar, how sympathetic he was with my ministry there, nor can

I forget how, even so, his missionary soul would not advise me to say 'no' when, all too soon, I was invited to accept the heavy charge of the bishopric of Sierra Leone.

"After that time I did not often see much of him. But once and again, when in England, I sought the dear white door in Brunswick Place. The last time I specially remember. He had just given me one of Dr. Salmon's books which he thought would help me. We stood on the steps to say good-bye. The dear Canon pressed me to his heart and said, 'Dear brother, I feel I shan't be here when you come back to England, but I may be nearer you than you think. For if I am gone it will mean that there will be one body less between our two spirits. I believe in the Communion of Saints.'

"We never met again, but I never think of him without recalling this scene and one other—when on an Easter Day evening years ago, he made this text live before us at St. James', 'Thy dead men shall live. Together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.'

"With Miss Lucy Sykes, whom I remember, with her sister, as constantly in the St. James' life and movement of those days, and who has asked me to write this, I can say, '*Thank God I ever knew him!*' I believe that such men are the Church's greatest need to-day, and that it is only by such lives that the Lord can be really interpreted to mankind. Too often we forget that it was not of the preaching and teaching of the work or the resources that disciples would bring to bear upon the world, that our Lord

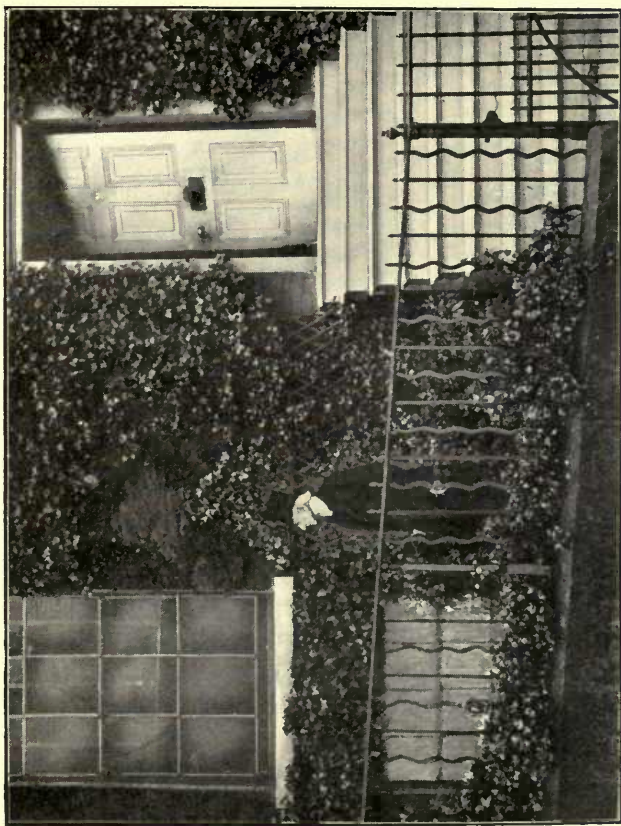


Photo by

THE HOUSE WITH THE WHITE DOOR.

J. Charters Birch, Esq.

[To face p. 272.]

spoke in His last recorded utterance before the Ascension (Acts i. 8), but of *the disciple himself* He spoke when He said, '*YE, your personality*, shall be witnesses unto Me.' Such a witness—all the more eloquent because of his many physical infirmities at the time I knew him—was my honoured friend and elder brother whom I want and hope to meet again—Edward Jackson of Leeds. Let us pray for such witnesses *now* in Leeds and Britain generally, and 'unto the uttermost parts of the earth.'

"E. GRAHAM INGHAM (Bishop)."

If the Bishop of Durham writes the following beautiful testimony from hearsay alone, may we not hope that some who read the Canon's own words in these pages may get inspiration from them ?

"Auckland Castle.

"So much have I heard of Canon Jackson from his friends that he is almost visible to my mental eyes. He was a man of quite abnormal personality, a notable combination, rarely found, of the masterful will, with the deep, tender heart and an intensely pastoral spirit. His capacities were various indeed. He would have made a fine man of business ; his investments, I have been told, were made so well that no professional could improve on them. As a teacher he was thorough and inspiring at once. As pastor and preacher he gave his very soul to his people. As Churchman he seems to my mind very near the ideal—true as steel to the main principles of the Reformation, embodied for all time I hope in our Prayer-book and Articles, and meantime jealous to the uttermost of holy reverence and sacred order.

No wonder that he was a power with God and man, a power in prayer, and a power in spiritual and also civic labour for the highest good of others. Oh, for a gift from above of many such men to the Church to-day!

“Truly the memory of the just is blessed.

“HANDLEY DUNELM.”

Miss Austin-Jackson (great-niece) writes—

“Our saintly Uncle was very dear to all his family, and we children were absolutely devoted to him.”

And Mrs. Alfred Austin says—

“... I *love* my photograph of Canon Jackson. It is so like him and is so full of that ‘beauty of holiness’ that radiated from his face.”

From the Poet Laureate.

“Canon Jackson impressed me more than any one else I have met, with a sense of ‘the Communion of Saints.’ To have known him was a religious education.

“ALFRED AUSTIN.”

PART III

LETTERS, LITERARY REMAINS, ETC.

CHAPTER I

LETTERS

ALTHOUGH he left little behind him in the way of literary remains, Canon Jackson had the pen of a ready writer, and devoted a good part of his time each day to keeping up a steady correspondence with friends and relatives of both sexes and of all ages.

We have already, in the brief narrative of his life, drawn freely on the large mass of his correspondence at our disposal, but we feel that no apology is needed for printing a further selection from it.

His letters are so various in style and mood, and present us with such a free and spontaneous revelation of his personality that a perusal of them can hardly fail to revive old and cherished memories in those who knew him, while it will enable those who have come to know him in the pages of this book to realise more fully what manner of man he was.

The letters we have chosen reveal something of his deep personal piety, his tender solicitude for his flock, his delightful sympathy with the young, his delicate sense of humour and his wise and observant spirit. They also help us to understand his views on theological and ecclesiastical questions.

We shall follow up the letters with a selection from his hymns, some of which only exist in the form of isolated leaflets, and are thus in danger of being entirely lost.

These, with a reprint of one or two of his sermons, and a brief appendix, dealing with the memorials which have been erected to perpetuate his memory, will bring this third and last part of our work to a conclusion.

NOTE.—Many of the letters are undated, only the day of the week being given.

To his Sunday School Teachers.

“Frankfort, 1849.

“. . . We must ourselves be that which we wish to see in our scholars ; we must be in earnest, we must be prayerful, we must hate and fear sin, we must know Christ, (*know* Him ! how much is included in these words ?) we must walk by faith and live in love, we must ever be exemplifying our religion in our daily life ; we must, I say, be all this, or at least hoping and striving to be all this, if we would lead our children to holiness and to happiness. And, oh, the blessedness of such a work, the high blessedness and exceeding honour of such a calling ; to be used of God for making but one child eternally safe and happy—one soul for ever in perfect bliss, enjoying the society of angels, and seeing the face of God, and that through our means ! My dear friends, it is a momentous truth—and, doubtless, one which should be ever most powerfully influential on us—that we cannot work in sincerity however feebly for God, but there must be a result. . . .”

To a Friend.

“Blessed be our most merciful Lord, who in His love and goodness bears with me, when I often know not how to bear with myself; and even calls me and lifts me up, when I am most sunk and ready to despair! When, when shall I learn to be a little child! Alas, that which I teach, I so seldom practice, and may say like an old clergyman, when he was dying: ‘How many precious draughts have I prepared for others, and have not had the heart to drink them myself.’ But enough of these complaints, which I should not be justified in addressing to you, but that you may know what a poor, helpless creature I am, and how, when you speak of your deficiencies, I can respond, and far more than respond to all you describe.

“Still our weakness and unworthiness have one cheering thought springing from the consideration of them; they magnify His grace which is found sufficient for us, and His strength which is made perfect in our weakness, and we had better feel and at proper times acknowledge our true state, so as to be brought to see more and more that all our hope must rest on Christ, and we must be complete only in Him.

“As I write this, notwithstanding my natural droopingness of mind, I feel as though I could leap up to embrace the assurances of His love and blessing, and to make Yea and Amen, by an act of entire adhesion of my whole being, His all-sufficient promises! And this is the practical solution of all thought upon the matter; we want the Spirit, and

the Spirit is promised, and He must and will be given *to them that ask*. O Father of Mercies and of all Consolation, for Thy dear Son Jesus Christ's sake, in Whom Thou art always well pleased, give unto us Thy Holy Spirit. Amen."

To Mrs. J. Cropper.

ON THE UNITY OF CHRISTENDOM.

"Our Lord's last prayer for His Church loses much of its force if applied to mean only inward unity. 'That they all may be one, as Thou Father art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.' And again, when speaking to His own, 'By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.' And again, St. Paul's words, 'There is one Body and one Spirit even as ye are called in one Hope of your calling.' The prophets speak of the future worship being one, 'One Lord and His Name one.' It seems to me that the whole idea of the Church of God does, in its true realisation, demand outward unity and the conjoint calling upon the name of the Lord. In praying for outward unity and fellowship of worship among all who love Christ, we are evidently praying for what would be a great (our Lord makes it to be *the*) manifestation of our discipleship, and that which is beneficially to impress the world. And I think in praying for the outward and inward oneness of the Lord's people, we must be praying for that He holds most dear, and would fain have accomplished. Does this sound inconsistent, as though there could be anything He could desire and

that not be? Alas, what do these words mean? 'O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together . . . and ye would not.' It is one of the mysteries of our Faith that the Lord God is spoken of as desiring, and failing in His desire; and yet with that apparent failure it is equally clear, that after all He will obtain all that He wills should be.

"I ought to have added on the subject which partly occupies this letter that the apparent unlikeliness of a thing coming to pass is no reason why we should not pray for it; and that whilst outward unity is perhaps only to be effected by His coming, praying for outward oneness of His Body may be in effect hastening His coming! Hosanna! Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

To the Same.

"Could we but keep more constantly in mind the hope (*i.e.* the design and expectation) of future eternal union, we might well afford to sacrifice personal intercourse, or at any rate be satisfied with His orderings and allowances. Soon will the end come, and we shall have no more meetings but the final one! . . . All speak of change and uncertainty, and the need of a final and unalterable *centre*, where we may all and ever meet! Such, blessed be God, we have in Himself, the Rock! And faith, which effectually unites us to Him, and enables us to build on the true Corner and Foundation Stone, may well be called after that to which it is so blessedly allied. The more I either think on the whole subject of Faith and

its associations, or seek to act upon it, and to live it, the more does its wondrous and life-giving, life-sustaining nature appear manifested. And this, I think, is the advantage to be derived from reading the words of Upham ; he makes Faith, what indeed Holy Scriptures, both in precept, in doctrine, and in narrative make it, the grand unitive principle, that which unites all to God so far as any unity exists, or can exist with Him, and which also makes any real unity between man and man. I know it may be said that Love does this, and I say so myself, but Love springs out of Faith ; the one is the Heat, the other the Light of the Great Sun. Oh ! for more faith, more trustful, child-like confidence, more sure convictions that our Father in heaven loveth us, and will make all things work together for our good ! ”

To the Same.

“ . . . I am, if I can quite scan my own mind on the question, partly with you and partly against you. Doubtless we owe pain, sickness and death, even as we owe sin, to the malice of Satan. And so, whenever we see suffering, we may rightly say there is the work of sin and Satan ; and yet it is also true, that, so far as suffering is permitted, nay used, and made a prime instrument or moral and spiritual remedy by God, it is of Him, and is to be borne with patience, resignation, and even as the Saints say—with thankfulness. Else, how explain the verse you quote, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord,’ etc. ? And how comes the New Testament generally to speak of sufferings as needful, and by

grace made eminently beneficial? 'Forasmuch as Christ hath suffered in the flesh, arm yourself also with the same mind, for he that hath suffered in the flesh, hath ceased from sin.' So says St. Peter ; but I shrink from extracts, both because of their number, and because of the unsatisfactoriness of mere texts taken away from the argument in which they occur, for establishing any doctrine. I rather rest on the general teaching of the whole Bible, as showing suffering to be an ordering of God : (*vide*, the curse pronounced at the Fall), nor do I think that the fact of our blessed Saviour's curing bodily diseases proves that such are not part of the Divinely-allowed, I may say, sanctioned, state of things ; no more than His raising of Lazarus, the widow's son, etc., are any proofs that death was not a Divine decree, which, of course, it was. And yet it is equally true that death is owing to the malice of Satan, and that Christ is to overcome hell and death, etc. Of course, it is very mysterious, and yet equally plain and intelligible in its practical results to the children of God, who recognise the rod as His, and kiss it meekly."

To the Same.

" . . . One ought to be thankful for any setting forth of the Lord Jesus which projects Him more powerfully, and, if I may so speak, photographs His beauty on the mind, even though such setting forth may be accompanied by human reasonings and inadequate conceptions, and illogical conclusions. Christ, Christ, the heart filled with Him is indeed made rich, and if it be a loving reception, cannot but be really orthodox.

"I am reading a small book, in its size a very little David to the Goliath octavo which, when I have finished, I will send to you. It is the 'Cur Deus Homo?' of St. Anselm. I think you will not be sorry to be introduced—supposing already you have not made his acquaintance—to one of the most striking of the schoolmen, as well as one of the most illustrious of our English hierarchy. . . . I imagine there is nothing new in theology, but rather that modern works are but the washings of the sand, after the richer nuggets have been got out.

"Your remark that C——'s views are open to the objection—a vital objection—if sustained, of being such as the poor could not possibly comprehend, is one, which is conclusive or not with regard to theology in general, accordingly as the views set forth have to do with the fundamental verities of the Gospel, which all must believe who are to be saved by faith in Christ Jesus, or are expositions of cognate matters, not equally necessary for forming the moral habit of faith. But the objection does apply to C——, for the Atonement is not only a part of saving truth, but saving truth itself, and if a poor man cannot see it so as to have the moral impress of it on his heart, and the spiritual effect produced in his life, in the change of his whole outer and inner being, he cannot be saved. Depend upon it, the simple truth in Jesus which saves the soul from the condemnation, and from the power of sin, is not far off from that popular idea, 'Jesus died for me! instead of me! my sins were laid on Him! and there is now no condemnation to them that are in Him.'

"O Lord, lead us into all Truth, lead us to Thyself, for Thou art the Way, the Truth, and the Life! Amen."

To the Same.

"Weston-super-mare,

"November 14th, 1863.

"And this trial will be amongst the 'All things' and will be found an especial matter for thanksgiving. For you, doubtless, our Heavenly Father saw it was good to be taken away from your usual activity and to have a 'retreat,' a hiding place in the thicket, a hollow in the rock, in Him. Blessed be His Name, Who doeth all things well, and ever leads His children, His blind children by a way they know not, but which He has laid out from all eternity. I am glad you will have Holy Communion again to-morrow. There are four churches here, so that I hope to find upon inquiry that it will be administered in some one of them. Oh! it is a poor Lord's Day to me without His Own ordinance. The Lord's Day, the Lord's House, the Lord's Word, the Lord's Body; these are my four weekly blessings for which I owe all thanks and to which I owe my soul! . . ."

"I have much reason for true thankfulness for the grace of God manifested in my people, and at the same time cause for sorrow and anxiety about those amongst them who will not follow the Good Shepherd, Who gave His life for the sheep. But what was I? Sickness is around us on every side, and many drawing near to the goal; but there are bright gleanings from among them, the light of Christ's reconciled and loving countenance reflected in them."

To the Same.

"1860.

"You allude to the case of the young man whose illness prevented me from coming to you a week ago, and you suggest an inquiry as to the nature of comfort to be desired from 'death-bed repentances.' In this case there was almost everything to satisfy. A life so good in the opinion of his friends, that he was about the 'best young man they had ever known.' Yet he evinced an earnestness of repentance and self-condemnation on his sick-bed that nothing could relieve, but the realisation of the Atonement effected by Him, Who was both God and Man. A calm, patient, gentle endurance of most severe suffering. A close hanging upon Christ. Such a tender affection for me, and yet a clear recognition of my being but the instrument. A warm charity for all around, and a solemn trustful entrance into death, 'Jesus, Jesus,' being the last efforts of his lips! Such was my dear 'son' S., who died in his 22nd year, and who was just four weeks old spiritually when the Lord took him.

"I have just come from visiting a poor widow, whose second son has lately been a sorrow to us all. He was in the house and I asked to see him. He came, and I had only spoken a few words before he was penitent, a young man of twenty. I tried to comfort him. 'Ah, sir, but I have been so bad; I once was right, but now everybody frowns on me, and I deserve it.' As I knelt by him I truly felt I was as much needing pardon as my poor lad, and did not feel the want so much. Pray for me, my dear

friends, that whilst professing to be a teacher and a guide to others, I may not be a castaway myself. Kyrie, eleison ! ”

To the Same.

“ I am almost ashamed to send this little book for your perusal. It is so dirty, but it is not mine, and had been well thumbed before it was lent to me, and I acknowledge has not become cleaner since then. But it is worth a thoughtful and prayerful reading.

“ The writer of it, ‘ The Practice of the Presence of God,’ was a monk, and therefore says some things which it is not necessary we should receive. But the general teaching is most sweet and profitable, and I hope you may find it so. I am more than ever convinced that a gentle, meek spirit is the true character of a Christian, and that it is to be attained by the quiet waiting upon God, and as brother Lawrence says, ‘ *Being ever in His presence by a simple act of faith.*’ ”

To the Same.

“ I am writing this to reach you on Christmas Eve, and this is to be the conveyance of my earnest and most affectionate wishes for a holy and happy season. Yes, happy, though F., A. and C. must be away, and the signs of your being in a strange land are clear enough. Yet you have also equally clear the evidences of His presence, the pillar of cloud, and the pillar of fire, the manna, and the water from the rock, with the ever-uplifting manifestation of the great Means of deliverance. That you may well

celebrate this Christmas with sweet songs in the house of your pilgrimage and gladness, as when a holy solemnity is kept. Oh ! for such a celebration of His most blessed nativity, that not only our hearts shall rejoice, our natural feelings be all aroused and drawn round the manger, and we shouting with the Angelic Host, 'Christ is born in Bethlehem'; but that through the believing and adoring and loving meditation upon the great mystery of God manifest in the flesh 'Immanuel,' that, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to take our nature upon Him, and at this time to be born of a pure virgin,' we might be so filled with the spirit of *sonship*, that we might, with our whole being, be able to cry in glad response to the love of God, 'Abba, Father !'

"Let us endeavour to realise all the blessedness of this relationship ; let us believe it to be our appointed portion.

"In years gone by I have, through mercy, found most rich return for kneeling in faith and love in the stable, and I think I heard, of a truth, the still small voice of the new-born Child issuing from His lowly bed, 'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God.' 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls ; for My yoke is easy and My burden is light.'—Even so, Lord Jesus. Amen."

To the Same.

“St. James’, 1867.

“Most sincerely do I wish you the Lord’s presence and blessing at this return of His birth in the flesh. ‘He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit.’ So said the Text Book yesterday; and this truth, I think, is especially realised by the believer, when he is called to contemplate any of the great facts of the Redeemer’s life. In all that concerned, or yet concerns his Master, he is in his measure affected and concerned, and so the celebration of his Saviour’s birthday is, as it were, the celebration of his own; for he calls God, ‘Father,’ through the human birth of the Son of God. Oh, for more full realisation of these blessed verities, that they may become Yea and Amen indeed to us! I feel as I grow older more need of this spiritual connexion with the Church’s festivals, for I feel increasing inability to join in that outward demonstration which formerly I delighted in.

“Not that I do not yet love the holly, and the carols, and the Christmas greetings, and the reunions, so far as the latter may be, but it is a more subdued feeling than formerly, and will not satisfy either mind or heart. We want the Unchangeable, we want Him Himself!”

To the Same.

“I am writing this on Monday morning with the usual shadow of Sunday over me; and am more than usually constrained to acknowledge my tendency to express strong opinions, and to propound exaggerated, or what may appear to be, exaggerated views of things.

"Last evening I preached from the opening words of the Gospel for this week and took the text, 'And when He was come near, He beheld the city and wept over it,' as a ground for an examination of the moral and spiritual condition of Leeds, in order to see how far we were in a like condition to Jerusalem of old. Now, I am not disposed to think that was wrong in conception, on the contrary I am more and more disposed to hold that one great reason why preaching usually has little effect, is because it does not bring the light of the past to bear sufficiently on the present. But this will not excuse a wrong way of doing it, and I am groaning this morning that I drew a picture which could only dismay or disgust, according to the tendency of the hearer. I have long held that denunciatory sermons are ordinarily a mistake, that people are not affected by them, and that holding up the positive good to be pursued and attained is better than to decry the evil. So I usually avoid such sermons, but I have now departed from my rule, and am suffering in consequence.

"Then I have this morning other reasons for self-reproval and humiliation, and I feel very sadly how unfit I am for any position where the mind of Christ is required. And where is it not required? I teach, would that I practised the lesson, that Christ is to be shown forth in everything that the Christian does or does not, that 'whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do, we should do all to the glory of God.' . . . Busy, always busy, too busy! My want seems to be more time for retirement, prayer, reading, meditation, and a greater severance from the world."

To a Friend.

"Your Church matters are indeed very sad, woefully so. Ah, how few there are of us, the clergy, who at all are fitted to be the guide and example of our congregations—we are far short of being the 'salt.' . . . There is a wondrously encouraging field if we only had right men to work ; wise, devoted, unselfish men. I feel deeply the want and long have held the opinion that only associated clergy, living together in simplicity, self-denial and entire devotedness to the work, could meet the exigency of our large overgrown parishes.

"I trust that this fresh year of your life may be marked by increased blessings—particularly by a fuller knowledge of the love of Christ. . . .

"This I shall earnestly beg for you, for I am going in half an hour to administer Holy Communion to one of my dear people, and such occasions are peculiarly suitable ones for asking great things—for asking them in great faith. 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you. Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.'"

To Friends on the Anniversary of their Wedding-day.

"To-morrow is, then, your double birthday—the family fête, when the Heavenly Bridegroom, Who loved His spouse and gave Himself for her, made you a blessed earthly type of His Own union, the union of God and man ! What a high and glorious state—not only a type, but a presentiment of the Lamb's marriage ! His perfection of joy.

"You are blessed beyond most. May He bless His own blessings; give grace to hallow His own gifts, and give you peace always, by all means. May you long be a glad family on earth, and eternally united in heaven! I shall convey you all to His Feet, with the tokens of the all-prevailing Sacrifice on His Altar."

To Mrs. J. Cropper.

"November, 1865.

"I spent last night at the Dingle. . . . I hope to send you two volumes of Newman; I think as far as possible they should be read aloud and daily (or nightly), their striking power is then best done justice to. . . . Will you kindly ask Mr. B. for Dr. Pusey's book and Schleiermacher's, and also Stafford Brown's? I have promised them to ——"

To the Same.

"October 4th, 1861.

"The subject you mentioned in your last, that of establishing a school for the training of young people for service, is one of great interest, and if carried out as it would be were you and Mrs. Cropper to undertake it, with energy, prudence and kindness, would be productive of great good. But I am beginning to see in my own case, I must not attempt many fresh things, unless I am prepared to give up some of the old. For, without intending it, the existing suffer, and the new ones push them to the wall. And yet, on the other hand, I quite feel also that one ought to be prepared to take advantage of fresh openings for

good, and of embodying our own discoveries and experiences as they accumulate through life. Perhaps some of the old ought to be sacrificed or transferred, and the law of mutation should be marked on our active philanthropy as upon everything else belonging to us. . . .

"I had a peculiar feeling, strongly hanging about me towards the close of my retirement in Wales, viz. that, from want of *sufficient* thought, our work—my own especially—must fail, being done in the dark, or with tools not fitted for the end designed. That without much reflection, prayer, close communion with Him and reading of the Word, and perhaps the discipline of sanctified affliction, we could not attain any valuable results : that our conclusions were likely to be erroneous, and the supposed good only really so to a very limited extent, and not worth the labour. How can we preach and teach without ? The well being empty of pure, fresh, living water, nothing could be worked up but muddy drops and much sand. We clergy—all Christians, indeed, who are in earnest for themselves and for the good of others, should spend much time *alone with God*. We cannot learn any earthly science or art without application, and so piety and the spirit of true religion come not without close and persevering effort. Alas, we live so in the world, and the spirit of the world seizes us so insensibly, but strongly, and we are incapable of the best things because we live not on the best. May fellowship—co-operation with God, be more and more the grand object of life ! "

*To the Same.**"October 20th, 1861.*

"I will do it to-morrow, God willing. I write this last often-times commonplace phrase, with a deep sense of the propriety of doing so, for we have had a startling memorial of the uncertainty of life ; one of my best people—a lady ever ready for the last fifteen years to aid and help whenever called upon, and what is better, not waiting to be called upon, on her return from church, apparently in perfect health, sank down on the pathway, and in a moment, without sigh or sign, passed away into eternity. . . . The two surviving members of the family have to-day received the tokens of His love, Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him. So I say, 'God willing,' to every future thing, and desire to do anything or anything to be done, *if the Lord will.*"

To the Same.

" . . . Referring to the Bishop of Grahamstown, this induces me to enclose for your perusal a letter from one of my former Sunday scholars, who is now labouring in that diocese. . . . The writer had not more than the ordinary education of a working-man's child, excepting what the Sunday School afforded him, until he was allowed to devote himself to preparation for his future calling ; so that, upon the whole he is, I think, a satisfactory instance of the Sunday School training. A younger brother is also anxious to devote himself to the same work, and I trust may be eventually enabled to accomplish his ambition.

"Would that we had easier opportunities for training our willing and earnest-minded young men, and thus increase the number of labourers in the vineyard of Christ, and so hasten the progress and extension of His kingdom !

" . . . I am reminded that some of my boys and youths have been away during the school vacation ; I have before me a bundle of letters from them, received during the last fortnight."

He wrote in 1859—

"I think, in this present age, we ought to look with more reverence than we do to a man who stands simply on principle, and that principle of the most unpopular kind. It was much easier to do great actions when the mind of Christianity was strung to doing them, as was the case in the first ages of the Church, than now, when the world and the Church are so married that all positive and decided action for God and the truth makes people wonder, and call the agents enthusiasts and fanatics. . . . When *the books are opened*, I expect a different judgment from that of the world will be declared on that so deemed 'absurdity.' How can we have the world's approbation and be wholly with Christ !"

"St. James', 1860.

"I quite agree with you, that anything like close ledger-like account of sins and infirmities seems opposed to the state of child-like acceptance. Whilst true love prevents (when in its proper exercise) a thousand transgressions of the parents' will, so it covers multitudes committed, and that without special

enumeration and particularity. Not that this excludes special remembrances and confessions, but it limits the doing so, and gives a new and softened and essentially different character to the opening of the heart, and the acknowledgment of offences. Perhaps what I say here does not meet the case, if so tell me. . . ."

To Mr. J. Cropper.

"I heard of Mr. Wakefield's visit to Biarritz from my friends, the Hares. Surely we younger ones might well take shame to ourselves to find one like him undertaking such a journey in the depth of a most severe frost and for the comfort of a little boy. Three-fourths and more of success in life and in all things consists in not raising the question whether we can do things. Had we only had this faith, oh, how much more would our past course have been satisfactory to ourselves and beneficial to others! It is, indeed, the secret, 'I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.' Perhaps, however, something, I do not say how much, may be referred to strong nerves and a good physical tone; mine are wretched and always were. But then, on the other hand, it is also true, that when the calm steady pursuit of duty and improvement of opportunities is manifested, the body itself seems to catch the influence, and to partake of the power, and so nerves become hardened by a strong will, and a weak body marches bravely on after a soul in earnest, and becomes no longer weak."

To the Same.

"This morning, besides letters from India, I had letters from South Africa and Demerara. How the human world is dove-tailed together! . . . I am glad you like St. Bernard, the great light of the middle ages. . . .

"... I well remember when you, my dear friends, took me to your aunt's and to Mrs. Benson's. Do you remember how lovely the day was, and how charming the landscape appeared as we looked down upon Kendal Fell, and saw the view over to the Old Man, and the sweep of mountains all along to Kentmere? Another remembrance comes as I write this, though not connected with the same day. . . . I can yet fancy I am riding with you to Kendal in the drag, and looking over to the Howgill range and Benson Knoll, and hearing you, dear Mr. Cropper, repeat, as the bright sunlight fell all over the landscape and over us, and the air seemed to be health itself—

"“ O God, O God beyond compare, etc.”"

To the Same.

"... I left my Bible. I had it in the drawing-room last night and did not return for it, having my Greek Testament upstairs; this morning, though I remembered it before going down, I forgot it when coming away and did not remember my neglect till I wanted it in the train. . . . I have several others, but may I ask you the favour of sending it as I use it for preaching. . . .

"The wind is blowing its strongest blasts, the heavy driving showers come dashing on the windows. . . . My most serious sick case is sick no longer, having this morning got beyond the reach of equinoctial gales. What weather during the last few days! As I write, the house, though in a row and pretty well built, actually shakes from the violence of the wind.

"Poor, poor sailors, and passengers by water, 'Good Lord deliver them!'"

The three following letters refer to special friends of Canon Jackson.

To the Same.

"St. James',

"*July 16th, 1860.*

"To-day I have had George Fenton on his way back from Redcar. He stayed a few hours. I am glad you saw sufficient of him to form some fair estimate of his character. Few men more belie themselves by their look and manner. A Roman priest, or extreme Puseyite—nothing less could possibly hide, a stranger would say, under that unbearded countenance and stiff neck, and shut-up deportment. All the while he is simple and truthful to a degree, loving and scriptural, a very Protestant!"

To the Same.

"Coatham, Redcar,

"*August 12th, 1859.*

"Here I am at the seaside, which is not a very usual thing with me, but I am helping my friend Mr. Postlethwaite at the anniversary of the opening of his church. He is a very valuable person, and

although labouring under the double stigma of Puseyite and Methodist, is a very earnest and very sincere member of the Church of England. He is young, very loving and very gentle, and much regarded by all who know him. The services of the eight days consist of *daily* communion at 7.30 A.M., and evening service with sermon at 7.30 P.M. with surprisingly good congregations."

In 1861 he was again assisting his friend; on this occasion he preached the sermon at the opening of the Coatham Convalescent Home, which Mr. Postlethwaite founded.

To the Same.

"Mr. Lake (afterwards Dean Lake) remained with me over-night, going up to Headingley with me next morning and on to Mr. Forster's at Wharfeside. We had, of course, much conversation, mainly on educational subjects, though in the morning higher matters, more especially cognate to our sacred profession were spoken of, for which I was thankful. . . . I had reason to remind myself how wholly dependent we are on the Holy Spirit for all inward light and power.

"I have a letter from Mr. Balme, who again kindly asks me to visit him, and holds out the strong inducement of your being invited to meet me. I am in his debt for much attention during many years. . . . My young man still lives. I baptised him in bed last Thursday, and on the coming Thursday, intend to have my Birthday Feast in the Holy Communion at his bedside."

To the Same.

"I have just been reading Perthes' Life, also Tholuck's. They were both very useful to me, perhaps I most enjoyed Perthes'. What a striking character is his, and still more his wife's!

"There is certainly something in the type of German life and character very different to ours. If I were asked to describe it, though feeling not very adequate, I should say, that it was the very great profoundness and power of intellect, and wonderful extent of reading and depth of thought, combined with the remarkable simplicity of daily life, and the great hold of the social and domestic feelings, perhaps more the domestic than the social.

I saw it when I was in Germany, though doubtless there has been a considerable change for the worse since the time of Perthes. Families, who in England would have had fine furniture and many servants, and kept up what we call a considerable appearance, were then living in plain apartments, without carpets; having the most simple meals, *i.e.* simply served, and only one or two domestics who themselves were more like members of the family than inferiors or menials. It appears that in the family of Claudius—Perthes' father-in-law, who was one of the most remarkable men of Germany—the wife and daughters themselves performed the household service."

To the Same.

"Kirby Malzeard, Nr. Ripon,
"September, 1862.

". . . I came here to take charge of a parish for a friend, and at the same time to get my absence from Leeds before winter. This part of Yorkshire is very

beautiful. Whilst only a few miles distant from a long expanse of heathery moors to the west, on all other sides the landscape is of the richest kind stretching to the north-east and south-east for about thirty or forty miles. Almost close are the grounds of Fountains Abbey and Studley—Lord de Grey's place. What do you say now to poor, infatuated America? What an awful death struggle of malevolent passion; surely the world never saw anything so bad, taking all things into account, at any former period! I found Mr. ——— taking a gloomy view of Transatlantic affairs. He seemed to think that even if Washington was gained by the Confederates, the North would still be as unwilling as ever to give up the struggle.

"Alas! for the world, and alas for the Christian name, and alas for civilisation so-called."

To Mrs. W. E. Forster.

"November 16th, 1858.

"On Friday last I again left home after about twelve days of Leeds life, and was not sorry to have again a short season of rest and quiet. The place I have come to is one very dear to me, and one to which for ten years I have been in the habit of occasionally coming. At the present I have special reasons for being here, the friend who is the great bond having been from England for the last year and half and supposed to be in very dangerous health. . . .

"It is one of the most beautiful spots in Somersetshire. A lovely valley well fringed with wood, with a small quick stream running through it, picturesque

cottages scattered along its winding course, and a church and old Manor House as you see in the vignette. Touching that same old Manor House there is a special interest, for about a dozen years ago the owner of the estate (the whole place belongs to one proprietor) gave it up to be made into a small Collegiate Institution for the purpose of training a number of the sons of working people for the service of the Church. It is certainly one of the most college-like places one may see. It has its refectory, chapel, warden's rooms, etc., downstairs, all like so many nice cosy monks' cells—in fact there is everything except the boys and the warden. A most proper and becoming cage, but no birds! Its history has been very sad. The first warden and one of the principal founders (my friend being the other), after he had got a nice colony of boys around him was, one fine morning in May, 1848, found dead in bed. After E——, came my friend R. W. who in two years passed from St. — House to Rome. Since then it has had a rapid succession of heads and a variety of changes, till about a year ago, when the last man having been elected Headmaster of a Grammar School went away, and was followed by all the boys and the thing collapsed. And with no regret on my part, who had taken a very warm interest in the attempt for a good while; the poor boys of the original idea had been gradually replaced by middle-class boys who came only for a somewhat cheaper school than is usually to be had, and there seemed no special cause for its continuance. But here is the place all ready—empty, save for the poor dame and two curates and the village schoolmaster

who lodge in the home and keep up a faint shadow of the prayers and customs of former days."

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Cropper.

"Capel Curig,

"August 22nd, 1861.

"Here are we, my brother and I, laid up in one of the wildest parts of North Wales, not far from the base of Snowdon, at an inn so crammed, that it equals for confusion anything I ever saw in the busiest town on a fair day.

"Rooms crowded, passages crowded, conveyances of all kinds driving up to the door, only to hear that there is not a bed to be had, and with the Pass of Llanberis before any house can be reached, and what that pass is, if you have seen it, I need not, and if you have not, I fear I could not describe, and all this on one of the most fearful days of wind and rain I ever saw. The place is indeed a Babel, and yet a sorrowful one to see delicate females wet through and through, young pedestrians so soaked and worn, and all to have to go on for another ten miles in the very face of the hurricane!

"And this is pleasure or rather the risk of it run for the sake of pleasure; alas, does one in twenty go through as much in their whole life for heaven?

"It makes me very sad, not that I do not sympathise with the fullest love of the beautiful and grand in the world, but why so disproportionate a devotion for the earthly as compared with the eternal beauty and grandeur? I came here instead of going to Redcar; I am greatly disappointed at not being able to help my dear friend, Mr. Postlethwaite, and I

should very much have enjoyed the association of the special privileges of Coatham church. . . .

"I cannot make myself understood by these Welsh people ; even at the inn they only know sufficient English to wait at table and to make the necessary replies to visitors.

"Two or three things on our way interested me ; all connected with Welsh customs, character and language. We went one day last week to Conway to the National Eisteddfod, the great gathering for praising Welsh people, Wales and everything Welsh ! I was struck with their very strong nationality, and could scarcely realise that within an hour's run from Chester one should be so entirely amongst a different people. Then on Sunday I was at a large Burial at Conway church, and heard for the first time any religious service in Welsh, and to make it more interesting our own service. Certainly I have not seen a concourse of people so solemn in their deportment and listening apparently with so much deep interest. Indeed, I ought not to conceal that there was evidently a strong current of Methodism running through the assembly, both in the church and especially at the grave ; shown by their low, deep-breathed 'Amens,' and the eye turned right up to heaven at the more earnest supplications.

"Again on Sunday, at the little village church I went to, I found the service wholly Welsh, and was again much struck with the more than attentive character of the people, and the deep earnestness of the clergyman. . . .

Take another day ; on the Festival of the Assumption, my brother wished to go to his church—I went

to the Cathedral for our daily service . . . I came out and waited for my companion and, whilst there saw a congregation—shall I say of a hundred or more come from the R. C. church, and no fewer than fifteen Priests! . . . All this is very instructive; would that we were in a state to learn! My letter is melancholy, in unison with the weather, and the dreariness around. . . . All these stages have some part in the entire result. They require the exercise of different virtues and especially for a faith ever increasing in simplicity, that indeed of a child."

To the Same.

"Aber, Nr. Bangor,

"*September 2nd, 1861.*

"It was only on Saturday I returned to this place . . . Though a station it has only sprung this summer from a small public-house into an hotel, my sister's being, I believe, the first party in it, and it was from her strong recommendation we first came here—a recommendation we can fully endorse. I am staying (D.V.) a little longer as now I am beginning to feel the benefits of the change, and the good so far realised makes me but anxious for a larger measure. Whilst the horse is in the mill, it feels not the lameness. What a recreation, wandering amid these beautiful scenes, climbing the mountains, and drinking in the pure, invigorating air, sea and mountain breeze combined, and rejoicing in the glad sunshine! Yesterday I was not only at a Welsh service, but at Holy Communion in Welsh, and I felt something of what I have not before had the opportunity of feeling, the fellowship of worship in different tongues. This is

the more interesting as bearing upon the case of Roman Catholics, who usually know not the language of their service, and yet doubtless with the more devout, are able to unite themselves with it.

"I took a service here one Sunday and preached on 'Worship,' a subject with which my mind has been a good deal occupied of late. . . . May we wait prayerfully upon Him in all we say or do. Life is short! I want, oh how much I want the remainder of my life to be wholly His ; a gracious gathering up of the fragments to go into His garner."

To the Same.

At a later period he writes, " . . . In my case beautiful scenery, whilst it is still most refreshing, does not bring that hilarity and buoyancy of spirit it once did, or rather ought I not to say—I do not bring the same elasticity and eagerness of enjoyment that formerly I did into these lovely places :

" ' So fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Grieves less for what time takes away,
Than what he leaves behind.' "

"So sings Wordsworth. I am not sure, however, that the sentiment, without modification, is altogether such as a Christian should endorse."

CHAPTER II

LETTERS TO YOUNG FRIENDS

WE have already seen something of the Canon's love for the children of his Sunday schools. He had many little friends outside also. Often he followed them with loving counsel and help through the various stages of youth to middle-age. Some letters to a family given in the next few pages are an instance of this. Children were captivated by him. It was delightful to see their fair, curly heads nestling against his silver locks, or to watch them clambering about him, all eyes and ears, while he improvised wonderful stories and rhymes for them, and to hear their merry laughter together when playing at hide-and-seek and lions! Tears stole down many childish cheeks when they realised their beautiful playfellow would come no more; and they picked their own flowers, entwining them into a wreath. Among the inscriptions on the floral tributes was one, "From his three sorrowing little friends, K., M. and S."

To Dr. Chadwick's Family.

To H.

"St. James',
"Leeds.

"If you have had as much pleasure in receiving my little present, as I had in sending it, I am well

repaid. Indeed, I have been already overpaid many times, for I had so many kisses and thanks from your little sisters, that I feel myself to be their debtor, and that the book was not worth so much affection and gratitude. I shall always look back with pleasure to my visit to H——, in that it led me to know you and your sisters so much better than I had previously done.

“Should I live until you are grown up to be young ladies, I hope I shall still be numbered amongst your friends, and not be like the figure I drew you on the sand, obliterated by the next washing of the tide of time. Of course, I know that to obtain such a hold in the affections and esteem of others, we must show ourselves worthy of the gift, and endeavour to think of their comfort and welfare as well as of ourselves. I believe we cannot do this by ourselves, and so I *must pray* that I may be unselfish and endeavour to love others as God loves us all.

“Good-bye, dear H., give my affectionate regards to Grandmamma, Aunt, and Uncle.”

Written to H. on her first going to Boarding School.

“I have been purposing for the last two or three weeks to write to you, but have been hindered by various causes. . . . By this time you have had pretty fair experience of boarding school life, at any rate sufficient to give you an idea of its duties and its trials. I hear from C. that you settle very well, which is indeed no more than I anticipated, for I think you are one who would endeavour to look upon everything as kindly and hopefully as possible. But still,

a young person cannot go from home amongst strangers, and especially for the first time, without having to experience a good deal of what is necessarily trying to a greater or less extent, and which requires the exertion of sound principles, and a constant endeavour to see and do one's duty. This is to be expected, and, whilst it is in its measure trying, it is also, if rightly met, highly beneficial. For our characters are more formed by trials than by the pleasures and comforts of life, and we arrive at the full strength of our real life, only by that experience which exercises our principles, and gives opportunity for the development of virtues. And the pressure of school-life certainly calls for a constant effort in order to meet and bear it without loss of cheerfulness of temper. We have at school as at any time of life (considering our weakness and inexperience) to take up the cross, to exercise self-denial, and to work in faith, and to learn submission. Moreover, the association with our school companions also necessarily brings trials of a peculiar kind, and we require much grace both to avoid receiving hurt, and to exercise a beneficial influence. And yet how certain is it that the influence of our school companions often remains with us through life, and our own characters retain for a long series of years the imprint which they have cast upon us. This is a very important consideration, and with anyone who is thoughtful, will lead to earnest endeavours and a constant watchfulness. Nor let anyone say, 'I am not likely to possess any such influence either for good or evil,' for all do possess it, and all ought to exercise it for good. And the most effectual way to prevent our receiving hurtful

impressions is by showing on all occasions a calm, fixed and earnest devotion to all that is true and good by having the character of being conscientious in all we do. This I need not say to you, dear H., can only result from vital religion, by having the *heart fully* given to God, and the mind systematically fixed on Him, and seeking to know His will. If we go to the discharge of the duties of life in our own strength, and trusting in our own resolutions and our convictions of right, we are sure to fail. This is the case with us when we are advanced in life, and have the benefit of long teaching and experience, how much more must it be the case when we are young, and by the very fact of our inexperience likely to be led astray? Our only real strength, in youth and in age, is from God, and the moment we look away from Him, we become feeble, powerless, and in the greatest danger. Daily prayer, daily reading and meditation on God's Word ; a daily examination of our conduct and endeavour to search and try our thoughts and motives, and above all, a daily and hourly looking to Christ, recalling Him to our minds as He was in the days of His sojourn upon earth (and He is the same now), cherishing in our hearts all His tender compassion, His boundless love, His wise and constant care, His valuing our souls above His own life, His dying for us. This, my dear H., is the true source of real strength, of real piety, of real power to benefit others, for gazing upon Him we are changed into the same Image from glory to glory, by the spirit of the Lord.

“ Believe me, my dear young friend,” etc.

To H. on Leaving School.

“ . . . And this brings the thought that this Christmas vacation will be your last, and that when you come home again, it will be, we trust, for good. ‘For good’—what a common term, yet how much may be comprehended under it! The Lord grant it that your taking the place of the beloved Mother, and becoming the special companion and solace of your Father, may be indeed good! Good for your younger sisters and brother, good for him who loves you so much, and longs ever for you, and good for yourself. Ah! how wholly is this dependent for the good on Him without Whom nothing is good, and yet, Who blessed be His name, is waiting to bestow all good on those who are willing to receive it, and who seek Him for it. You do this, I trust, dear H., you are ever distrusting self, and looking to the Strong for strength, to the Loving One to know how to love aright, to Him Who was despised and rejected of men, for lessons of meekness, lowliness and humility. Faith, hope, love, prayers and watchings and self-denials; such are the Christian’s duties and privileges; for how true is it, that God never commands what is not essential to our own happiness, and that every duty is a blessing also.”

To H.

“I should not have taken up so unprofitable an occupancy of time, could I have got out to find some little birthday gift for my child—the card I only found at the last moment. Of course the lines* are for

* See p. 326.

Daisy some years hence, rather than now. May God preserve her to appreciate all the wonderful blessings which have marked her course—the goodness which can thus triumph over what appeared to be unmitigated misfortune.

“But this remark applies in its measure to all of you. All have reason to bless the Good Hand Which has so graciously led you on, and made your home to be crowded with mercies, and causes for special thanksgiving.

“Endeavour, my dear children, always to see the Hand—and seeing it, to adore it. Take the lesson for life.

“‘He everywhere hath power,
And all things serve His might,
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.’

“‘Thou comprehend’st Him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell ;
God sits as sovereign on His throne,
He doeth all things *well*.’

“These are not my lines, as you will indeed discern without my saying.

“And now, my dear H., I must through you beg my love to all, and the assurance of my prayers and wishes for a truly happy New Year.” *

To H.

“Chief Secretary’s Lodge,
“Phoenix Park, Dublin.

“*September 22nd, 1881.*

“... All you say about J. is interesting—very. My prayer for him is that he may have the Spirit of

* A letter to H. on her marriage appears on p. 148.

counsel and judgment—the spirit of true earnestness and of consecration he already has. . . . I hope he will preach the Gospel as right ‘glad tidings of great joy.’ ” . . .

To the Same.

“ June 22nd, 1883.

“ Thank you much, dearest H., for your loving note, and for all your kind wishes. In my seventy-second year now, I still look back with tender regard and deep feelings to the visits I used to pay to the dear young ones in Park Square. Being there a few days ago, I looked at the old house—broken windows in the dining-rooms—dilapidation everywhere—what a change! ‘To let.’ Alas! Well, you are better elsewhere, but one groans over many things which the past has done, and stolen from us. And yet one cannot but feel, that if we had done as well in the past, as the past would have done to us, had we rightly used it, we should have less occasion to groan. ‘Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth to those which are before, I press towards the mark of the prize,’ etc. This must be the cry even of the old and well-nigh worn out. . . .

“ From your old friend,” etc.

To Mr. J. Cropper's Family.

“ St. James', Leeds,

“ 1859.

“ MY VERY DEAR C——,

“ If you could have seen the pleasure your note gave Ursa Major you would have been quite sure you had done right in sending it. The poor old

bear is so drooping at having to go away from Ellergreen that I think no dog could find it in his heart to worry him in his present sorrow. And he has had a good deal to try him this morning. He is writing this in a room, where people have long been used to see the old animal—indeed, it may be called ‘Ursa Major’s den’—and for two hours he has been seeing persons who never expected to see him again, and who love the old bear, and he has been praying and weeping, till his heart and eyes are both sore and aching.

“It was very kind, my dear boy, in you to write ; I have prayed for you all and the dear ones at Ellergreen many, many times. I would gladly jump into the train, and join you at tea to-night. Oh, how glad would the bear be to be near the constellations (ask Mamma what that means), but Ursa Major is not to come ; at least not now. Will you ask dear Papa and dear Mamma, if the poor creature may come again ; it might do him good. In the meanwhile, C. will be growing every day more good and a more diligent boy ; he will seek to show his love to his parents by being obedient and gentle, and seeking to copy the life of the Holy Child Jesus.

“Your affectionate,

“URSA MAJOR.

“When I sent the parcel of books it never occurred to my mind that Mary and George Howson might still be with you. I have remembered now and send two little packets, which I wish them to accept . . . will you give my love to them ?”

To the Same.

“Leeds,

“*Easter Even.*

“MY VERY DEAR C——,

“I have just returned from the Easter Eve service, where we have been meeting around the Sepulchre of our most dear Saviour, and singing our last Hymns for the Holy Week of the Lord's Passion. When I say that we have been at the Saviour's tomb, you know I mean in our hearts ; for we can have our dear Saviour so fully in our hearts, that we can always go to Him there, and bless Him for all His love to us. Yes, dear C., in your heart there is a place where you may have Jesus Christ dwelling, and where you may worship Him. You remember He says, ‘Behold I stand at the door, and knock, if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him.’

“I have not written this text so nicely as you have the one you have so kindly sent me to-day, and which is indeed very pretty, and for which I am much obliged. Pray accept my best thanks, and my love. And give my love to dear papa and dear mamma and to sisters,

“And believe me,

“Always yours affectionately,

“EDWARD JACKSON.”

To F. A. and M. C.

“St. James', Leeds,

“*December 31st.*

“How little either you or I imagined when I saw you, that you both would so soon be seriously ill ;

and how well it is we do not know of our trials and sufferings before they come. It is very sure that our life would be made much more unhappy had we not only to undergo suffering, but also had to look forward to it as certain to take place at a fixed time. I need not say how sincerely I wish that what you have both had to go through, may be found full of good ; and that you may have to look back to these seasons with much thankfulness. . . . And now at the end of the old dying year, and just as the new year is being born, you will let me wish you our heavenly Father's blessing upon you both, on C., on dear papa and mamma, and upon everyone you care for and love. This shall be the motto—

“ ‘ May Ellergreen be evergreen, green and lovely through the dews and showers of Divine grace ever descending upon it. Amen ! ’ ”

To K. S.

“ St. Andrew's Day, 1883.

“ Your dear and cheerful letter sounded like a robin's song on this November day, for I am in deep, solemn thought. The dear friend I was watching at Mr. ——'s private hospital died on Tuesday, and as I write this the body is being removed by rail to a quiet village churchyard. A sound scholar, a learned Divine, a true poet and a devout Christian. For nearly twenty years a sore sufferer and now after a grave operation, dead ! . . . I visited him daily— ‘ These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb ’—blessed be His Holy Name, he is among the number !

“So we end the Church’s year, and to-day enter into a new one, with remembrance of the Saints—especially the Apostle first called, and with solemn intercessions for the spread of the Gospel throughout the world. May our prayers be answered! The time for His coming approacheth! The roll of His chariot wheels is heard!”

With reference to his strict observance of the Saints’ Days, and his teaching about them, he once explained, “We remember and talk of our Lord Jesus all the year round. He is ever with us, the same as the sun; but we like to, and it is meet that we should study the galaxy of stars as they appear in their season.”

Written to a young friend who was stricken down with typhoid fever while on a visit to Italy.

To H. S.

“August 22nd, 1883.

“How much you and darling —— have been on our minds I cannot say. Anxious thought, earnest and continual prayers, have marked our daily remembrance of you. And now, more than ever, we are pleading with God through Christ, our dear Lord, for you and your precious sister, that you may be, if it is His blessed will, restored again to health and strength, and that the whole issue of this heavy trial may be for the glory of God, and for the present and eternal good of you both. And we have faith to believe our prayers will be granted. On Sunday morning early, and afterwards through the day, I had a wonderful feeling about you and was so satisfied of

your being in the arms of Jesus, that I could thank God with a full heart and a loving confidence. How true it is that God loves us, and when He tries us it is only to bring us to Himself, that He may bless us fully.

“ ‘ The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.’

“And you, my very dear H., may fully rejoice in the love of Jesus, and rest upon it. He is *your* Saviour, as though there were none other in the world, and all your need is most sure to be supplied, for He loves you better than any other friend can possibly do.

“Trust Him fully, my dear boy, trust Him fully ; tell Him all you feel, and when you cannot say much owing to weakness, say ever so softly—‘ Jesus, Jesus, my blessed Jesus : Jesus, I love Thee ; Jesus, love me ; Jesus, bless me.’ And leave all to Him ; He is near you, watching you, caring for you, loving you. *All must be well.*

“ ‘ The Lord bless you and keep you,
The Lord make His face to shine upon you,
And give you peace—
Now, and for evermore ! Amen.’ ”

Letter to a Churchworker.

“ Filey,

“ August 21st, 1888.

“I return the enclosed beautiful address. . . . Dear, good Mr. Murray, he loves his Master’s service, and will die in harness if he can. I have a letter from the Bishop this morning fixing the date for the Confirmation. . . . There will be now, therefore, no

time to lose in getting our candidates ready. I am rather grieved to know that some of our people are saying that we ought to be very careful and strict in admitting into the classes for Confirmation. Now this is an entire mistake. All who are of age and of sufficient intellect, should be brought into the classes for instruction, and then when these have been attended, will be the time for caution in passing them. There can be no reason why they should be robbed of the benefits of the instruction—even if they are not confirmed now.

"I should like to urge upon you the great privilege of frequent—continual I may say—*mental prayer*—talking to our dear Lord all the day long.

"Oh, this is such a preservative against temptation, such a source of strength, such a guidance, such a sanctifying process. It hallows the whole day, and makes every circumstance and every engagement full of good.

"And let us remember that this is to be our employment in heaven. There we shall ever be occupied in holding adoring intercourse with God in Christ, crying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' etc.

"I will add to all this another word of practical advice—'*Never do what Christ would not do.*' *Follow Jesus and Him only.*

"I watched the weather with much concern on Saturday, thinking of you and your party, and also of the choir-boys, who had their outing on the same day. You were very fortunate, as it was one of the brightest days we have had this month. Dear lads, how one's heart warms to them, and longs for their growth in grace. May even this little outing in the country

enhance their taste for simple and wholesome pleasures. God bless them, and make them truly happy! We have now to trust that to-morrow may be equally fine, and the Roundhay excursion for the mothers may vie with the one to Thorpe Arch. Give my kind love to them all. But I am wondering where all the money comes from for these outings. Ought I not to share with you in the cost? Is there no danger of a certain young lady's bankruptcy? All her goods and chattels and painting materials, etc., 'going, going (not), gone (yet)!' "

To J. H. Moore.

" April 3rd, 1890.

" . . . Your kind note reached me at a time when I was unable to reply. For I was then very ill, and not only unable to write but even to read letters. Now, thank God, I am able once more to go out, and am hoping to be at church, if not to-morrow, on Easter Day. . . .

"It is Lent, solemn, holy, helpful Lent! How much have I gained by it in past years! and though now no longer able to follow the former discipline, yet even in my ease and sufficiency feel the old spirit in some measure come back. Oh, how wholly gained is time given to God, and in earnest strivings (in faith and love) to be wholly conformed to His will! . . .

"I shall feel the difference, for in former years (sixty) I have approached Easter *viâ* Gethsemane and Calvary, and not to travel that way is to lose largely the feeling, and I think the blessedness of the change. The Dirge is needed before the Alleluia. However, it is the Lord's doing, that this year I take

not my passage as of wont, and perhaps may never again do so.

"Oh, the privilege of a rightly-spent Passiontide, of the ever-growing nearness to Him, and of becoming inebriated with the sense of His sorrows and His love. And this year precious W. B. is gone, and Gladstone is gone, and a host of my own dear people—of the old familiar faces. The mother and sisters who were ever at the Cross, and joined me in weeping there for His sufferings and our own sins—all gone also. And what am I spared for—just on 78—shattered and wanting rest—and yet the way to the little cottage and garden, and quiet, and meditation, and peaceful waiting: not to be! How I long for it!

"And yet this church, with its crowds of devout communicants, and its truly living services, and the numbers of young men and women loving the place, and we trust learning to love Him—all say, Why go away? Is not the Pastor of that church wanted—are godly working-people so common that a flock like that may be left one day before He says the word?

"God bless you, dear J. H. and dear H. May the grace of the Atonement, and the power of the Resurrection be yours for Eternal Life."

To Mr. J. Cropper.

"For I, too, have known heavy griefs which, at the time, it would have been a sort of horror to have supposed could ever have abated from their intensity, and which have, after all, passed away. . . . I can bear to utter the name as *almost* an ordinary one,

which for long was sure to bring on the choking feeling, ending in hot tears. But it is right; the grief passes away, but not the love. I doubt not when we meet, we shall be as true as ever."

To the Same.

"But let us ever compare all with the Word. We have a most sure Light there, and all others are but twinkling stars. Let us go to His word ever more and more—to see Him, to hear Him, and thus by this daily, hourly intercourse catch His Spirit, copy His character, and be changed into the same Image from glory to glory."

To Mrs. S.

". . . Our whole bearing, even as we walk along the street, should be such that the momentary contact with people whom we pass should be an elevating one—they should be able to feel 'he or she has been with Jesus.'"

To Mrs. Bateman.

"Leeds,

"January 7th, 1892.

"Thanks for your kind and welcome note.

"In reply to your inquiry, I have been better to some extent so as to get to church for one service on Sunday, but yesterday I again fell off, and am to-day threatened with a sharp attack. There is to be a consultation among the doctors as to what I should do, Mr. Wheelhouse having given a very grave opinion

as to what may be the result of the next three months if I stay in the North. He recommends Algiers or the Riviera, which to me sounds as though he had recommended China or Thibet. How am I to get there with my moaning chest, and my excessive sensitiveness to cold? But, seriously, it is a great difficulty. I must trust that He Who has so graciously cared for me all these long years, will yet provide for me what He sees I need."

CHAPTER III

HYMNS AND VERSES

AS a composer of Christian lyrics, Canon Jackson was long and favourably known. No fewer than one hundred and twenty-five hymns of his own composition are to be found in the hymn-book in use at St. James', and some of these, by his permission, have been copied into other hymnals.

In regard to the first of the hymns here given, Canon Moore writes—

“This ‘Midnight Hymn’ was said to have been found in the box of an aged person on whose latest hours Canon Jackson had attended. I have had it in my possession since about 1860 ; the same hymn, in the Canon’s own hand-writing, which has often been my comfort.”

MIDNIGHT HYMN

IN the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee ?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone ;
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee
And lay it down.

Or, if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill—
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For O, in spite of past or present care,
Or anything besides—how joyfully
Passes that silent, solitary hour,
My God, with Thee !

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or Whom in Heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee !

NEW YEAR'S EVE

MET at this most solemn time,
Watching out the dying year,
Waiting for the midnight chime ;
Jesus, mercy ; Saviour, hear !

Lo, we come confessing sin,
Sins of this, another year ;
Pardon all—speak peace within ;
Jesus, mercy ; Saviour, hear !

Blessings, too, we would recall,
Mercies crowning all the year,
And would give Thee thanks for all ;
Jesus, mercy ; Saviour, hear !

If the thoughts of loved ones gone,
Gather round the closing year,
Thou can'st cheer the mourner on ;
Jesus, mercy ; Saviour, hear !

Hastens on Thy day of power,
 Then the end, the final year ;
 Ah, in that tremendous hour,
 Jesus, mercy ; Saviour, hear !

Quickly now the moments fleet ;
 Soon the death-knell of the year ;
 We await it at Thy feet ;
 Jesus, mercy ; Saviour, hear ! AMEN.

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN

COME, little child, with me,
 And learn the way to heaven !
 There is to little ones like thee
 A blessed welcome given. ,

Come now, because the gate
 At which thou must begin
 Is very low and very strait,
 And children best go in.

Come now, and learn the way,
 It is both rough and steep ;
 And they who learn not whilst they may,
 Will scarce their footing keep.

Come now, for round thee here,
 Here, in this world below,
 Are snares and dangers everywhere,
 Which thou should'st never know !

Come now, in these spring days,
 Whilst waiting for thy love,
 The good, the gracious Shepherd stays
 To guide thee home above.

Come, for where He is King,
 Up in the glorious sky,
 The flowers are sweet, the angels sing,
 And children never die. AMEN.

PALM SUNDAY

HARK ye to the distant strain,
Higher now it swells again ;
Hills and dales, and rocks around,
Echo back the joyful sound :

“ Sing Hosanna in the Highest ;
Sing, Hosanna in the Highest ;
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna, Lord !
In the Highest ! ”

See, from Olivet they wind,
Multitudes before, behind ;
Jubilant, exulting all,
To each other thus they call :
“ Sing, Hosanna in the Highest ! ” etc.

Spread your garments in the way,
Homage to Messiah pay ;
Sion, be thy King adored,
David's Son and David's Lord.
“ Sing, Hosanna in the Highest ! ” etc.

Wave the branches, proudly wave,
This is He, Who comes to save,
Cometh in Jehovah's name ;
Loudly then the Christ proclaim.
“ Sing, Hosanna in the Highest ! ” etc.

Through the Holy City now,
Mark the long procession flow ;
In the midst a lowly One
Meekly rides—God's Blessed Son.
“ Sing, Hosanna in the Highest ! ” etc.

Come, dear children, join the throng,
In the temple raise your song ;
Jesus loves to hear your cry,
Lift your thrilling voices high.
“ Sing, Hosanna in the Highest ! ” etc. AMEN.

*To a Godchild on her Sixth Birthday, whose Mother
died when she was ten days old*

I SAW just where a grave was making
A little Daisy lift its head,
And my heart was sadly aching
As the bell tolled for the dead.

For it was wild wintry weather,
Christmas storms were sweeping past,
Sure a Daisy altogether
Was unfit for such a blast.

Loud the sound of many weeping,
As the burden passed along !
But the little one lay sleeping,
Heeding nothing of the throng.

For the tears which fell so streaming
Where the little floweret grew,
Had a rainbow through them gleaming,
Changing all to heaven by dew.

And the sobs of deep-drawn sighing
Seemed to lull the troubled air,
Safe the little one was lying,
Living on the breath of prayer.

Fondest nursing, gladsome duty,
What could little flower have more ?
Many a plant of royal beauty,
Never knew such lavish store !

While a hand both firm and gentle
Train'd it on its vernal bed,
And a watchful eye parental
Call'd down blessing on its head.

And dear forms grew up around it,
Each a loving shelter gave,
With strong tendrils fast they bound it,
Tendrils from a Mother's grave.

Ah ! my little darling Daisy,
God, Who made the flowers and thee,
Through life's Future dim and hazy,
Still thy Sun and shelter be !

Keep thy bright eye ever turning
To the fair, blue heaven above,
And within thy bosom burning
Pure, undying, Christ-like Love.

THE HYMN

PILGRIM, weary pilgrim,
Wending all alone,
Feeble is thy footstep,
Sad thy oft low moan ;
Have thy friends all left thee,
Wherefore dost thou weep,
O'er that grey wall bending,
Where the dead ones sleep ?

Pilgrim, weary pilgrim,
Day is drooping fast,
And thy wintry shadow
Far behind is cast ;
To thy fancy gleam there
Starlike gentle rays,
Eyes that seem all glistening
At thy wistful gaze ?

Pilgrim, weary pilgrim,
In life's evening hour,
Are there sounds vibrating
With a thrilling power ;
Echoes of dear voices,
Or a cry of glee
From some little darling,
Climbing on thy knee ?

Pilgrim, weary pilgrim,
 Toiling on thy way,
 Longing for the resting
 At the close of day ;
 See'st thou in the western,
 Where the sun goes down,
 Glimpses of a glory
 Hitherto unknown !

Pilgrim, weary pilgrim,
 In the twilight chill,
 Let that glory cheer thee,
 Loved ones love there still ;
 Art thou very weary,
 Is the path most drear ?
 Courage, every footstep
 Brings the glory near !

Pilgrim, weary pilgrim,
 In the glorious land,
 All life's mystic mazes
 Thou will understand ;
 All the way He led thee
 To thy home above,
 Every cross and sorrow,
 Only, only love.

“CHRIST WILL BE THY STAY”

2 Cor. xii. 9

WEEP not, child of God—
 Heavy is the rod ?
 Art thou full of care and sorrow,
 Fearing greater ills to-morrow ?
Christ will be thy stay,
Strength for each new day.

Weep not, child of God ;
 Write not, “Ichabod,”

Conscience bitter things inditing,
 Always sinning, always slighting,
 None so vile as thou,
 Ne'er so vile as now !

Weep not, child of God,
 Trust thou in the blood ;
 On thy Saviour's cross relying,
 At the mercy seat applying ;
He will give release,
True and perfect peace.

Weep not, child of God ;
 Underneath the sod
 Are thy best beloved sleeping ?
Jesus hath them in His keeping ;
 Perfected through grace
 They behold His face.

Weep not, child of God,
Christ Himself hath trod
All the way thy steps are wending ;
 Angel-guards are thee attending ;
 Soon will He in love
 Call thee home above. AMEN.

LOVE'S RETURN

KNOWEST thou souls are hanging on thee, brother,
 Upon thy daily life, thy very breath,
 A word, a look, a prayer may save another,
 Some friend or foe from ruin, and from death !

A poor lost shéep wert thou, with snares all round thee,
 By thine own folly, and thy sin beguiled,
 Can'st thou forget Who sought thee,—where He found thee,
 Ready to perish on the dreary wild ?

Can'st thou forget the Shepherd o'er thee bending,—
 The thorn-pierced bleeding One, with pitying gaze ;—
 Can'st thou forget Him, lovingly thee tending,
 And how He sought thy drooping head to raise ?

Can'st thou forget the wounded Hand that took thee
 Out of the pit of terror, and of pain ;
 The care, the wondrous care, that ne'er forsook thee,
 But brought thee back unto the fold again ?

And could'st thou lie upon the Shepherd's shoulder,
 Warmed by the breathings of His loving heart,
 And let that living warmth grow colder, colder,—
 The glow of Jesus' saving love depart ?

" As I have loved you,—so love each other ;"
 O blessed mandate which the Master gave ;
 Come, let us live that glorious life, my brother ;—
 His love in us will others also save ! AMEN.

" VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS "

OH, that I knew that I were Thine—
 Some voice to whisper " All is well,"
 A ray of living light to shine,
 And all these dreary doubts dispel !

I know that Thou art wondrous kind,
 That mercy brought Thee from above,
 But mine hath been a stubborn mind
 That would not yield unto Thy love.

I know that Thou hast all things done
 To make me lowly, meek and pure,
 But I in paths of sin have run,
 Nor would Thy easy yoke endure.

And yet it is Thy loving part
 To draw the wandering one to Thee ;
 What are these cryings in my heart
 But echoes of Thy calls to me ?

These frequent tears, this sense of loss,
 This grief to others all unknown—
 Is this the sharing of Thy cross,
 The nails, the spear, the thorny crown ?

I see it now—it is Thy cup,
And Thou in love would'st make it mine?
From Thy dear hand I drink it up,
For oh ! it shows me—I am Thine ! AMEN.

“SPEND AND BE SPENT FOR JESUS”

SPEND and be spent for Jesus—
Why should'st thou toil in vain?
Why spend thy life and substance
For that which is not gain?
My brother, make the venture,
Let nothing thee restrain?
Whate'er we spend for Jesus
Will all be found again.

Spend and be spent for Jesus—
How does thy heart incline,
What wilt thou spend for Jesus—
He gave His life for thine?
O brother, say to Jesus,
“I all to Thee resign;
All that I have I owe Thee,
All, all is Thine—not mine.”

Spend and be spent for Jesus—
For all who love His Name;
And spend for sinners also,
Low sunk in guilt and shame.
Brother, would'st thou, like Jesus,
The lost and vile reclaim?
Jesus spent all to win them—
Go thou and do the same.

Spend and be spent for Jesus—
What hast thou spent to-day?
How much of time and labour,
How much in any way?
My brother, answer truly,
What does thy conscience say?
Jesus prayed oft for others,
How often dost thou pray?

Spend and be spent for Jesus—
 The day will soon be o'er ;
 Thou can'st not spend for Jesus
 When death hath shut the door !
 Brother, lose not a moment,
 Spend ever more and more ;
 Each handful spent for Jesus
 Is adding to the store.

Spend and be spent for Jesus—
 Good is it now we see ;
 Spending and spent for Jesus,
 How richly blest are we !
 But, brother, when He cometh,
 What will the gain then be?—
 Immortal life and glory
 Jesus will give to thee.

INTERCESSION

When we suffer great depression,—
 Heavy care, and fear, and grief,—
 Then we find that Intercession
 Brings a sure and sweet relief.

If we feel another's sorrow,
 Make his wants to Jesus known,
 Trusting Christ for his "To-morrow,"
 Then we trust Him with our own.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE

JUNE 21st, 1887

RING the bells from every tower,
 Ring them forth with gladsome power ;
 Let the trumpet's thrilling sound
 Wake the echoes all around ;
 And the ponderous cannon's roar
 Boom and boom from every shore
 Where Britannia's flag, unfurled,
 Floats throughout the wide, wide world.

Through the arched cathedral aisle
Let the long procession file,
White-robed priests and tuneful choir,
All in loftiest strains conspire ;
Let the crowded city's throng
Swell its homage loud and long,
And each quiet village raise
Sweetest song of grateful praise !

Jubilee, O Jubilee !
Well may Briton joyful be :
Fifty years of glorious reign,
Countless blessings in its train ;
Wondrous growth of mighty sway,
Nations born as in a day—
Throbbing all in every part
With the Empress-Mother's heart !

Here at home, how rich a time !
Milder laws and lesser crime ;
Knowledge brought to all our doors,
Science, art, with unlocked stores ;
Comforts only wealth might own
Now in every cottage known ;
Lengthened life and kindlier ways
Mark Victoria's golden days !

Yet is there a brighter page
In the annals of our age ;
For God's own inspired Word
Now in every tongue is heard ;
Heralds of the cross proclaim
Far and wide the Saving Name ;
Martyrs leading on the host,
Christ in life and death their boast !

Then for good on every hand,
Raise thanksgivings through the land ;
While the air with gladness rings,
Laud and bless the King of Kings ;
For each mercy we recall,
For our own dear Queen—for all—
Praise supreme be given to Thee,
Lord, on this high Jubilee !

CHAPTER IV

A CONFIRMATION AT FRANKFORT—DESCRIPTION OF AN ORDINATION—THREE SERMONS—NOTES OF AN ADDRESS

A CONFIRMATION witnessed by Mr. Jackson when staying at Frankfort in 1849 is thus described by him.

It was a fine morning in May ; the sun shone brightly on the lofty white houses and busy streets of Frankfort ; here and there were seen groups of boys and girls moving along, evidently dressed in their holiday attire, the girls peculiarly conspicuous by their white dresses, and both sexes by the garlands or bouquets of beautiful flowers which they wore.

I drew in my head from the window of our sitting-room whence I had been surveying the spectacle, and seeing that others had by this time come into the room, said, " I am sure there is something special on foot ; what can be the meaning of all these young people in the streets this morning, and dressed in this manner ? " A gentleman, with large sandy whiskers and moustaches, who was closely engaged in cutting slices of ham at the breakfast table and distributing to the various expectants sundry rolls of "Milchbrod," as the Germans, on account of its being made with milk, call their best bread, answered without suspending his operations, "Oh, it is a Confirmation, I dare say ; just now the Confirmations are taking place almost every day at some place or

other. I noticed the Jews were having theirs as I passed their synagogue yesterday; the Roman Catholics had theirs last Sunday; this to-day will probably be a Lutheran one." "Indeed," I said, "I should like to see it, will you inquire for me where it is to take place, and if I may be allowed to attend?" The reader will perceive from this that I was then only a stranger in that part of the world, and needed an interpreter and go-between in my intercourse with the good German people, and in gaining a knowledge of their ways and doings.

The inquiry was made, and the information elicited was that the Confirmation was to be at the Katharinenkirche, and that anyone who chose might be present.

Accordingly I went; but the Confirmation having been fixed at an earlier hour than I had been told, I found on my arrival at the church that the service had already commenced. Perhaps as my readers may wish to know what a Lutheran church in Germany is like, I will try to describe the one I was just entering. It was a large Gothic structure, evidently built at different periods, and much altered from its original form. Two huge galleries, one above the other, went round three sides of the building; in one of them rose a vast organ, whilst all round the front of these galleries was painted in the panels a series of scenes and events from the Old and New Testament histories. The galleries on this occasion, however, were untenanted except by the organist.

In the middle of the vacant side of the church was the pulpit, and close to it, but lower, a place like the reading-desks in our churches, occupied during

the ordinary services by the precentor, a person whose duty it is to lead the singing. But the pulpit and the desk, like the galleries, were now empty. The minister was at the altar, which stood at the east end of the church, in front of one of the galleries. Behind it was a large and richly-carved screen rising up to a great height, with a painting of our Blessed Lord in the centre; the whole profusely adorned with beautiful festoons and bouquets of flowers. The rails of the altar with other parts of the church were also decorated with flowers, and these, with the wreaths worn by the females on their heads, and the nosegays carried by the youths on their coats, made the sacred place look almost like a conservatory.

At the front of the altar and all down the body of the church were the candidates, the youths seated on one side and the girls on the other, whilst on the elevated benches round the walls were the parents and friends.

But I did not observe all this at first, for as I entered the congregation was singing, and so entranced was I with the strain that it was some time before I could collect my mind to mark the spectacle before me. Never I thought had I heard such solemn, soul-touching chords, and as towards the end of the stanza the tune rose into a sort of triumphant swell, in which the younger voices became predominant, it seemed to lift the soul from earth to heaven; a strain was it that might well suit young champions of the Cross, sounding forth their high devotion to the Lord, their determination to follow Him even unto death, and their utter casting off the thralldom of sin and Satan.

But the chorale ceased, and then there came a long prayer by the minister and a long address to the candidates, and another hymn sung, not as effective as the first, and then the Confirming of the young people took place. The minister standing in front of the altar called out two names, as might be thus, "Conrad Steinbelt and Rudolph Blum," on which two youths rose up from their seats in the body of the church, and, taking each other's hands, walked up slowly to the rails, and there kneeling down before the minister, he kneeling also, and putting his hands upon their heads, said—

"Receive the Holy Ghost, to be sheltered and defended from all evil, strengthened and empowered for everything good, from the gracious hands of the Omnipotent God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

After this he gave to each of them a verse of Scripture or a verse of a hymn, to be their motto for their future life, and they returned to their places. Two others were then called up, and the same ceremony gone through, and they retired, and so on till all the candidates had received the ordinance. The service concluded with another address, a prayer, and benediction.

As I returned slowly home from the church, pondering over all I had seen and heard, I could not but feel how great a matter for thankfulness it was to find the rite of Confirmation held in such high esteem in Germany, as I found it everywhere was, having no doubt that to the extent in which it was administered and received in faith and love it would be attended with God's rich blessing.

The heavenly strains of that hymn, however, were

something far beyond anything I had ever heard at any English Confirmation ; and very anxiously did I wish that our young people at home knew such tunes, and sung them like those happy, sweet-looking young people I had seen that day.

“What hymn were they singing as we entered ?” I inquired of my companion as we returned home ; “I wish you would give me a prose translation in English, and I will try to put it into stanzas, and so take it home to my dear young people in England, and get them to sing it to the same beautiful music as we have just now heard in the church.”

Well, the prose translation was made, and the following is the form it took ; and if my readers ever sing it I hope they will sing it to the same beautiful German chorale I heard it sung to, and that the same elevating, soul-purifying feelings may be excited in their hearts as were excited in mine, when I first heard it sung on that lovely May-day in the Church of St. Catherine in Frankfort.

“ Steep and thorny is the way,
 Leading on to our perfection,
 Yet who tread it blest are they,
 Fighting under Christ’s direction :
 He, who to the end shall press,
 Oh ! how great his blessedness ! ” *

THE ORDINATION SERVICE DESCRIBED BY CANON EDWARD JACKSON.

“ Listen, ye pure white-robed souls,
 Whom in her list she now enrolls,
 And gird ye for your high emprise,
 By these her thrilling minstrelsies.”

* The hymn and tune are in Mercer’s Hymn-book, No. 200.

It is to be regretted that all members of the Church have not the opportunity of witnessing an Ordination Service. Scarcely anything can be more affecting. And if so to others, how much more to those who are then ordained ! Long looked forward to, after in most cases years of preparation, the solemn day comes at last. The examinations are over, the concluding private charge of the Bishop has been given the day before, and when the young man awakes that Sunday morning, it is with a feeling almost indescribable. Thankfulness, awe, self-distrust, fear, and faith, all are at work in him ; and he will often, as he lies prostrate in his chamber, feel that this is his only proper attitude before that God Whose more special and sacred service he is about to enter.

And how different the greeting of his fellow-candidates seems this morning ; how all speak in an undertone ; and he could even fancy that the very people he passes in the streets have a more grave and religious look than usual.

But it is in the Holy place that this high-wrought feeling reaches its highest point. There, as the solemn service resounds through the long aisles of the Cathedral, as the crowded congregation listen to the earnest words of the preacher, setting forth the high dignity, yet most grave responsibility, of the Christian ministry ; how it was ordained by Christ Himself for the proclamation of His Gospel, and the salvation of those for whom He, the Incarnate God, vouchsafed to die ; and concluding by imploring the prayers of all present for those now before them who are about to be set apart for this most weighty

charge ; as he hears all this, the candidate for this most solemn and important ministry may well feel overawed.

Yet still more affecting does the service become. The Bishop's voice is heard : " And now again we exhort you, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you have in remembrance into how high a dignity, and to how weighty an office and charge ye are called ; that is to say, to be Messengers, Watchmen, and Stewards of the Lord ; to teach and to premonish, to feed and provide for the Lord's family ; to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ for ever. Have always, therefore, printed in your remembrance, how great a treasure is committed to your charge. For they are the sheep of Christ, which He bought with his death, and for whom He shed His blood. The Church and Congregation, whom you must serve, is His Spouse and His Body."

And then the solemn vows are plighted before God and the congregation.

The awful silence for a while to allow the prayers of all to be made for them now follows, broken by that most heavenly of all strains, sung while the whole congregation—Bishop, Clergy, Candidates, and people—are still on their knees—

" Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire."

The heart of the youthful servant of Jesus Christ is throbbing ; his inmost soul is pleading for mercy and acceptance ; he bows at the feet of the Lord—the sign is given—the hands are placed on his head,

the words of Authority and Commission are pronounced—and he is an ordained, separated, and solemnly devoted Minister of God for ever!

Can it be wondered at, that such a service, spiritually rendered, and spiritually approached, involving so many of the highest considerations, and interests so vast, and calculated to affect the profoundest depths of Christian consciousness, should have a great effect upon those who are its peculiar objects? How many have felt it to be the critical moment of their lives; how many have had their moral and spiritual nature wholly stirred by it; and how many, as they have slowly withdrawn from the stately minster, have become one in heart and mind, in vows and entire self-consecration, with the saints and martyrs of former days, have caught the Apostolic spirit, and grasped with all their soul's strength the Banner of the Cross, willing and longing to "spend and be spent for Christ."

CANON AITKEN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF A SERMON
PREACHED BY CANON JACKSON AT THE CLOSE
OF THE GREAT LEEDS MISSION ON FEBRUARY
4TH, 1883.

Canon Aitken writes—

"I find this entry in my brief diary for that Sunday. 'I heard the dear old Canon preach a most interesting sermon to-night—Beautiful!'"

St. Mark x. 52.

You will perhaps be surprised that I should again refer to Bartimæus, after the very full treatment of this incident by our Missioner in his last two sermons;

but, where he dealt with the miracle, I want to deal with the sequel, and to lead your thoughts to what befel the once blind man, when thus his sight had been restored. We, too, have had miracles of grace and mercy happening in our midst in these happy days of the Mission, but it is for me, as your pastor, to concern myself with what has to come after the Mission ; and my heart's most earnest desire is that you, all who have received a blessing, should do what Bartimæus did—follow Jesus in the way, all through your future lives. No sooner had the wondrous gift of sight been bestowed than it flashed into mind of the happy man, Why should not I go up to Jerusalem with the Master and keep the feast, and thus see something more of Him who has done so much for me ?

So he followed Him in the way, and the first thought that I would leave with you to-night shall be suggested by that very way which Bartimæus took. You know that Jericho is down on the level of the Jordan valley, while Jerusalem is built on a high table land ; so it comes to pass that it is an uphill journey to Jerusalem all the way from Jericho.

And it is as well that you should face the fact, at the very outset of your career, that the way to the heavenly Jerusalem from this sinful world is always uphill. You will be exposed to forces that will ever tend to drag you down, old influences will be strong, old habits will assert themselves, and, if you were left to yourselves, no wonder if your steps should flag, and you should grow weary in toiling on upwards and onwards. But don't be afraid. He *followed Jesus* in the way, and you too will have the society of

Christ and of His disciples, and that makes all the difference. I don't suppose that Bartimæus felt the way at all tedious. First, he had all the intense interest of gazing on that new world, into the sight of which Christ had introduced him, and then, as they went along from time to time he would hear the Master's voice, and as he crept up close and heard all that Jesus had to say how quickly the time would pass, and how happy the toil must have seemed. Follow Jesus and keep close to Him, and then you will almost forget that you are travelling uphill. The joy of His presence will make that easy which would otherwise be difficult, and wing your feet with swift desire to know more and more of all that He has to reveal of God and of heaven.

And this brings us to our second point—while he thus followed Jesus in the way, he would find himself in the company of our Lord's disciples—new friends, and such friends as he had never known before. Remember that he had been a beggar, and, as such, would have been thrown into company that was far from select; what a change it must have been to find himself travelling along with such men as constituted the bodyguard of Jesus, the loving John, the warm-hearted and impulsive Simon, the undaunted Andrew, the first to acknowledge his Lord? I don't think that he regretted the beggarly crew with whom he had had to associate in the dark days gone by.

And remember, dear friends, that many of you will have to turn your back upon old friends that were false friends—friends that used to lead you into sin, and who once stood between you and all

your longings after better things. Some of those who once were your friends will now seem your most pitiless enemies, and do their best to drive the religion out of you by their persecutions and scorn, while others who don't go as far as that will give you a wide berth, as if they had ceased to feel any sort of regard for you.

Never mind, you are in the Church of God, and you will find yourselves surrounded by new friends, who will be real friends, who will be as eager to help as the others were to hinder, and we will stand by you and do our best to look after your soul's interests ; yes, and after your bodies too. It was frugal fare, no doubt, that fell to the lot of those disciples as they trudged along the uphill way to Jerusalem, but, whatever they had, I have no doubt that they were ever ready to share it with the once blind beggar, who was now their companion in travel. And you will find amongst your new friends to-day those who are ready to sympathise with you and help you in all that concerns both your temporal and eternal well-being.

At last Jerusalem is drawing near—the city that Bartimæus has never seen though he has so often heard about it, but, as they approach Mount Olivet, the Master turns somewhat aside from the main highway. He has a visit to pay. He must look in, passing on his old friends at Bethany, and no doubt Bartimæus too would find a welcome there, and he would have his first opportunity of seeing what we might already describe as a Christian home, where Jesus Christ was Master and Lord, although only an occasional guest. Oh ! my dear friends, some of you

have yet to learn, but I hope you will learn soon, what a beautiful thing Christian home-life is. It is quite possible that some of you may have spoilt your own homes by your sins. The drunkard has no home, all the joy and charm of home-life has gone out of his experience. The sensualist wrecks his home, sacrificing all the pure joys of true love to his own base selfish lust. But the Christian invites Christ to be Lord and Master of his home, as He was of the home in Bethany, and we can see to-day what Bartimæus saw at Bethany, what a happy blessed thing home-life can be, when Jesus holds the first place and orders all according to His own blessed love-law.

And then there came that scene of strange triumph in humiliation, when our Lord entered the Holy City, riding upon a colt—the foal of an ass. I don't know what became of that old coat that Bartimæus cast away at Jericho, that he might the better reach the Lord. I daresay some friendly neighbour may have picked it up and restored it to its owner, when once he had got the blessing that he had sought ; but I'll answer for it, if he had a coat on his back when that triumphant procession formed, off it would have come, and under the feet of the ass that his Master rode it would have been spread. And amongst all the hosannahs of that exulting multitude surely none were louder, and none came from a more grateful heart than those that Bartimæus raised. Dear friends ! let us too swell the triumphs of Christ's train. Let us not be ashamed to acknowledge Him, to Whom we owe all. His triumphal procession is ever moving forwards in the

busy scenes of trade, in the home, in the social circle ; let us ever be ready with our witness to Him, however the world may ridicule and oppose us. It is Christ that says, " Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess before My Father that is in heaven ; and whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father that is in heaven."

Did you ever notice that in this His last visit to the temple, it is particularly mentioned that the blind came to the temple and Christ healed them. I wonder who brought the blind to Christ? We don't know, but I sometimes think that probably Bartimæus must have had a hand in it.

I picture to myself how he would wander round the city, using his new-found powers of vision in gazing at all the wondrous sights of that holy place. Suddenly he sees something that stirs him more than even the great and mighty stones of which the temple was built, or the delicate carving of the gate called Beautiful. Two blind men, groping in their darkness just as he himself had done for long weary years, bereft of all that he was now enjoying. I seem to see him stopping them with the glad good news,—“My dear brothers, you need live on like this in the darkness no longer. I was just like you till only a few days ago, and Jesus of Nazareth has healed me. Come along! Come along! He will do the same for you. Now is your chance. Why He is close by here and now, in the temple, ready to heal you.” And oh, how happy he must have felt when he saw the wonderful miracle that had changed his life repeated in theirs, and their faces irradiated with the same new joy of sight which had fallen to him.

Ah, my dear friends, don't keep your blessings to yourselves! there are plenty of spiritually blind folk still left in Leeds, in spite of this Mission. Make it your business to get hold of them and to tell them what the Lord has done for your souls. Bring them to Jesus by your efforts, and bring Jesus to them by your prayers. Surely you must feel for them, don't you? when you think that they are just where you were only a few days ago. Jesus of Nazareth hath passed by, and given you your blessing, but they have not got theirs. Are they to live without it, are they to die without it? Is Jesus of Nazareth to pass by, and leave them still in the night? Ah, let us not be selfish in our religion. Freely we have received, freely let us give. Get hold of your kinsfolk and acquaintances and friends, and tell them the glad good news, and then, though the Mission ends, your life-mission will go on all through your happy days, and you will taste the purest highest joy, the joy of your Lord Who went about doing good.

I wonder what became of Bartimæus during those last sad hours in which the Master passed through His last dread ordeal. Was he amongst the many friends who stood by helpless and saw Him die? Was he one of the five hundred brethren who all at once saw Him in His risen glory? We shall never know till we get to the other side; but if he witnessed these great events, the death on Cavalry and the manifestation of the risen Christ, we may feel sure that they would remain in his memory, as the most precious acquisitions of his recovered sight. You and I have not seen what he may possibly have seen, but before

our inner vision the crucified and risen Saviour must ever hold the foremost place. Never let us lose sight of the Cross, never lose touch of Him Who having redeemed us by His death still saves us by His life. We can never be safe if we wander out of sight of the Cross, we can never be strong if we lose fellowship with the living Christ. Let us follow Him in the way, however steep the path may seem, and let us remember that He is leading us on to the Heavenly Jerusalem, the land of Vision and of Peace, and if we hear His voice and follow Him we shall find ourselves there at last. They who have followed Him in the way down here on earth will at last be of the number of those who follow the Lamb wheresoever He goeth in that bright world, where the Hosannahs never die away, and the triumphs never cease, and where our eyes at last shall be fully opened and we shall see Him as He is, and rest in the joy of that vision for evermore.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE ORDINATION IN THE
CATHEDRAL AT RIPON, ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER
25TH, 1853.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."
—PHILIPP. iv. 13.

Well might St. Paul speak thus confidently of his ability to do and suffer in the cause of his Master. He had given the most convincing proof of that ability by the labours and trials which he had undergone. Such a narrative of toils and sufferings, as he refers to in various parts of his Epistles, is what

few men have been able to adduce, and the account is conclusive as to his powers of labour and endurance. He did, indeed, prove himself able to do all things in the cause of Christ.

In taking these words as introducing a discourse on the duties of the Christian ministry, with especial reference to the case of those who are just entering upon its arduous and responsible engagements, I am aware that it may be objected, that the words of our text can scarcely be the language of those who are as yet untried in the work ;—that they were properly the language of St. Paul, the veteran and successful combatant in the cause of Jesus Christ, but suit not the lips of those who are but just enlisted in His service, and who have not yet put their prowess to the proof in the great contest between light and darkness, good and evil, which is ever going on in the world.

But, allowing that the objection, as thus stated, is a valid one, one obviously so—yet is it true that, viewed in another light, the words of the Apostle in our text should be the faithful expression of every minister of Jesus Christ in every age? yes, even of the youthful candidates for the sacred office themselves—as much the expression of their heartfelt conviction as they were of St. Paul's.

Such a conviction is necessary ; for is it not the case that, even in worldly affairs, a consciousness of our ability to perform the thing we take in hand, is almost always a requisite for success? To feel confident that we can do the thing, is often a sure presage of a favourable result ; whilst distrust of our powers, despondency, and doubt, generally precede

shrinking from the task, feebleness of effort, and ultimate defeat. This, I need not say, is so general an experience, that it almost amounts to a law, as regards our efforts in ordinary things. But it is equally true of what is spiritual; only that the confidence in our ability here is to have other and additional foundation than for what we attempt in the things of time and sense.

Of this we shall have to speak more hereafter; suffice it now to quote the words of our Blessed Lord Himself to show the importance, and the necessity, of our having a strong confidence in our own ability, if we would succeed in things beyond nature: "If thou can'st believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

This shows that what is a law in outward things is also a fundamental principle in religion. We must go to the work expecting, as well as resolved, to succeed.

We allow, my brethren, that this consciousness of ability, this faith in the powers we possess, whether it respects natural or spiritual things, is closely connected with our will and with our experience. We must have a deep conviction of the desirableness of the things we aim at; which is only saying, in other words, that the will must be on the side of our attempt; and we must have the lessons of experience, showing us, that though we may not have done the very thing we have now before us, yet we have in other matters so tested our powers as to have gained a strong faith and confidence in them. If the objection I have already alluded to be here urged on the part of those whose case is peculiarly the one

in our minds, namely, that their conviction of ability can have no results of experience to rest upon, that not having yet been admitted into the ministry, and, therefore, not called upon to perform any of its responsible duties, they can have no such consciousness of their ability for the work as has been spoken of, and which has been declared to be so highly necessary to success ; that though they have the will to stimulate them in their endeavours, they have not the lessons of the past to guide and support them ; we reply, that we become qualified for the performance of new duties by our successful discharge of such as we have already had to perform, and that, though the candidate for the sacred ministry may be entering upon what is to him an untrodden field, he may form some fair idea of his ability for the duties before him by the replies which his conscience gives to such queries as these :—Has the work to which I am about to be called for the good of others, been one I have known practically good for myself ? Have I myself realised the Gospel, which I am about to preach, in its power and efficiency ? Have I already, in my lay condition, exemplified the religion of which I am about to be a minister, and can my family and social circle bear witness to my fitness and ability for the more responsible position in the Church to which I am to be admitted ? Have I, as a private Christian, experienced the power of all those things, which, as an ambassador of Jesus Christ, I am now to enforce upon others ?

And this will properly bring us to the consideration—What are the things which, as ministers of Jesus Christ, we are called to do ?

First, then, let us speak of the preaching of the Word ; which in St. Paul's time was the beginning of all ministerial duties, as it is yet an essential and most important one ; seeing that it is a general law, though not an invariable one, "that faith cometh by hearing," and that "it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."

And what a thing is this ! That to men like ourselves should be committed by God the mighty and momentous task of declaring to their fellow-men the messages of God from heaven, the knowledge of Divine Truth, the invitations of God's Love, the proclamation of the terms on which eternal life is offered to mankind ! That not upon angels but upon us men is devolved the commission of bringing the great saving and atoning work of the Second Person in the Holy Trinity before the minds and consciences of men, and of inducing them to be partakers of the benefits He died to procure ! How responsible a duty is this, seeing that on the ability, earnestness, and faithfulness with which it is performed, such awful consequences are allowed to depend ! What knowledge of our subject must evidently be required ; what zeal and concentration of all our powers and feelings in declaring it ; what adaptation of our manner of enforcing it, according to the wants and capacities of our hearers ; what care and discrimination in setting forth the doctrines and requirements of the Gospel, so that we present a whole and not a partial Gospel to our hearers ! That we preach fully and without reserve the great saving doctrine of the free and perfect justification of the sinner by faith in

Christ Jesus : and yet, with this, the absolute requirement of a holy life, and of good works, done through God's grace preventing and assisting us, if we would be finally saved. To declare the true doctrine of the Sacraments, that they are Christ's holy, soul-cleansing, soul-strengthening ordinances, and generally necessary to salvation ; and yet, at the same time, to teach the necessity of a true conversion of the heart back to God, if we have departed from grace given ; and ever showing the constant and imperative requirement of a living faith and a true repentance on the part of all who would safely and beneficially be partakers of the Supper of the Lord ; enforcing upon our people that men must not only be admirers of religion, but lovers of it ; not only assent to its doctrines, but vitally entertain them and exhibit them in their lives and conversation ; not only be willing attenders at the House of God, but be themselves living temples of the Holy Ghost ; in a word—not almost, but altogether, wholly in heart and life, Christians.

This leads us to consider another very responsible part of the things which the Christian minister is called upon to perform : viz. the celebration of Divine Service in the Sanctuary of God. What a weighty duty is this !—the endeavouring to bring our people and ourselves, with humility and faith, to the Mercy Seat ; the offering up of prayers and praises which shall, through the merits of our Great High Priest, be acceptable before God. With what careful preparation of the heart, with what devout reverence, with what constant recollectedness should the minister of Jesus Christ perform this high and

solemn duty ; what prudence is required of him in conducting the service, so as best to secure the attention and arouse the devotional feelings of the congregation. What filial deference to the Church's rules and regulations may justly be expected of him ; what attention to a becoming appropriateness in outward things pertaining to the service of the Sanctuary, and yet what jealous care that he do nothing for the gratification of his own taste and feeling, that may in any wise be a stumbling-block in the way of his people, and prevent that which of all things he should most long for and labour to attain, their drawing closely and savingly near to the Throne of Grace !

And can it be too often impressed upon the clergy, that the reverence and becoming behaviour of a congregation in the House of God are very closely connected with the deportment of the minister ; and that whether it be the Morning or Evening Prayer, the celebration of the Holy Sacraments, or the more occasional offices of the Sanctuary, the minister of Jesus Christ is ever, by his own earnest, solemn, and devout behaviour, to teach the truth and the reality, the efficacy and the blessedness of all the services of the Church ; and that it is indeed good to be there.

But the duties of the Sanctuary are only a portion of those which devolve upon the Christian Pastor. He has not only to invite his people to the House of God, and to minister to them there, but he has also to carry the Church to the homes of all who are committed to his care. He is to know his flock, one by one, as the shepherd knows his sheep, and by his

kindly and constant intercourse with them, he is to convince them of his deep and affectionate concern for their welfare, both temporal and spiritual. He is to be ever ready to advise, console, reprove, restrain, as the case may require. He is to instruct the ignorant, to remonstrate with the vicious, to support the weak, to help to bring back the penitent wanderer, and to be patient and gentle to all. He is to be the special guide and instructor and guardian of the children of his flock—the friend of those more advanced in years; the frequent and sympathising visitor of the aged and the sick; and the assiduous watcher by the dying bed, ready to cheer the departing spirit with the sure promises and provisions of the Gospel, and to commend it to the covenanted mercy of God in Christ. In a word—he is to be at all times, and on all occasions, the true, faithful, affectionate, devoted pastor—a real, though humble representative of the Good Shepherd, Jesus Christ Himself!

And, whilst thus endeavouring to discharge the duties resting upon him towards those who acknowledge themselves as members of his flock, the minister of the Church has also a great responsibility with respect to those who are without the fold, who have separated themselves from the visible unity of the Church. Here the words of the Apostle expressly apply: “I am become all things to all men, if haply by any means I may gain some.” Acting upon this principle, he is to seize every prudent and suitable opportunity for showing to them that are in error the truth of the Gospel as held and taught by the Church, and to invite them to return to the Communion of their fathers. He is at the same time to deport

himself towards them in a kindly and conciliatory spirit ; he is to avoid all undue assumption, and whilst carefully abstaining from any ministering to error, to make every charitable allowance for what may be with them invincible ignorance, and therefore, to a greater or less extent, excusable error ; and always to remember, that much of the ignorance and opposition of Dissenters is to be attributed to the slothfulness and ungodliness of Churchmen.

And what a work is all this, my brethren ! So much depending upon the proper discharge of the active duties of our station, so much resulting from the influence of our daily life and conversation. The clergyman is to be the living gospel in his parish ; he is to exemplify all he teaches ; he is to be the practical rule of life to his people. He is, as we have said, to represent Jesus Christ to them ; he is to speak for Jesus Christ ; he is to labour for Jesus Christ ; he is to suffer for Jesus Christ ; he is only to live for Jesus Christ ; and, if need be, he is to die for Jesus Christ, and for the good of the souls Jesus Christ has committed to his care ! Moreover, the minister of Christ has a high and responsible duty to perform to the Church of which he is a servant and a minister : he is to be the guardian of her doctrines, the defender of her interests, and the living proof of her holiness ! He is, by his gravity, to rebuke the vain and frivolous character and amusements of the world ; by the simplicity of his life, to denounce its pride and its pomps ; by his self-denial, to condemn all sensuality and criminal indulgences ; by his charity, to shame the covetous ; by his entire devotion to religion, to

rouse men to a just sense of its claims upon them ; and by his constant meekness, gentleness, patience, humility, long-suffering, truthfulness, and love, to exhibit a startling contrast to the spirit of the world : even the character of the man who walks by faith, not by sight. And thus the true Christian minister is a separated man ; whilst in the world, and necessarily mixing with the world to some extent, he is not of the world ; aware of the danger of too much intercourse with the engagements and concerns of the world, he avoids all unnecessary contact and concern with it, lest he should unconsciously imbibe its maxims and opinions, and lose the simplicity and integrity of the Gospel.

In fine, the minister of Jesus Christ is to be a daily protest against sin, a daily witness for God, a leader and prime combatant in the great warfare ever going on in the world between Christ and Satan, sin and holiness, life and death, heaven and hell. At all times, and under all circumstances, in every situation of life, he is to be solely, and altogether, body, soul, and spirit, on the Lord's side.

And who is sufficient for all these things ? It must indeed be a great consciousness of ability that feels itself equal to the discharge of duties and engagements so onerous as these !

Yet, let St. Paul answer for himself, and for us also. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Yes, my dear brethren, there is the Source, the only Source, of all our sufficiency and ability, and it is a full and perfect Source. In the things of time and sense, the will thrown into the scale may make a

man very powerful to compass the end he has in view ; and the consciousness of past success may greatly increase his ability for fresh endeavours ; but whilst these have their place as influential principles in the economy of grace, they are not sufficient in themselves to gain the victory in the spiritual encounter. No ; St. Paul's will was wholly on the Lord's side, he had had a wonderful experience of his ability, but he rests not the conviction of his ability on either of these grounds, neither on his will nor his experience ; what he says is, "I can do all things *through Christ which strengtheneth me.*"

Truly, our strength lies there ! What the Lord said to St. Paul He says to every ministering servant of His, who may be called to go forth to the mighty work, " My grace is sufficient for thee, and My strength is made perfect in weakness ; " or rather it is all summed up in that other blessed declaration of His, addressed to all His Apostles : " Abide in Me and I in you ; as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in Me ; for without Me ye can do nothing."

We may, indeed, then, do all things through Christ, for Christ is God ! St. Paul said he could, and St. Paul did—and so may we. If we have not the power of working miracles, we have all power promised to us, needful for the full and efficient discharge of all our ministerial duties. The fact of our being ordained is a proof that God would save by us, and the fact of His sending us to any particular place for the exercise of our ministry, is a proof that

He would save some one or more by us in that place.

It is true, that we have an awful weight of responsibility resting upon us, for the Christian minister can never stand or fall alone; he cannot continue firm without supporting others, he cannot fall without dragging others down with him in his ruin; but with this awful responsibility, we have Christ's strength wherewith to bear and to discharge it.

What, then, brethren, should be our watchwords? what the mottoes for such of you as are this day commencing your ministry? What the sentences to be emblazoned on the banners you carry in the host of the Lord?

"I come not to do my own will." "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." "I seek not mine own glory, but His that sent me."

Yes, there is the secret of our success, if ever we are successful at all, as there is the ground of our confidence, if our confidence is to be found firm and enduring!

It is not our work that we have to do! It is not our glory that we seek to promote! The moment self in any way comes in, then are we powerless, and helpless, and mean, and vile. Our ability to speak, and act, and live for Christ, depends wholly on our renouncement of self—our putting all vain complacency and self-seekings away, our shutting our ears to the vain applause of men, and our doing all, yes, all things in Christ and for Christ: Christ the source of all our efficiency; Christ, the end and object of all our labours!

To attain and preserve this mind and spirit, need I remind you, dear brethren, that we must *live in prayer*, we must be ever in communion with our Master, and deriving strength and help from Him; we must constantly resort to those fountains of grace in His Church, of which we are the authorised dispensers to others; we are ever, by devout meditation on His Holy Word, to gain more and more of the knowledge of His Will, and thus become wise unto salvation. We are to make the life of Jesus the law of our lives, the substance of our theology, and the food of our souls. Finally, we must ever be asking earnestly, importunately, and with the faith that will not be denied, for a greater and greater measure of the Holy Ghost, to be illuminated and strengthened for every good word and work, to have a greater purity of intention, and a greater resoluteness of purpose, and that all our labours, whether of body or mind, may be hallowed to our Master's service.

Only thus, my brethren, as we abide in him, may we be confident of success; and then we may, for our work cannot be in vain in the Lord. It will be Christ's own work, accomplished by Christ's own Spirit, working in us, and by us, for Christ's own sole honour, praise, and glory.

And now—but one word more. I say, with His Presence and Blessing we may go forth to our work, confident of success; we cannot fail. We may say truly with St. Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me." Yet, it may be that we shall not see the result of our labours; our work may seem to fail; the fructification of the seed we sow, nay, even its germination, may be hidden from

our longing gaze ; but that is His concern, not ours. He will do His own work, in His own way, in His own time ; both time and way alike the best !

Sufficient for us—His most unworthy servants—if, when we have finished our course, when our task is over, when our eyes are closing for ever on the scene of our earthly labours—He graciously condescend to say to us, as He most certainly will, if we have endeavoured to do all in and for Him : " Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

" WE ARE ABLE."

ST. JAMES AN EXAMPLE TO THE YOUNG.

" Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptised with the baptism that I am baptised with ? They say unto Him, We are able ! "—St. Matthew xx. 22.

This passage occurs in the Gospel for the Festival which we commemorate this day. It contains the account of an incident in the life of St. James, which is as interesting for the light it throws upon the character of the Apostle, and his brother, the beloved disciple, as it is important for the insight it gives us into the nature and course of the Divine dealings, both as they are exemplified in the history of the Apostles themselves, and in the lives and experience of Christians in all ages.

Let us apply ourselves to the consideration of it, in due dependance upon the aid of God the Blessed Spirit, Who alone can make His own records

serviceable for our instruction and profit. May He ever guide us more and more both into the knowledge and the practice of all truth !

What is narrated in the passage from which the text is taken, seems to have occurred but a short time before our Lord's crucifixion. He was on His last journey to Jerusalem, along with His disciples, and whilst on the way there came to Him the mother of the two Apostles, St. John and St. James, Zebedee's children, with her sons, "worshipping Him, and desiring a certain thing of Him. And He said unto her, What wilt thou? She saith unto Him, Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left in Thy kingdom. But Jesus answered and said, Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptised with the baptism that I am baptised with? They say unto Him, We are able. And He saith unto them, Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptised with the baptism wherewith I am baptised, but to sit on My right hand, and on My left is not Mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My Father."

Now, what seems most striking in this narrative, is the boldness of the mother and her sons ; she, in preferring her request, and they, in seconding it, after our Lord had pointed out the cost. For of the import of His words, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I drink of, and to be baptised with the baptism that I am baptised with?" they might not be ignorant. He had but just before called the twelve disciples apart in the way, and told them of His approaching fate: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and the Son

of Man shall be betrayed unto the chief priests, and unto the scribes, and they shall condemn Him to death, and shall deliver Him to the Gentiles to mock and to scourge, and to crucify Him, and the third day He shall rise again."

And if it be said, that after all they did not understand Him, for that, when His hour really did come, they seemed utterly unprepared for it, and conducted themselves as though they had had no intimation of it whatever ; yet still it is evident, that the manner in which our Lord met the request clearly conveyed the idea of suffering to be endured in the procuring of it, and the two Apostles in their reply both showed, that they understood it in that light, and were willing to accept it on the terms.

Well, then, we say it was a bold and noble spirit which influenced the two brethren that day. Allowing that they had but a very inadequate idea of the depth and bitterness of the cup of sorrows which their Master had to drink, and which they had thus offered to share, that the baptism He had to be baptised with, and which they had thus expressed their ability to undergo, was a far more fearful and bloody one than they had any conception of ; yet still was there sufficient known to them to make their venture a high and magnanimous one ; and to exhibit an example and teach a lesson of high resolve, courageous daring, setting at nought of peril and risk, and of venturing all in faith, worthy of our high admiration and respect.

They said, They were able to share His cup, and to undergo His baptism ; and they were taken at their word. The unsuitable and unseasonable request

of the mother's partial love was refused, or rather was not entertained, but their words of faith and daring were taken in their full meaning, and granted, doubtless, beyond the meaning, which they had consciously given to them.

Little probably did James conceive, that but eight years were to pass over, eight years of trial and danger, and of sacrifice, and of persecution, in which prisons were to be known, and scourging, and bonds, and hatred to be endured, and then—even so soon as that—was His own baptism of blood to come, and he was to fall under Herod's relentless sword! And though his brother John was spared to be the last surviving member of the college of the Apostles, as he himself was the first removed, yet even in John's case also was the ability to suffer, and to be like Christ, fully put to the test. Bonds and imprisonments, and dangers, and banishment were his portion; and in his old age trials of a worse kind even than these, the defections and divisions, and heresies of false brethren; and this must have been a bitter drop at the bottom of the cup, a fiery addition to his baptism—worse to be endured even than the cauldron of boiling oil, at the gate of Rome.

Yes, the sacred narrative and other records leave little doubt that the two brethren were taken at their word; that they were made sharers of their Master's cup, that they were baptised with His bloody baptism! And, doubtless, they attained their reward. For though to sit on His right hand and on His left, was not His to give, excepting to those for whom it was prepared of the Father; not to be awarded until the great day, when He shall say to them on His

right hand, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world ; yet did he clearly make known to them, and to the rest of the chosen twelve, that when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of His glory, they also should sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel !

Now, the lesson we would draw from this history of the experience of the two holy Apostles is this : that the servants of God may be stirred up to feel and to express, at some particular period of their lives, an extraordinary devotion to Christ and to His cause, and that this is marked by a great and uncalculating boldness—further, that this extraordinary devotion and bold venture is accepted ; but that it is the order of the Divine dealings to assign an extraordinary measure of trial to it—further, that it often appears marked by a peculiar failure of outward success, and of visible result, and not unfrequently by a suddenly and prematurely closed career ; but that the whole ordering of the matter is of the Lord ; that it is He who first says to the soul, " Follow me " ; then draws it closer and closer to Himself ; stimulates it to greater ardour, and more high resolve ; accepts the offer of unlimited, unqualified devotion ; mixes the cup ; prepares the baptism ; gives the ability to bear, and suffer, and endure, and profit by all ; cuts short His work in righteousness ; and then takes the perfected soul to be the eternal occupant of one of the many mansions prepared in His Father's House for them that love Him !

But yet it is very true, that the soul under the

influence of high and holy feelings, stirred up within it by the Spirit of God ; rapt up into ecstatic devotion as it gazes upon Christ, and enters into some conception of His nature, His work, His offices, and its own intimate connexion with all He is and all He has done—true is it, that the believing, loving, adoring soul does then use language beyond its own conception, yet true to itself ; language consistent with its own state and feelings ; language of soaring purpose and unqualified resolve ; expressions of the heart and soul, in which time, and sense, and earth, and man are set at nought, and the burning spirit, piercing through all veils, sees only the throne of God, and the Man Christ Jesus, Who died for it, sitting there as God ; and then makes of itself an eternal oblation, just to be, and to suffer, and to live, or to die, as He pleases !

Yes, true is it—that faithful expression of the inmost feelings and full determination of the soul as this language is, like the blessed Apostles', "We are able," the extent of its import is at the time but little understood. Yet is it accepted—and that in its full meaning !

For instance, how many a mother, like the mother of Zebedee's children, has brought her little one to Christ ; and begged, in the fulness of her affection for her child, and in her soaring, grateful love to Him Who hath both blest her in her own soul, and in the gift of this her treasure, that He would indeed make her boy wholly a child of God ; that He would give him a high place in the kingdom of grace ; and that the richest marks of the Saviour's love might be his. Ah, as she knelt at the altar or in her closet, and

expressed all this, she felt all she said, and far more than she said ; her soul was soaring to heaven and to Christ, with her child in her arms ; and her supplicating accents were—"Save him, O Lord, save him from sin ; save him from sin, whatever be the cost ; I can bear anything, but his soul's ruin ; anything but his final separation from Thee : O Lord, make him Thine for ever !" And the Saviour took her at her word. Years pass over ; and she is now a broken-hearted mother, watching over the dying bed of her son. He is passing away in the flower of his age, when there were the highest hopes and promises of excellence ; he is going to leave her desolate and unprotected—her grey hairs to go down with sorrow to the grave.

Ah, she knows not—but doubtless He will show her in due time—that all this is the blessed answer to her prayer ; and that the son of her love is saved by early death from evil to come, and that his early removal from earth is the highest proof of Christ's love and care for her and him ! She knew not what she asked ! He knew ; and He gave according to His wisdom, and her love.

Oh ! how many such mothers have there been in Israel !

And so it is also with regard to the prayers of Christians for themselves ; whether it be the lately aroused soul, just entering into the knowledge of himself and of God, or of the more mature Christian, arrived at the conclusion of a long and deep experience.

The earnest, excited feelings of the first, over-

flowing with gratitude and astonishment at God's wonderful and merciful dealings with them, lead them to say at once to all the possible requirements of the Gospel, however strongly they may be put before them, and with reference to all the painful discipline of the Christian warfare; "We are able; we are able!" The love of God constraineth us; anything—now that I am restored to the favour of God, and enjoy the rich provisions of grace, and have a hope full of immortality—anything is welcome; all is too good: let everything else go, if I have only Christ for my portion, and my soul be with Him at last! They know not what they say; they know not what they ask. He has, however, accepted their words. Their profession, their sincere profession of determination and unflinching obedience is written in heaven; and they are dealt with accordingly.

But when the high-wrought feelings have subsided; when the mental eye can again look at other things than Christ and Him crucified; when something of worldly satisfactions begin to have an influence; and such prayers and professions as those of his conversion are scarcely known; how little does he understand the nature of God's dealings with him; how is the constant disappointment he meets with through life a mystery to him; how perplexed he is to find troubles and disquietude constantly besetting him! And he is probably led to seek relief from the vexations which distract him in a still greater relaxation; a further indulgence in outward things. But whilst thus fallen away into a carnal security, how unprepared is he for judgments; how startled by the sharp stroke of sudden affliction! He tries to seek comfort

in prayer, which but lately seemed an exhaustless fountain; but all is now dry; no refreshment is there. The danger becomes more pressing; the visitation more fearful; he calls more loudly, and more earnestly; he is in agony of spirit, for besides the exigency which drove him to prayer, he finds now—oh, miserable discovery! that he has been unfaithful to grace; that he has gone away backward, and the despairing cry is, “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!”

Yet dark as the hour is, heavy as the weight is upon his soul, cheerless and hopeless as he is, it is but after all the answer to his own prayer! The unfaithfulness was his own; the backsliding was his own. The sorrow, and the anguish, and the sense of desertion are his Master's gift. This is the sharing of the cup, and the fiery baptism; and necessary to bring him to the place prepared for him. He knew not what he asked. His Saviour did, for He prompted the prayer, and now he answers Him beyond his thought—yes, according to His own infinite wisdom and mercy!

But the more mature Christian has often also the same experience of his prayers being taken in a higher, or deeper sense than his own conceptions were when he uttered them. Perhaps he is banded with others, who love the Church—the spouse of Christ; and who, gazing in sorrow upon her torn and marred appearance, have come as it were with one consent to their Saviour, and have determined to give Him no rest until He make Jerusalem once more a rejoicing, yea, the joy of the whole earth.

They feel capable of doing and suffering everything

for her ; and should He, by the records of history or the voice of passing events, point to hardship, trial, disappointment, moral persecutions to be undergone, and seem significantly by all these to say, Ye know not what ye ask ; the united response of warm hearts, and earnest minds, and of the glowing, soaring spirit is, "We are able ; we are able ! For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace ; when I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, may my right hand forget her cunning." And so they enter vigorously and hopefully on their work of love, and make a joyful oblation of themselves to God for it.

But as Christ's work for the Church was a work of suffering, and in the doing of it His visage was more marred than any man's, and the wounds in His hands were what He received in the house of His friends, so is it the portion of all who attempt it after Him. The labourers for the truth and for unity, and for a more entire zeal and love for the souls of men, soon find they have brought upon themselves extraordinary trials, extraordinary oppositions ; contrary agencies spring up in every quarter, and often when least expected, and perhaps the only result visible in their time is the premature wasting of their own strength, the obscuring of their earthly prospects, the misconstruction of their motives, and finally, the seeming increase of distraction and division, the very evils they laboured to remove ! And yet their Master's work, marked by this self-same result, was not thrown away ; nor is theirs. In associating themselves with Him, it was to be expected that they should thus fare ; it is but drinking of His cup, and being

baptised with the baptism wherewith He was baptised !

Well, then, we know not what we ask ; nor is it necessary we should. That is, it is not necessary we should know all that is involved in our prayers, all that we shall have to undergo in order that the true end of our prayers may be attained. Alas, did we know, how few of us would have the moral courage to ask at all ! Could all the consequences of our earnest supplications, whether for ourselves, or for others, be presented to our view, how often would our prayers die upon our lips !

"What, shall I have to go through all that in order to win my sanctification ? What, must I suffer such a loss ? What, shall I have to witness such heart-breaking scenes ? What, must I bear such bodily pains and sore diseases ? What, shall I be brought into such painful distress of mind ? What, shall I have to struggle through such gloomy, soul-sickening seasons, without either spiritual or temporal comfort ? What, shall all my prospects be so entirely blighted ? What, shall I be left in doubt so often as to my own state, and be so often subject to Satan's attacks, to fits of despondency, to the deceitful workings of my own heart, and the continual allurements of the world ?"

Ah ! we asked for all this ! Thy Kingdom come—Thy will be done—involved all this ; and every prayer for conformity to the Divine will, for deliverance from sin, and for final salvation was but a varying in the terms of asking for all this ; the asking for the high seat is in truth but asking for the Cross, for the Cup of sorrow, and for the Baptism of blood ! Indeed,

we know not what we ask. We see the conclusion to which our prayers point, the end we have in view ; heaven and its bright glories, the restoration of the soul to its first estate, and our eternal reunion with God ; and looking at, and longing for all this, we exclaim, when difficulties are spoken of, and trials foretold, "We are able ; we are able !"

Yes, we think we can drink the cup—we are prepared for the baptism. Alas, we know not what we ask ! Blessed be His Name ! We do indeed drink of the cup He drank of, and we are baptised with the baptism He was baptised with. We are taken at our word ! But far beyond our thought.

Is it not so ? Looking back on our past lives, and calling to mind what we have had to pass through, is there anyone of us, who has come to years of maturity, who is not ready to confess, that if at the beginning of his course he had known all that was to befall him by the way, he dared not to have set out ? What a mercy of God is it that He hides it from us !

We are led to set out on our Christian course by the calls of His grace, and the promptings and direction of His Spirit ; and we ask great things of Him. In the buoyancy of our fresh flowing, newly awakened piety, we feel great confidence as to our resolve ; we say to Him, "We are able, we are able !" and so He takes us at our word ; and He carries us through all His holy discipline ; and we drink of His cup, and are baptised with His baptism ; and walk along the way of the Holy Cross, and we mark the way by tears of blood ; and are gradually stripped of earthly ties, and earthly entanglements ; and are nailed with Him to the

Cross ; and die with Him to the world, and to ourselves ! Such is the answer to prayer—such the necessary conclusion to holy devotedness in Christ's service !

In coming to Him, and worshipping of Him, and asking for the one thing, we know not what we ask : in professing we are able to share His lot, we know little beforehand of what it is. But surely it is right to ask ; surely it is right to be willing to cast in our lot with Him ; surely it is right to be ready to suffer with Him, even if we know little of what it means—else we cannot reign with Him : it must be right to offer, yes, to *offer* to carry His Cross now, or else there can be no wearing of the crown hereafter ; for truly our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ, and our door to eternal life is gladly to die with Christ ; that we may rise again from death, and dwell with Him in everlasting life.

Yes, it is right to ask great things, and to aim at the highest ends, and to say, We are able, to all His requirements, and in the face of all His holy discipline. If we ask in Christ's Name, if we aim only at what He puts before us, if our professed ability is in our union with Him, and not in ourselves, then, though all this may be mixed with much ignorance on our part, much indistinctness of conception, much short-sightedness and weakness, yet it is acceptable to God in Christ ; it honours God ; it credits His word and His promise ; it is the language and conduct of faith ; it witnesses against the cold, and calculating, and grovelling spirit of the world ; it throws a man out of himself, and commends him at once to the care and keeping of God ; and it is a safe boldness ; and it

is a wise and happy daring ; it is the path of saintship ; it is the way to heaven !

And if there be any class of persons in whom this line of conduct is peculiarly appropriate, it is easy to see that this must be the young. It is with them the natural course of action. For, not having the results of experience to instruct them, and to witness to what is true and right, they are graciously provided with, and subject to, the influence of warm and excitable feelings, the glowings of enthusiasm, and the impulses of high resolve, quick sensibilities, and ardent temperaments. All these naturally lead to prompt action, more than to calm consideration. The latter is the proper character of elder Christians ; and with them enthusiasm, strong, excited feelings, and sudden resolves, would be out of place, and dangerous, as of youth all these are the natural and proper features.

Under the influence of this consideration, let me, then, turn to my young friends, and urge upon them this view of the subject.

My young friends, to you does the lesson of this day speak most particularly, and in the teaching to be derived from this part of the history of St. James, which we have here been considering, there is a message to you from God.

For you to stand undecided—doubting and hesitating—weighing well this consideration, and that sacrifice—almost, yet not altogether, persuaded to be practical Christians—all this is unnatural and wholly out of place for you. I cannot suppose that you doubt the truth of revelation—I cannot for a moment imagine that you have any misgivings as to Christ's

being able to give eternal life and seats in heaven to those who are led by the Father to Him. I will not insult you by conceiving it possible that you doubt the truth of God, the records of His inspired Word, and the authority and declarations of His Church. If then you have this historical belief, why have you not a practical one? Know ye not that faith without works is dead? If you believe in Christ, why come you not to Him? Why are you afraid to venture your all with him? Hear His words:—"Everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My Name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." Is this not sufficient?

St. James did not hesitate; what says the record? "And going on from thence, He saw other two brethren, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets, and He called them. And they immediately left the ship and their father and followed Him." Here is a bright example. Why come you not? Do you shrink at the trials, at the sacrifices which may be involved? Oh, do not so! This is not acting like yourselves. Why have you ardent feelings; why are you glowing with strong desires and aspirations after high and lofty things? and where can you expend them so safely as here? Where can you adventure for life so profitably as here? Where can you find such scope for the yearning, stretching forth of the spirit as here? Oh, come to Christ, and ask high—yea, the highest things in religion; aim at the noblest and the most glorious performances; be daunted by nothing; say, "We are able; we are able

in God's strength to do everything ;" glorify Him by your holy boldness, and by your unqualified surrender of yourselves ! cast away all calculating, all worldly consideration ; here daring is true prudence, and inconsideration is true wisdom !

Come, bind yourselves fast to the Cross, whilst your stem is yet tender and pliant ! Come to the Saviour whilst you are young, for He looks upon the young but to love them ! He was Himself a boy, a youth, a young man. Oh, come and join yourself to Him ! He can feel fully for you. Give yourself unreservedly into His hands ; trust Him fully ; leave the future all with Him ! Surely there will be trial ; but you are not called upon now to consider it ; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and according to your day so will your strength be. Surely there will be trouble and there will be sickness, and there will be the dark valley to pass through ; but He says, " I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

But, methinks, I hear some of you say, Ah, but His service has such fearful, and especial trials and dangers that we shrink from them. We have seen those who have adventured for Him, sicken and die in the flower of life, in the opening burst of manhood, and they have passed away and are no more seen.

What answer we to this ? It is true ; we allow that this has been the case. But what then, the question for you is, Will the world use you any better than Christ ? Will the world give you less disquietude, less anxiety, less trouble, less dissatisfaction, less disappointment ? Will the world give you a longer and a happier life now, and a brighter prospect and promise for the world to come ?

As for the faithful departed, be not troubled about them ; "I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, from henceforth, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Was St. James the least favoured of the Apostles because he was taken the first ? We know he was one of the most favoured ; one of the three chosen witnesses to all Christ's most holy and wonderful manifestations when on earth, as now, doubtless, he beholds Him face to face in heaven !

Yes, my young friends, the Church, your spiritual mother, would fain bring you to Christ your elder Brother, to be taught by Him, and trained by Him, that He may finally present you faultless before your Heavenly Father's throne, His Father and your Father. His God and your God !

To some of you the call is a very special one, for it is in a holy ceremonial that the formal presentation of you is yet to be made ; and whilst asking great things for you, the Church would confirm you as Christ's servants and followers for ever. How sacred a call ! How blessed an opportunity ! Close in with it, beloved brethren ; and, before the altar of God make with John and James, the unhesitating response, and consign yourself to Christ for ever !

"Follow me," He says. Let the deep reply of your heart be, "Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest !"

But He speaks again, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Answer at once : "Lord, I will follow Thee still !"

"Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow, which is done unto Me : I gave my back to the smiters, and My cheeks to them that plucked off the hair ; I hid not My face from shame and spitting !" "Lord, I will lay down my life for Thy sake !"

"Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptised with the baptism I am baptised with ?" "Lord, we are able !"

"The Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners, and they shall mock Him, and scourge Him, and crucify Him !" What says the loving disciple to this ? What, but, "I am crucified with Christ ; God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

Oh ! brethren, if you will but catch this spirit, and you have only to ask and you will have it, then will you indeed be able both to do and to suffer all things, and to win all things ; for all things will be yours, the world, life, death, things present, things to come, all will be yours, for you will be Christ's, and Christ is God's !

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON (1871) ON THE DEATH OF A CHURCHWORKER.

". . . Surely if the spirits of the departed share, as we may well imagine they do, the knowledge and the sympathies of the angels of God, then if there be one soul here to-night, who is now willing to give himself to Jesus—is willing to allow the Good Shepherd to gather him, a lost sheep, a poor wandering

sinner into the fold of God, then we may trust that the spirit of dear —— is watching him with the profoundest interest, and along with the blessed angels, is rejoicing over him ‘with joy unspeakable and full of glory.’ ”

NOTES BY THE HON. MRS. A. O. JONES OF AN
ADDRESS DELIVERED BY CANON JACKSON AT
ST. JAMES', IN HOLY WEEK, 1879.

“ We are about to take one last walk this evening with Jesus—the Holy Immaculate Lamb of God, who sat as on this evening before the lamb slain. . . . We come out of the upper room and take this very solemn walk with the Man of Sorrows. When you come to die, you would give the world to have walked more closely with Him on that way! . . . We have thus trodden the way with Jesus down to Gethsemane for twenty-one years. Several who used to take this imaginary walk with us are now within the veil. . . . Yet we linger in that upper room—I love to. . . . It is good to be there! The world is very hard, very cold and very evil. Oh, that peaceful upper chamber. May God bring us all to *the upper chamber* in glory! . . . The parting Hallelujah has been sung, and as we go down the steps it is still ringing in our ears and thoughts, and will ring in the ears of the Church of God throughout eternity. Peter, James and John and the others are there, they linger on the steps. He is going on before, and we must follow on—right into the unknown, even into the ‘Dark Valley of the Shadow of Death.’ We dare not go without Him.”

“ ‘ Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live ;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.’ ”

We pass along the streets of Jerusalem through the open gate—the gates are always open at Passover-time—and we stand at the summit of that steep declivity that leads down to the Garden. It is very steep, but the Master goes before, and we follow step by step to the brook Cedron. It is not dark, for the bright full moon is shining—there are the white tombs all around the valley of Jehoshaphat. . . . On the right is a sudden turn, but we go neither to the right nor to the left. . . . And now we are crossing the Cedron—awful stream ! It is the stream into which flows the blood that descends from the Temple ; but it is going to have shed very near to it that Holy Blood to which all the sacrifices pointed. . . . We cross the bridge and enter the enclosure beyond. One might inscribe over it, “ The Place of the Unknown Sorrow.” Jesus oftentimes resorted there with His disciples—the shade of the olive trees supplied a place of retirement for prayer—for communion with His Father. . . . I wonder what we should feel like if we knelt in a damp garden for hours in prayer !

Our Holy Redeemer did that for you and for me. Oh, cold-hearted Christians ! oh, sluggish Christians that we are ! . . .

Leaving eight of the disciples at the gate, He withdrew into the more shady part of the garden with Peter, James and John. . . . He falls with His face upon the ground ! . . . Our Redeemer, the Lord of heaven, falls upon His face—such was the

pressure of the wine-press . . . (The old fathers fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago say, "We can't fathom it—it is unknown") praying that if it were possible the cup might pass from Him, and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood. . . . Oh, wondrous, wondrous mystery! . . . Strange that the world's hopeless guilty worms should hear of this and not fall prostrate on their face! . . . That in holy awe . . . in clearer realisation we could go out of this church to-night mighty giants—strong to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and be more than conquerors through Him that loved us!

The Angels were very near under the olive trees. Let us join ourselves to them and ask the question, "What is the meaning of this sorrow?" . . . It has been suggested the fear of death came upon Him. We will allow this—He was our human as well as our Divine Friend. But this would not have forced the blood drops. It was the shame of the Cross—also true, but this does not exhaust it. . . .

Bow down your hearts while you ask the question, "Why Jesus was exceeding sorrowful?" He was looking human sin—all sin full in the face—He grasped it in the mighty comprehension of His great soul. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, because I am looking at death as the wages of sin." . . . Oh, the flesh that will let the drops of blood ooze through! . . . Now we know something of what they call "the unknown sorrow." The hour is coming when thou and I must too look sin right in the face. What wilt thou do—face it by thyself alone, or with the Sinbearer at thy side, and say, "Oh, my God, forgive me, for 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away *my* sin.'"

THE BLESSED DEAD

REV. xiv. 13.

The righteous dead,—they dwell with God
 In perfect and eternal rest ;
 Yet is the path on earth they trod
 Still with their hallowed presence blest !

To kindred souls they never die,
 They sojourn still with us below ;
 By day and night we feel them nigh,
 And dear before, are dearer now.

Their love is still a mighty power,
 It soothes us under every ill ;
 Their goodness prompts us hour by hour
 To be more kind, more Christ-like still.

Their meekness helps to make us meek,
 Their patience to endure our pain ;
 And if some gracious words we speak,
 They are their own dear words again.

Sweet is the memory of the just,
 It lives when they are passed away ;
 It rises from their mouldering dust
 A bright flower of eternal day.

And men will love its fragrant breath
 More than the eastern perfumed air,
 And long that when they sink in death,
 Their memories may bloom as fair.

COLLECT FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

O Almighty God, who has knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son Christ our Lord ; grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which Thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love Thee ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

APPENDIX

MEMORIALS TO CANON JACKSON

A LIFE spent so unreservedly in promoting the common weal could not be left without a material memorial. A public meeting was called by the Lord Mayor (Alderman Ward) of Leeds, which brought together a representative gathering, and many heartfelt and beautiful testimonies to Canon Jackson found expression. Among those who supported the project were Bishop Boyd Carpenter (then Bishop of Ripon), the late Dean Fremantle, the Vicar of Leeds (now Bishop of Winchester), the late Sir James Kitson, Mr. R. Benson Jowitt, Mr. W. S. Sykes, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Whiting, Mr. A. T. Lawson, Mr. George March, Mr. Chaffer, and others.

Dr. Talbot proposed : " That this meeting is of opinion that some memorial should be made of the late deeply lamented Canon Jackson, our well-beloved fellow-townsmen, and recommends that it should take the form of a wing to the existing Convalescent Home at Cookridge, to be called 'The Edward Jackson Memorial Wing,' chiefly with the view of providing more accommodation for women and children."

(FROM THE PRESS)

Dr. Talbot added : " There was no purer or more distinguished honour to any Christian community than to produce one of those lives and characters, which raised the whole moral and spiritual tone of a place, which helped to elevate its public spirit, touched to more generous feeling its sympathies for what was weak and needy ; and certainly if they looked back over the last few decades there was no name and no life which had done more, or perhaps so much in that kind of sense for Leeds than had Canon Jackson. It was, he thought, above all things honourable and good for a community to honour its great men. . . ."

Sir James Kitson, after referring to his life-long friendship

with Canon Jackson, declared "that Leeds having reared and nurtured such a man it was right they should endeavour by some public act to enshrine his memory."

Mr. R. Benson Jowitt pointed out that the "one trait in the Canon's character, which seemed above all others to be the secret of his success, was his ready sympathy. There was no cause of suffering humanity, no sorrow of private friends, absolutely nothing that touched suffering men and women with which his heart was not acutely sympathetic, and it was owing to this magic power of sympathy that he had come to be so beloved—perhaps more beloved than any other citizen of Leeds. When the history of the town came to be written it would be found and recognised that there had been no more potent influence in Leeds in the last fifty years, than that of Edward Jackson. There was a peculiar appropriateness in the form the memorial was to take, for this hospital was, in a very real sense, founded by the Canon, he having been one of those who suggested to the late Mr. Metcalfe Smith this outlet for his beneficence; and at the last annual meeting the Canon had spoken very emphatically on the pressing need for further accommodation. How better could they erect a memorial than by fulfilling one of his dreams?"

We may mention here the Canon was also instrumental in founding the Home for Fever Convalescents, and the new buildings of the Ilkley Bath Hospital; and these may be regarded as having given a powerful lead to the spread of similar much-needed institutions in various parts of Yorkshire.

After an eloquent tribute to the Canon the Bishop of Ripon described him as one who quietly laboured in the spot where God had placed him, sought not to change it, but working on through a long life, by God's providence won the affection and the confidence of his fellow-citizens. His life showed us that by persistency, constancy, and simplicity, it was possible to reach the hearts of our fellow-men, and win from them that confidence which expressed itself best in a readiness to come and tell out the story of their needs. . . . If he were to describe Canon Jackson, he would do so in the lines applied to St. Columba :

"He was a man, genial, gentle, kind;
He was venerable too, I ween,
In station stable, and of cheerful mien,
And eke most pure in body and in mind."

Mr. Talbot Baines said it would be felt by all that no words could do justice to the great part Canon Jackson had played in elevating and purifying their common life.

The Dean of Ripon observed that Canon Jackson's work

was many-sided, but above and before all else it was spiritual, not only in its inspiration but in its aims. His sympathy in trouble of all kinds, his lofty and sagacious counsel in times of perplexity and difficulty, was not only looked back to with fervent gratitude by multitudes of men and women, but would remain an abiding force on the side of public and private endeavour. The Dean revealed that once when the Canon visited him at the Deanery, he was asked to sound him as to some gift which the people of St. James' wished to make him on the completion of fifty years' work there. His reply was, "If they like to do something for me after I am dead, well and good ; but I don't want anything while I am alive."

The Yorkshire Post thus describes the gathering—

"The meeting held yesterday . . . to inaugurate a movement for the establishment of a memorial to the late Canon Jackson was happily representative in its composition and in the speeches made at it of the extraordinary width and depth of the influence exerted by that beloved and lamented man in the town of his birth. It was well said at the meeting that the life-work of Canon Jackson formed one of the most noble and beautiful elements in the life of this great community in the present century. While his sustained devotion year after year, decade after decade, to the spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical welfare of his fellow-townsmen, won their steadily growing reverence, there was also in him a power of attracting individual confidence which was almost unique. He was not only, in innumerable ways, the benefactor of his neighbours, by inspiring and leading all forms of good work for them and among them, but he was in an extraordinary number of cases, of all ranks and all creeds, their most trusted friend. And thus it came about that his manifold public services possessed a personal interest for all classes of his fellow-townsmen, and that though what may be called the sacrificial aspect of his life was, by himself, always kept in the background, it yet came home to the hearts of those among whom he and for whom he lived. With him absolute consecration to work in one spot throughout a long life entailed no rigidity of view as to the means by which the best welfare of those about him might be advanced. He was always ready for new forms of work or new developments of old work. He was a deep student of men and studied them at close quarters, and thus his practical judgment remained as robust and reliable as his sympathies were always quick and sensitive. He was both a great motive force and a powerful guiding influence in furtherance of all public and private endeavours for the relief of suffering and distress of all kinds, and for the most moral and intellectual elevation of humanity in the town. . . . The reverence

and affection in which Canon Jackson was held extended far beyond the limits of Leeds and even of Yorkshire."

"The Edward Jackson Memorial Wing" was opened on June 19th, 1894. It had been hoped that the late Mrs. W. E. Forster would have performed the ceremony, but she found herself unequal to the long journey from Fox Ghyll, Ambleside. In her reply she spoke of "the tender chord" which the committee had touched by their invitation associating her with the memory of "my much-loved friend," and added, "I know that I should in some measure have represented my husband too, and the long and dear friendship between him and Canon Jackson. . . . The new wing is, indeed, a form of memorial that would have rejoiced dear Canon Jackson."

Some years elapsed before St. James' congregation found itself in a position to raise an appropriate memorial to their dearly loved pastor. In the spring of 1908 an appeal was made for subscriptions for new Sunday Schools, and the generous response made it possible for the commemoration stone to be laid on November 14th of the same year, by Mrs. Sidney Rumboll, the official roll of the schools being deposited under the stone by the Rev. F. Newton. On June 21st in the following year, the anniversary of Canon Jackson's birthday, the splendid new buildings, which now stand near the church, were formally opened by Mrs. Yates, to whom the Vicar, the Rev. W. Yorke Batley, presented the key to unlock the door of "The Canon Jackson Memorial Sunday Schools." On both occasions the preacher was Dr. Bickersteth, Vicar of Leeds.

Hence these two noble erections—the one for the sick and suffering to whom his heart ever went out—the other for the lambs of the flock of his own smoke-stained pasture, for whom he reserved his chief affection.

"Build as man may, time gnaws and peers
Through marble fissures, granite rents;
Only Imagination rears
Imperishable monuments."—ALFRED AUSTIN.
(From *The Door of Humility*.)

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